Beginning—**NO PARACHUTES** BY **ALAN FRANCIS WINSLOW**
AND **THE BOODLE RINGS OF '33** BY **SILAS BENT**

Liberty

FEB. 25,
1933

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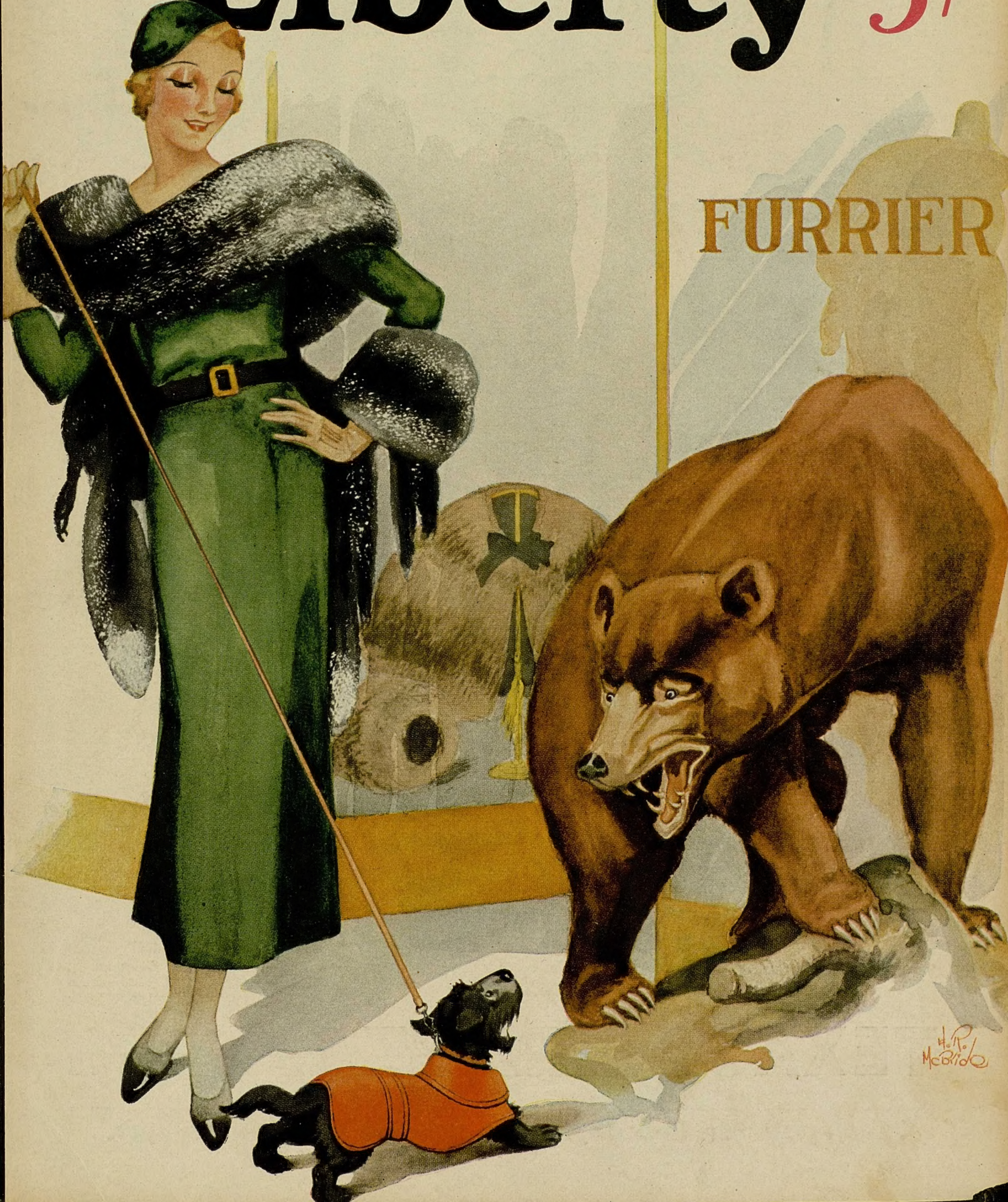
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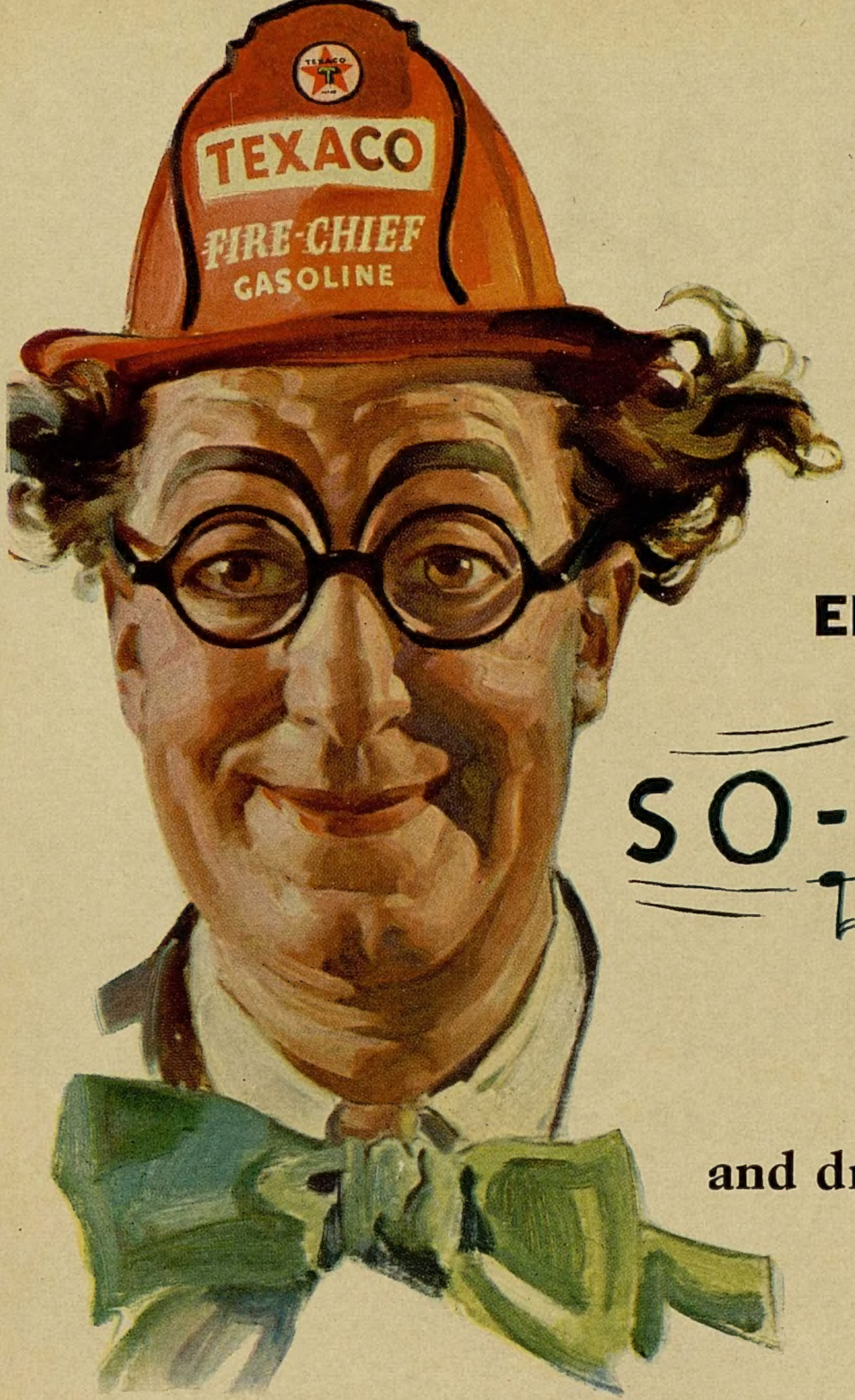

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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

FEBRUARY 25, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 8

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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THE SEVEN-POINT PROGRAM FOR RECOVERY

Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, said to be the principal adviser of the President-elect, has made public, through an interview with Forrest Davis (copyright in the New York World-Telegram), his Seven-Point Program for Recovery. Here it is—point by point:

1. Drastically higher income and inheritance taxes, particularly in the upper brackets; no sales tax.
2. A widespread public works program, possibly entailing $5,000,000,000 at the start; direct relief to the indigent unemployed; intense stimulation to semipublic works projects, such as slum clearance, through the R. F. C.
3. Reduction in interest and public-utility rates.
4. Sound currency; no inflation.
5. A budget balanced as to current expenditures, with repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment a factor in raising revenues.
6. Restoring the balance between wholesale prices, especially for agricultural products, and retail prices to consumers. The farm allotment bill, which already has passed the House, is expected to accomplish this for the farmer.
7. Rationalizing the intergovernmental debt settlements—perhaps by remitting the interest items in the total sums due, and by basing the debtors' capacity to pay upon their ability to transfer goods or money in relation to gold reserves and value. Also rationalizing foreign trade arrangements, such as tariffs, and perhaps seeking a vast new outlet for American raw goods and manufactures in Russia.

The widespread public works program, which purposes to use $5,000,000,000—"as a starter"—to put men to work all over the country on public improvements, would, in itself alone, "prime the pumps" of industry and stimulate sales in almost every field of industry.

Dr. Tugwell prophesied that the Roosevelt administration "would be able to translate the formula into action within eight months after taking office," through administrative and legislative action.

Dr. Tugwell asks the question, "Would it not be better for those who hold title to large incomes to accept reduced incomes rather than have the security of their titles put to the hazard of a social breakdown?"

Every prominent economist with whom I have talked agrees with Dr. Tugwell that today drastic measures are necessary, such even as asking those who will have to bear the burden of high income taxation to consent to the government extracting from their incomes sufficient funds to start the productive processes again.

Another startling statement that Dr. Tugwell makes is: "*What might have saved the situation earlier and what is necessary to be done now, if we are to make any impression on the forces at work, is in direct contrast with all that has been done.* The Hoover administration put the cart before the horse in their efforts to support threatened property values, for property among an idle and impoverished people is a futile gesture. To attempt to save the country by insuring the *status quo* of its banks is a good bit like attempting to revive a dying tree by applying fertilizer to its branches instead of its roots."

Until we give food and shelter to the millions of unemployed in this country we are daily facing the dire threat of revolution and complete breakdown of our social system.

The writer has been urging for many months that when it comes to finding means of preventing the starvation of great communities of people, there is but one way to do this without great expenditures.

This is to feed them cooked cracked whole wheat! We have been advocating this through these columns and demonstrating it in our Penny Restaurants for more than a year. Thousands of men, women, and children can be adequately fed for a few cents a day with this cooked wheat, raisins, and milk, and if they cannot have the raisins and milk they will not starve on just the cooked wheat alone.

If we do nothing more in the next ninety days than to see that hunger is abolished we will accomplish a major step toward preventing the revolution of which the Senate Committee was warned. A starving man is not a normal man. It behooves us to feed him before it is too late.

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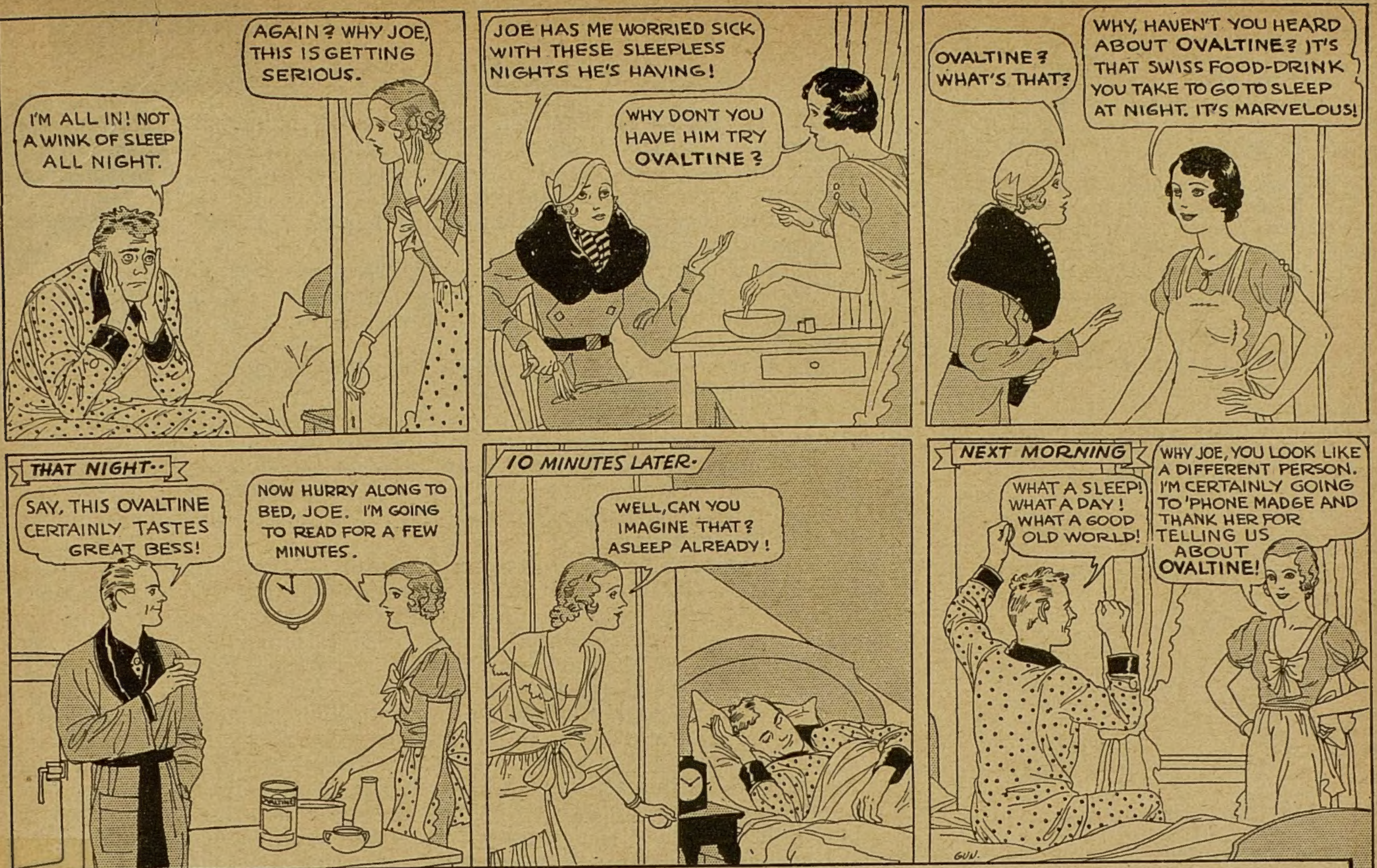

I'M ALL IN! NOT A WINK OF SLEEP ALL NIGHT.
AGAIN? WHY JOE, THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS.
JOE HAS ME WORRIED SICK WITH THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS HE'S HAVING!
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HIM TRY OVALTINE?
OVALTINE? WHAT'S THAT?
WHY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT OVALTINE? IT'S THAT SWISS FOOD-DRINK YOU TAKE TO GO TO SLEEP AT NIGHT. IT'S MARVELOUS!
THAT NIGHT..
SAY, THIS OVALTINE CERTAINLY TASTES GREAT BESS!
NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED, JOE. I'M GOING TO READ FOR A FEW MINUTES.
10 MINUTES LATER.
WELL, CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? ASLEEP ALREADY!
NEXT MORNING
WHAT A SLEEP! WHAT A DAY! WHAT A GOOD OLD WORLD!
WHY JOE, YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON. I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO 'PHONE MADGE AND THANK HER FOR TELLING US ABOUT OVALTINE!
GUN.

SLEEP COMES QUICKLY

This Natural, Drugless Way

No More Night-time Tossing Calm Nerves, New Energy New Vitality All Next Day

THOSE ghastly hours of night-time tossing when you simply *cannot* sleep! How they set every nerve on edge! What a toll they take next day—in the way you look and feel.

But sleepless nights are folly now, as 20,000 doctors will tell you. For a way has been found to bring sound, natural sleep—entirely without drugs.

It is a delicious food-drink you take just before retiring. Then fall asleep almost as soon as you close your eyes.

In the morning you awaken vastly refreshed, nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. For this remarkable food-drink not only restores your tissues as you sleep, but greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

How It Acts

This food-drink is called Ovaltine. And acts 3 ways to combat the most common causes of inability to sleep.

Authorities state that these causes are (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritability. Whether you suffer from *one* or all three—Ovaltine helps you sleep.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head and combats mental over-activity which often keeps you from getting to sleep. Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten the digestive burden of a stomach that's "nervous" or over-taxed.

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Thus Ovaltine, if taken warm at bedtime, conditions the mind for sleep, combats digestive unrest, and supplies those factors which, if lacking, create irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Commence Tonight

Disregard, if you like, what doctors and users claim for Ovaltine. Try it and see for yourself.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of it tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk—and drink it before going to bed. Then see how quickly you fall asleep—how completely and soundly you rest.

Or, if you wish, mail the coupon for the generous trial supply that's publicly offered below.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. Li2
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

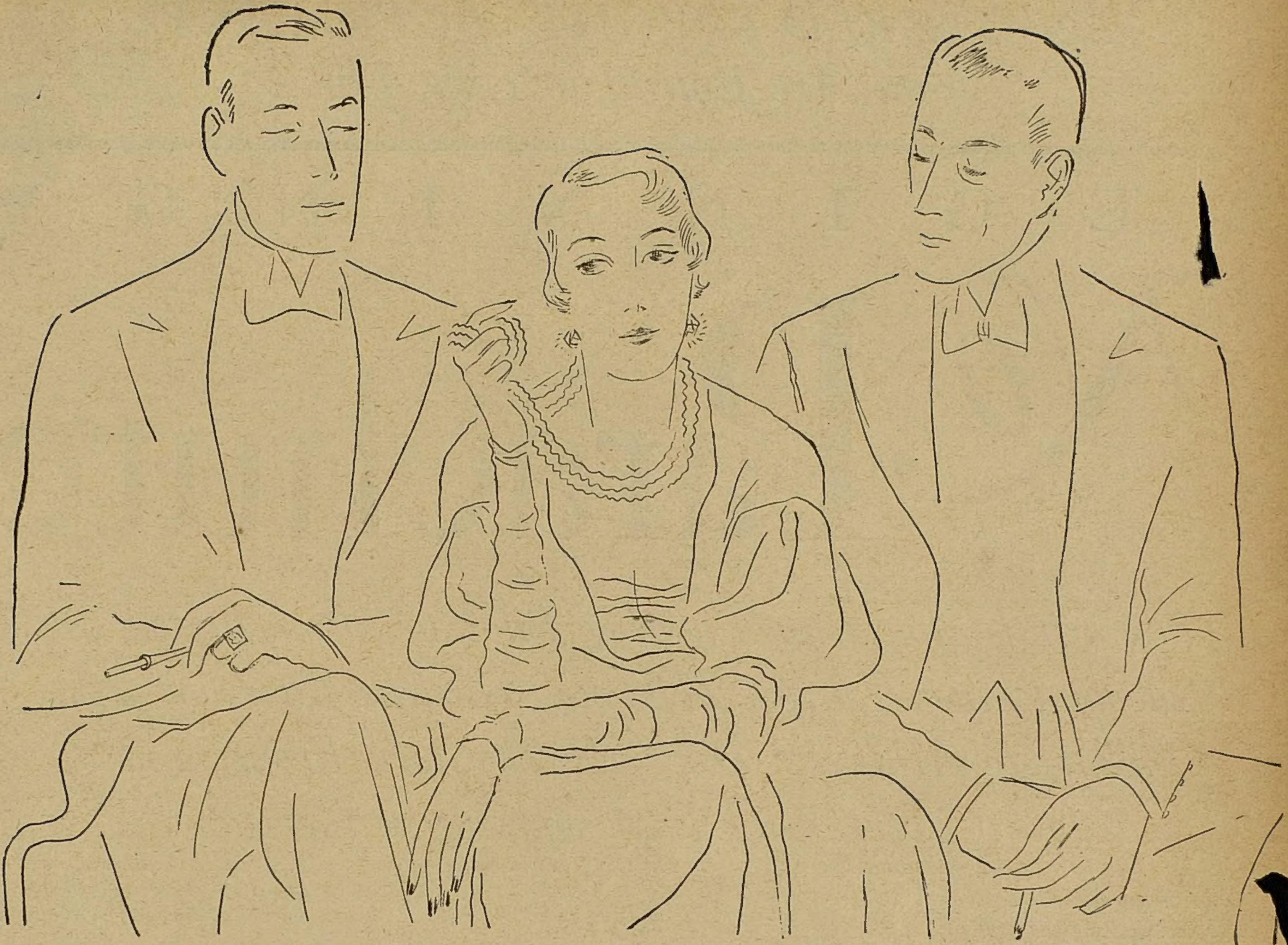
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..........
(Print name and address clearly)

Address..........

City..........*State*..........
(One package to a person) 952R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula



You can Read the News in a Man's eyes...

... the news that you're attractive! And that sort of message carries a thrill. It lends sparkle to conversation; gives a girl the right degree of assurance! All these lead to a true popularity.

Girls who have the happiest times know that the sure way to look one's best is to use Coty Face Powder. For here is a powder which *doesn't* claim that *one tone* is good enough for every woman!

Coty is too much the artist to ask you to believe that! Instead, Coty *enhances your* Fate-given *individuality*.

If you cherish a *personal* type of charm, you will insist on Coty's *cleverly blended* skin tones. There is one—*there may be several*—to give your complexion a clear, new look of loveliness.

And then, there's the absolute *safety* of Coty Powder! Purity so dependable that women with the most delicate skin make a point of using it exclusively.

Do ask your favorite store for Coty Face Powder, modestly priced.

Coty

Glorious, *beauty-inciting*, are the powder nuances: *Severose, Rachel-Nacré, Mauve, Ocre-Rose*—which only Coty blends. Favorites f
ly chosen are *Rachel 1, Rachel 2*, an

If You Were Thrilled by WAR BIRDS
and The RED KNIGHT of GERMANY
You Are Bound to Like This

BEGINNING—

No Parachutes

The First American Fighting Pilot to Shoot Down an Enemy Plane at Last Tells the Thrilling Story of His Combats in Mid-Air Over the Western Front, and of His Capture and Imprisonment in Germany

By ALAN WINSLOW

Brigadier General
WILLIAM MITCHELL
Says:

U. S. Army Air Corps photo

WHEN Europe unleashed its dogs of war in August, 1914, an entirely new element was introduced into armed conflicts. For the first time in history men went into the air in flying machines, above the armies. They gained information which was so valuable that the side possessing it scored a tremendous advantage. The only thing that could stop these flights was for other airplanes to fight them. Nothing effective could be done by the armies on the ground against the aërial warriors. An entirely new kind of combat began. Airplane fought airplane a mile, two miles, five miles above the earth's surface. Victory of one of the combatants was usually complete, with the defeated one falling in the fiery furnace of his own plane. There was no escape. If wounded and unconscious, they fell miles down to the earth and were utterly destroyed.

The type of man required for this duty, more hazardous than any ever known in the history of war, was an individual who possessed the highest qualities of courage, judgment, intelligence, and endurance known to the human race. Horatius at the bridge and Leonidas at Thermopylæ had no greater odds against them than these aviators in their flimsy airplanes loaded with the most explosive and inflammable of liquids, gasoline, and unequipped with parachutes.

The young men in America who answered the call of the air were those in whom the instincts of combativeness and daring bequeathed by warrior and pioneering ancestors showed in undiminished force. They were well educated and versed in [illegible] such as polo, football, baseball, and tennis, which gave [illegible] lf-reliance, quick perception, lightning reflexes to their sensations, and made for teamwork which could not be obtained by the ordinary discipline given to armies and to the personnel of navies. The discipline of the airman was of a much higher order. The air was a place where he could shirk his responsibilities if he wished with much less chance of being detected than in an army or navy. He had to have the heart of a lion, the wisdom of a serpent, and the speed of thought of Mercury. It took great hardihood and initiative to ride into this new and strange field of activity, fraught with dangers not only from enemies but from one's own conveyance.

Alan Winslow was one of the splendid group of young Americans who answered the first call of service, imbued with the spirit of "Do or die." In the account which he has written is contained a direct and frank recital of his thoughts and experiences in the Great War. I am sure that those who read it cannot fail to enjoy this exceptionally interesting and gripping narrative by one of the first knights of the air who pioneered the newest, most powerful, and most decisive system of war the world has ever known.

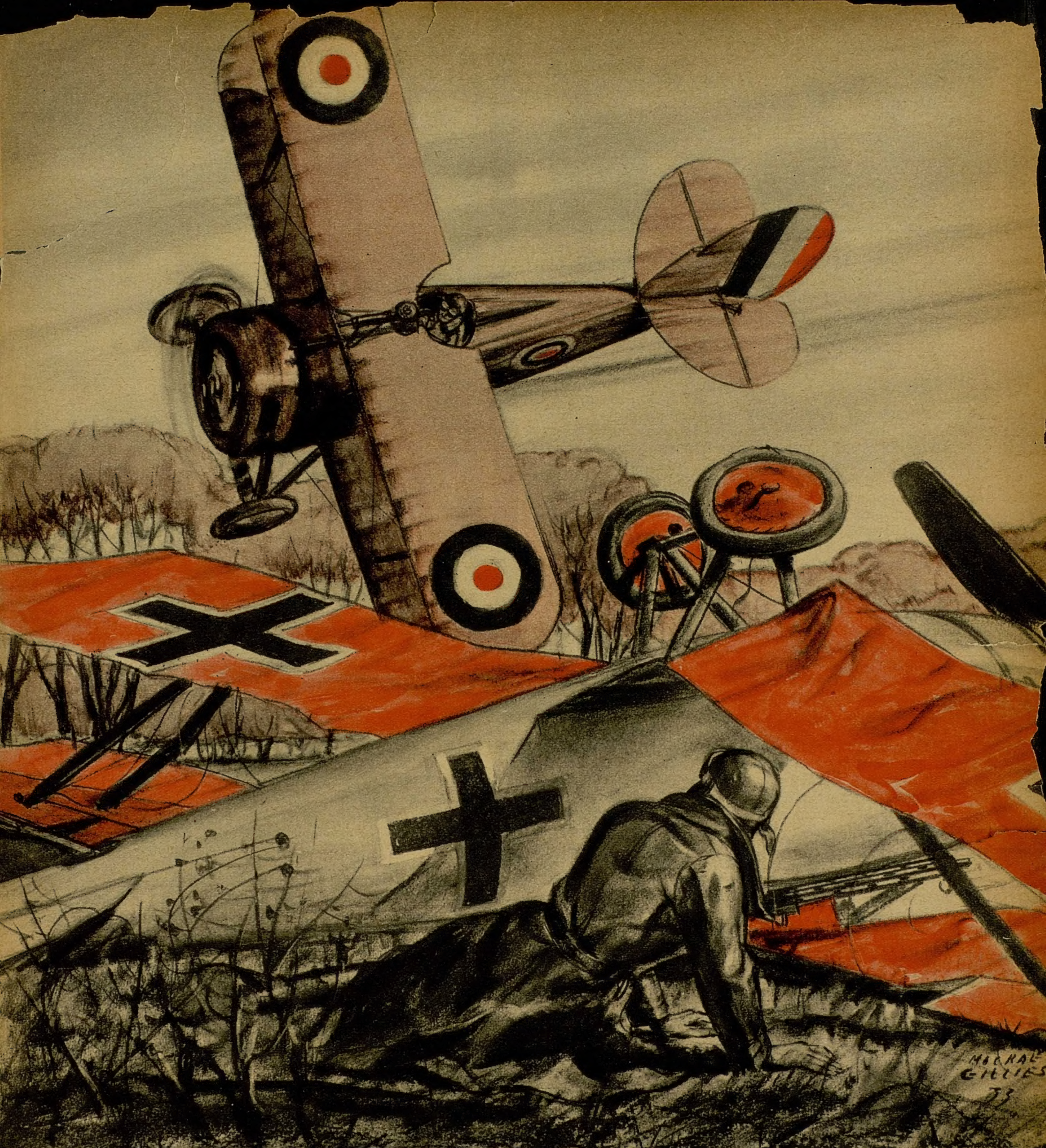
PART ONE—LEARNING TO FLY AND FIGHT

A CLEAR, cold winter day. Two miles below, the snow-covered Vosges Mountains, scarred drunkenly with trenches. Lac Gérardmer, an opal in a matrix of white. The Rhine, a ribbon of silver. Alone in my pursuit plane.

Alone in the sky, except for the German plane diving at me, trying to outmaneuver me. His guns roaring. Mine roaring back at him. Courage. Then fear. Bitter cold. Then beads of perspiration. Speed!

It is my first fight. It is my first patrol over the lines. For a terrifying quarter of an hour I manage to escape his bullets.

Occasionally my bullets pierce his plane. My fighting tactics improve. Confidence!



We fight no more than a few feet above the treetops. It is over in less than four minutes.

Suddenly both my machine guns jam. Stubbornly I determine to clear them. Stupidly I will not abandon the fight.

Half standing in my cockpit, flying at two miles a minute, I lean forward and hammer on the locks of the guns. My helplessness is obvious to the German.

He is coming up behind me. My guns will not clear. Any moment I expect a burst of bullets in my back. Damn my guns! I am at his mercy.

A gleam of silver wings. A black German cross. The plane flashes by. The pilot leans out. He swerves his plane. A friendly wave of his hand.

He disappears toward Germany.

By gallantry my life has been saved.

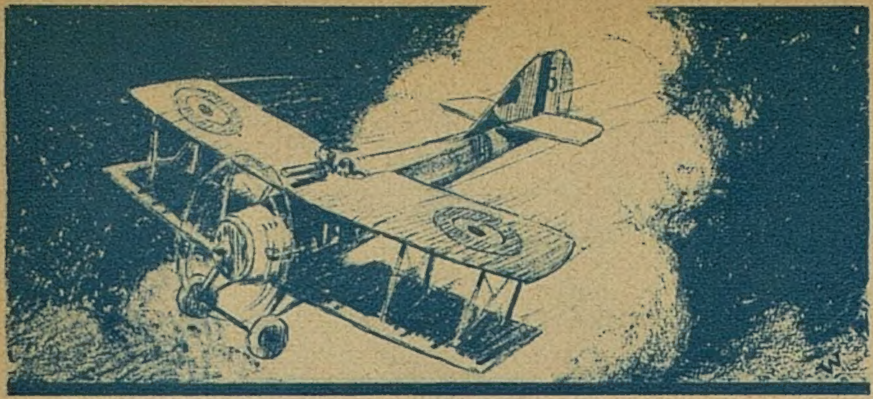
. . . .

Possibly that is why this scene is to me one of the most vivid of the war.

But there are others that flash back along with it:

Nighttime in wartime Paris. Open house in the exotic apartment of Mlle. S., the musical-comedy star. Music, dancing, wine.

Illustrations by
W. MacRAE GILLIES



Swagger pilots of every nationality. Effeminate *embusqués* [slackers].

The entire English chorus from the Casino de Paris.

A handful of generals of any nationality.

. . . . . .

Spring. The airdrome at Toul. A chill early-morning mist blankets the field.

Douglas Campbell and I are on emergency service, which at the moment consists of waiting and a game of Russian bank. Somewhere over the lines Eddie Rickenbacker and Reed Chambers are on their first patrol.

A telephone call from headquarters: Two German planes are reported over the near-by village of Boug.

We run to our waiting planes. I take off first. I clear the trees bordering the field.

There, directly before me, diving out of the mist, is a German Albatros.

We fight no more than a few feet above the tree tops.

The entire population of Toul comes out to watch. One of my bullets actually pierces the ear of a startled peasant. (Afterward he was extremely proud of that bullet. It was his own personal war relic.)

The fight is over in less than four minutes; I land, climb out of my cockpit, and run toward the German pilot whose plane has just crashed to earth. He is surrounded by a chattering, excited crowd. I stand awkwardly on one foot and then on the other. I am only twenty-one and this is my first air victory.

. . . . . .

AND then such incidents, trivial, perhaps, but important to us: as the time we rifled the wine cellar in an ancient château; the day a call was made upon two girls in Nancy, and their *poilu* father, after weeks in the trenches, arrived home most inopportunely; scenes in German prison hospitals; the weird and elaborate escape I planned.

These were the small but amusing events that relieved the drab side of war and the monotony and hunger of German prisons, the uncertainty of those days when there were no parachutes.

But to tell the whole tale:

I was lying full length, face down, on a narrow window ledge of the Hotel Biltmore in New York. My fingers clutched the cold stone. I peered, terrified, at the street twenty-six stories below. I was fascinated. I wanted to hurl myself over the edge. Phil had the good sense to pull me back into the room by my feet.

I sank into a chair and telephoned for Scotch. We needed something after that experiment.

"What a hell of an aviator I'll make!" I thought to myself. "If I'm frightened with a solid window ledge beneath me, if only a few hundred feet of altitude make me dizzy, what will happen when I'm actually up in the air?"

Phil, the ever-sensible, consoled me. "Maybe it's all a mistake," he said. "Let's go to Newport News tomorrow, buy a hop in a plane, and try the real thing."

After a second Scotch I agreed.

The next day, as the old Jenny lumbered across the field, I clung feverishly to the sides of the plane. With my experience at the Biltmore still fresh in my mind, I did not dare look over the side.

Soon, however, out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of houses and fields sweeping past me at a most unreal angle.

We were banking on a turn. After a little while, with what little courage I had left I cautiously moved my head to the side of the cockpit and took a fleeting look below.

To my surprise I felt none of the giddiness nor fright that had seized me on the ledge of the hotel window. On the contrary, I felt remarkably secure.

I relaxed. Over two thousand feet! This was many times higher than the Biltmore. Why wasn't I frightened?

Soon I had the answer. In an airplane there was nothing between me and the earth. There was no side of a building, no wall of a cliff to give me a relative sense of height—nothing to make me dizzy.

Perhaps I could be a pilot after all.

With a group of friends, all undergraduates at Yale, I joined the Aviation Section of the New York State Naval Militia and reported for duty on board the Granite State, a wooden training vessel anchored up the Hudson. There we learned many things, interesting, though irrelevant to aviation. Hammocks, for instance, may be romantic, but lack box springs. On guard duty, when challenging an approaching officer in the dead of night, there is a correct military alternative for the demand, "Who the hell are you?"

THESE days aboard the old Granite State soon came to an end, and we were sent to Bay Shore, Long Island, there to receive actual flying instruction. But our hopes were again shattered. This naval airport consisted of one hangar, several barracks, vast tracts of sand, and an office displaying blue prints. These prints became the textbooks of our ground school. They indicated where we were to dig latrines.

On one occasion, however, we had a real thrill. About 3 A.M., Bull Roberts and I, with rifles shouldered, were doing guard duty at opposite ends of the airport. Suddenly, when all was quiet, I cried out:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

A moment passed and I repeated it in louder tones.

Another moment, and for the third time—

MACRAE GILLIES 37

The celebration was entirely irregular and a breach of the severe discipline of the colonel. At midnight the wine had ended—but the melody lingered on.

" Halt! Damn you! " I bellowed. " Who goes there? " Then I fired.

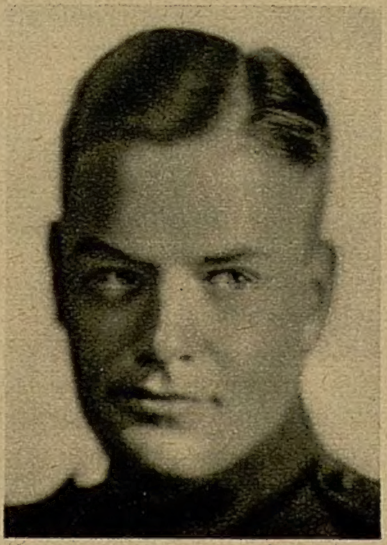
Bull Roberts, sometime star of the Yale football team, was already running toward me, shouting the same command. I fired again. And as Bull approached he fired also.

We could see the lights flash on in the barracks. Voices cried out in the night. People were running toward us. Volley after volley we fired. And just as our commanding officer reached us, breathlessly demanding what was the matter, we used up the last of our ammunition.

IN the local office we made the following official report: I had seen a man, on his hands and knees, approaching toward the entrance to the barbed-wire inclosure of the airport. I had commanded him to halt. He had continued toward me. Upon his refusal to halt at my third order, I had fired in the air. Roberts, running up, and seeing his stealthy approach, had also fired. Then the man had turned and run while we shot at him. As he leaped over a moonlit rise of sand (so we declared) we had realized our mistake. We had been firing at a large dog.

Actually, we had seen nothing at all. We had decided that aviation in the New York State Naval Militia was too uneventful, and had resolved to do something to make it more warlike.

In a few days I came to another decision. Naval aviation would never play as active nor as extensive a part in this war as military aviation. And it would be a long time before this particular militia organization would see active service at the front.



ALAN WINSLOW was born in Chicago in 1895, and was educated in Germany and at Yale. He served nine months with the Lafayette Flying Corps in France, and was the first officer in the U. S. Air Service to bring down an enemy plane. The rest of his war story is told by himself in No Parachutes. After the war he spent ten years in diplomatic service. More recently he was an official of Pan American Airways.

The Navy Department accepted my resignation. With a small group of friends I sailed for France early in June, 1917, to join the Lafayette Flying Corps.

On July 10, 1917, the little group of us who had abandoned Bay Shore discarded civilian clothes and enlisted in the French army as student pilots. Our pay was approximately three cents a day. The uniforms issued to us were the shapeless, ill-fitting, heavy blue uniforms of the French *poilus*, complete with hobnailed shoes, combination shirt and nightshirt, and what appeared to be canvas underwear.

HOWEVER, under the leadership of Dr. Edmond Gros (later Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.A.S.) and the generosity of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, a fund was created for the benefit of the Lafayette Flying Corps. Those who were solely dependent upon the French army pay were granted a monthly allowance which permitted them to clothe themselves comfortably and smartly, and to indulge occasionally in the luxury of a short leave in Paris.

Avord, the largest training school in France, about ninety miles east of Paris, seemed to have been chosen for its desolation, mud, fog, and rain. The Americans had one building to themselves. It had been a stable, and to accommodate us the horse stalls had been removed. Much of the fragrance had not. At that time there were about fifty American student pilots there.

Seventeen-year-old Tommy Hitchcock used to stretch out on one of the cots, a closed book on his knees, staring at the ceiling, dreaming either of escapes from German prison camps or of becoming the ranking polo player in the United States. He would thus lie and dream until the odor of recently evacuated truck horses—not polo ponies—would drive him into the fresh air.

We were then arbitrarily detailed to training by either the Bleriot or the Caudron method, and informed that we should be awakened at dawn for our first instruction.

The Bleriot system was that of first teaching a pilot to control an airplane on the ground by placing him alone in a Bleriot monoplane with its wings so clipped that it was incapable of flight. His first eight or ten attempts were usually far from successful. The tricky little Bleriots would cavort about the field like drunken hares, ending upside down. When a student had mastered the art of guiding them in a straight line, he was placed alone in a similar plane with the wings only slightly shortened, so that it could hop or climb a few feet in the air. Eventually he found himself in control of a plane capable of flight.

The Caudron system was not unlike the present type of training in this country. Two-seated Caudron biplanes with dual controls were used. At that time there was great discussion as to the merits of the two systems, but the latter method is now universal.

I felt fortunate that I had been assigned to the Caudron class, but for three weeks I did not fly. The school was temporarily overcrowded, and the newcomers had to bide their time. I therefore rejoiced when I was finally detailed to Juvisy, a Caudron training school.

Lumbering through loops, whirling in spirals, sliding into wing slips with shrieking stays and trembling struts—that was my initial flight at Juvisy. Our landing was even more dramatic. Abruptly we flattened out and came gliding straight under the telegraph wires at the edge of the field. But even so it was perfect. Such was the genius of Jacques de Sibour.

Vicomte de Sibour was my first instructor, an excellent one, if somewhat astonishing. There were other instructors more thorough perhaps, but none who gave the same sense of drama to our daily flights.

Juvisy was not overcrowded, so each of us had personal attention from more than one instructor, and we were allowed innumerable daily trial flights.

WE were but a handful of Americans among thirty-five or forty Frenchmen. We all slept together in the long barrack lined with cots. Each night, as soon as the entire barrack was snoring, an American delegated for the job would quietly open as many windows in the stuffy room as he safely could.

The next step in the window game was to feign sleep until some Frenchman was aroused by the unfamiliar fresh air. With many oaths, a "*Quel courant d'air!*" and a few remarks regarding the odd habits of Americans, he would carefully close every opened window. A few minutes later our delegate would slip stealthily out of bed and reopen them.

Almost immediately another Frenchman would awaken from dreams of pneumonia and shut them again. This game kept up all night and the American chosen as window-opener got little if any sleep. But we were seven, and each taking turns we slept soundly in a relatively pure atmosphere six nights a week.

Our day would begin with a dip in the tree-bordered brook. Not so with Pierre, a French student pilot. Instead of taking a dip or a shower, he stood naked, spraying himself with a perfume atomizer.

Paris was less than an hour away, and when mist or fog made flying unsafe we were free to go there.

U. S. Army Air Corps photo

Captain EDDIE RICKENBACKER

Says:

IT has been my good fortune to have known Alan Winslow as a free, happy youth, a daring and courageous soldier, and a husband and father second to none.

Few men have crowded as much good fortune and misfortune into a lifetime as Alan has crowded into his short thirty-eight years.

History will accord Alan Winslow the honor and satisfaction of having been the first American pilot in the American Air Service to destroy an enemy plane during the World War. No one can more thoroughly understand the daring of this young man in his early twenties than those of us who were associated with him in the famous Ninety-fourth (Hat-in-the-Ring) Squadron. Few there are who thoroughly appreciate and recognize the harrowing experiences that Alan Winslow faced and passed through during his youth. A victory—a crash—a tragedy—happiness—and tragedy repeated, unfortunately—have all been his.

In peacetime as in wartime he has proved to be a true "knight of the air." To read Alan Winslow's own story is worthy of everyone's time and interest.

The knowledge that we were progressing, that our wings were growing, that actual combat at the front might not be far off, lent the zest of adventure to routine flying, and invested our occasional trips to Paris with a glamour they probably would not otherwise have possessed.

Houston Woodward, who was not long afterward killed in action, and I usually embarked upon our excursions together. Houston was so handsome that the women of Paris never failed to show their special interest, and often to suggest by various subtle or obvious ruses that his attentions would be desirable.

But our adventures lay in other directions. Houston had somehow met one of the numerous exiled cousins of the Czar, and this imperialist, in his luxurious apartment on the Bois, fed us fresh caviar, salmon pancakes with sour cream, and champagne—or, if we preferred it, which we never did, vodka.

With three months of flying at Juvisy I completed my solo tests, and on October 12 received my pilot's license, carrying with it the silver-winged insignia of a pilot in the French Air Service, and the two dark-blue chevrons of a corporal. I was also granted a ten days' leave of absence, and decided to spend it in England, visiting my brother Paul, who was then training with the British Royal Air Force at Oxford.

London at the time was a city of khaki. Being clad in blue, I was an exception to the general run of olive drab. Not only did the British soldiers, unaware of my rank and nationality, salute me on the streets, but so did every passing British officer! I liked London.

Proceeding to Oxford, I inquired of the first British officer I chanced to meet where I could find my brother, Cadet Winslow. The officer (as he soon informed me) was Colonel ——, in charge of the American cadets training at the R. A. F. ground school.

I solemnly returned his salute of deference. I spoke to him in French and permitted him to think that I was at least his equal in rank. But while we were talking Conrad Mattiesson, whom I had known at college, recognized me from a window and shouted, "For God's sake, Alan, what are you doing here?"

I shouted back, "Hello, Mattie!" and with an unceremonious "So long, colonel!" dashed off to see my friend, leaving the colonel speechlessly bewildered.

BUT the colonel was to have his innings. That night Jake Stanley invited all the American cadets at Oxford to assist him properly to celebrate his birthday. A lieutenant of the British Royal Air Force and I were the only outsiders. The celebration was entirely irregular and a breach of the severe discipline of the colonel. It was particularly irregular that the British lieutenant should be there. But he could not resist Jake's party.

At midnight the wine had ended—but the melody lingered on. I found myself with the British lieutenant, trying to direct homeward from the restaurant the especially faltering steps of a weighty cadet. We were suddenly confronted with the glare of a flashlight.

"Halt!"

Recognizing the bellowing voice of the colonel, we dropped our drooping cadet to the pavement, and the lieutenant, fearful of the consequences of recognition by his superior—and these consequences would unquestionably have been severe—hid his face in his upturned coat collar, dashed fiercely at the colonel, knocked him flat with a blow to the jaw, and ran off in the darkness.

I rushed toward Christ College to warn the others.

With a sore jaw, the colonel, raging, soon clumped his way into the courtyard. And there, amid the towers of an otherwise hallowed Oxford, were tumbled forth a hundred or more unhallowed and reeling American cadets to answer, one by one, the enraged demand of the colonel:

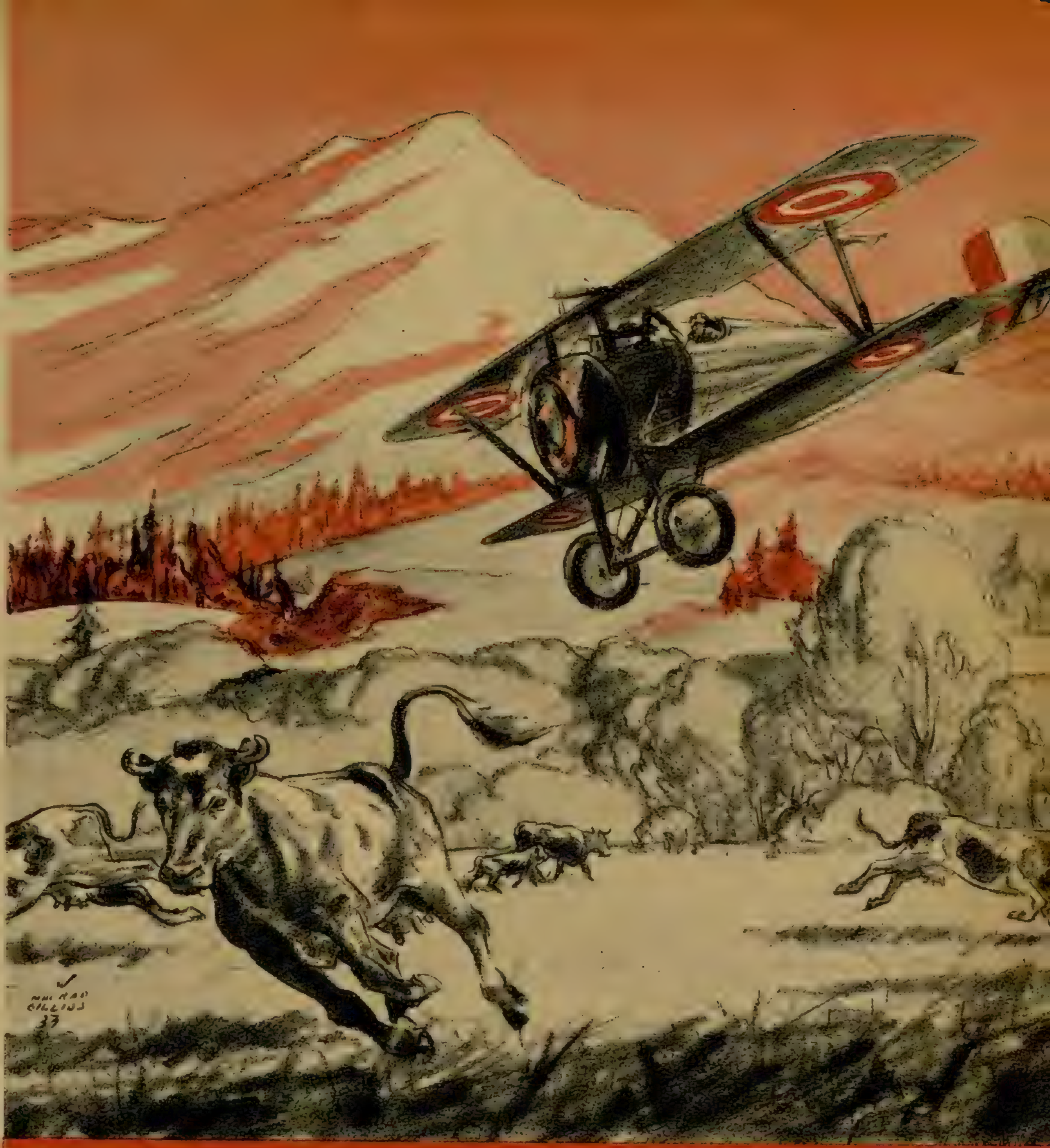
"Are you the man who struck me and ran?"

Each cadet thickly but truthfully answered "No."

The colonel's anger then surpassed his reason. He apparently recalled our meeting of the afternoon. Somebody had struck him; it was none of the cadets; it must be that damn' French-American corporal! I was ordered before him and, in the presence of the entire American cadet corps which was unsteadily endeavoring to maintain a military formation, was accused of assault upon his person, ordered placed under guard, and given twenty-four hours to leave England under penalty of representations to the French Embassy.

And to this day I doubt if the colonel knows it was a British officer under his own command who struck him. This would never have occurred to him.

I said good-by to my brother, obeyed orders, and was in Paris that night.



At times I even forgot there was a war. My aërial acrobatic maneuvers became sheer sport. I would hedge-hop cows in a pasture.

RETURNING to the mud of Avord, I spent the next month trying to master the faster single-seater type of airplane, and succeeded in qualifying for final instruction in machine gunnery, acrobacy, and aërial maneuvers. For this purpose I was sent to Pau, a delightful spot at the foot of the Pyrenees. There at times I even forgot that there was a war. My aërial acrobatic maneuvers—loops, rolls, *vrilles,* and spins—terrifying when I had first contemplated them, soon became sheer sport. I would zoom up the glistening cliff of a mountain; dive down a snow-laden ravine; bank around an ice-covered peak. I would return to the valley and hedge-hop cows in a pasture. I would dive down over golfers. There were many complaints. Fortunately discipline was lax.

Occasionally when I was not flying I rode horseback along the cliffs overlooking the sea. I played golf, I played tennis, I danced. And there was a very pretty girl at the hotel.

But even at Pau there was tragedy.

Eric Fowler, a friend from my first days at Avord, was killed when he made his final instruction flight before leaving for an assignment at the front.

I had suffered my first personal loss of the war.

My orders to go to the front came on Christmas Eve.

The French squadron to which I was assigned, Escadrille N152, at Corcieux, near Belfort, ten miles behind the trenches, was situated on a dangerously small field hemmed in by telegraph wires on one side, and nestled in the heart of the Vosges Mountains. For many miles around, however, it was the only possible field for an Allied airdrome in that sector of the front.

It was on this field, in October, 1916, that Norman Prince, founder of the original Escadrille Lafayette, when returning in the late evening from a patrol over the lines in which he had shot down his last enemy plane, not being able to see the telegraph wires, struck them with his landing gear, crashed, and was killed.

At first I was the only American among the twenty-odd pilots of the squadron. A week later Meredith L. Dowd joined us. He was subsequently killed, when, having courageously attacked four enemy planes single-handed, he destroyed one and then was shot down by the remaining three. In the squadron was a certain French Catholic priest, who had chosen to serve his country as an aviator because it made him feel "near to God." He was a solemn little fellow with baby eyes, sadly alone in the gay atmosphere of the barracks. Yet he was a good pilot with several victories to his credit.

BUT it was his dark flowing beard, at least a foot long, which was most conspicuously incongruous with aviation. He had devised a special helmet with a long leather pouch attached, not unlike a hot-water bottle in appearance. Into this he tucked his beard, and then buckled the entire appendage to the chest of his flying suit.

He was known as the only aviator at the front who was fortunate enough to have a parachute. And whenever he climbed into his plane preparatory to a flight over the lines, his mechanic never failed to remark:

"Now, father, don't fly backward; your beard might catch in the propeller."

A day or so after Christmas, when the Nieuport assigned me had been thoroughly tested and its machine guns properly aligned, our commanding officer ordered my first patrol. The moment which I had eagerly trained and waited for during many months had finally come.

That first patrol was to plunge the newly fledged w bird into a breath-taking adventure. In next week's stallment of No Parachutes, Alan Winslow tells the st telling also of his next two chances at enemy planes, the glorious result of the second one.

Illustrations by
EDGAR MCGRAW

Second Wife

The Story of a Woman Who Gave Back Her Husband and Learned What She Wanted to Know

By ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

(Reading time: 26 minutes 5 seconds.)

ON that particular Thursday morning Esther came across a picture of Harriet in her wedding dress. She found it tucked under the paper on an upper shelf of Ralph's closet where she would never have seen it except for the orgy of house cleaning.

Esther flung open the window in Ralph's room and was standing before it, conscious of the lawn bathed in hard, brilliant sunlight; sunlight on the grass, sunlight on the yellow daffies, on the pink and white hyacinths, on the border of snowdrops; sunlight on the blue stone of the driveway, on the polished bare boughs of the trees. And, as she gazed, feeling a sudden surge of happiness so poignant it was almost pain, so akin to pain, in fact, that she laid her hand, for a swift instant, on her heart. It was so beautiful: the day, the garden, her house, her life.

She turned back to scouring Ralph's closet, which smelled delightfully of tweed and tobacco—and there, under the shelf paper, she found the picture.

It was like a blow between the eyes. It was as if Ralph had a secret from her; as if a hidden love were suddenly, hideously revealed. And yet it was, she knew, only Harriet, his first wife, whom he rarely mentioned, and when he did, casually, easily: Harriet used to do this; Harriet was crazy about that. But only at rare intervals. Rarer as time went on. And always without a trace of emotion. And yet here was her picture, deliciously pretty, tender, girlish, in her wedding dress, tucked away on his shelf out of everyone's sight but his own.

Esther gave her shoulders a little shake. Nonsense. You're making a mountain out of a molehill. He probably stuck it up there long ago and forgot it. He'd be as surprised as you are to see it again. Why should he care about her? Didn't she want a divorce so she could marry another man? If that didn't cure him, nothing will. He's forgotten all about her by this time.

And yet, looking at the exquisite face, the wide childlike eyes, the narrow little nose, the drooping mouth, Esther knew it was a face no man could forget. Or cease entirely to care for.

Strange, he had never shown it to her. Never shown her any pictures of Harriet. What was it he had said? Oh, yes. "I tore them all up" or "I gave them all ack." She could not remember which. And yet here as one, the one in her wedding dress, which he had pt.

Oh, well, that was his affair. Why be jealous of the past? What if he took out an old picture now and then and stared at it and remembered the girl he had once loved and married?

Esther put it back where she had found it, left the shelf paper untouched, closed the closet softly, with a little pat. I'll never tell him; I'll never let him know. She smiled as she said it, and went to work resolutely with broom and duster. But the glory, the perfection of the day was shattered.

By evening a lashing rain fell. Esther, snug in the sedan pulled up alongside the station, watched the wind tugging at the wet shining umbrellas; watched the yellow eye of the express as it swung around the curve and thundered into the station.

She peered through the cold, drenched window pane for a glimpse of Ralph.

There he was, bounding toward her, laughing, his hat pulled down over his eyes, his coat collar turned up. She leaned over and opened the door.

He cried out, "Phew! I'm soaking!"

"Want to take your coat off?"

"No; but I'll get you all wet."

"I don't mind."

He got in, took the wheel, and started the motor. She moved closer to him. The cloth of his coat smelled cold, smoky, and damp.

"Grand night, isn't it?"

"Grand?" He grinned. "Sure; just a nice spring drizzle." They were speeding up the long dark street toward town. "Want to stop for the mail?"

"No. Let's go straight home and have a hot toddy."

"Oh, I can jump out. There might be a couple of magazines to while away the evening."

He pulled up in front of the post office. He sat a minute smiling at her. "My, you look nice!"

"Thanks. Same to you."

He said, "Esther, I've got an idea. Why don't we take this little old bus and go for a long cruise—say to Yellowstone?"

"Now? Tonight?"

"Idiot! I mean on my vacation."

"I'd adore it!" She gave him a little push. "Now scoot in and get the mail."

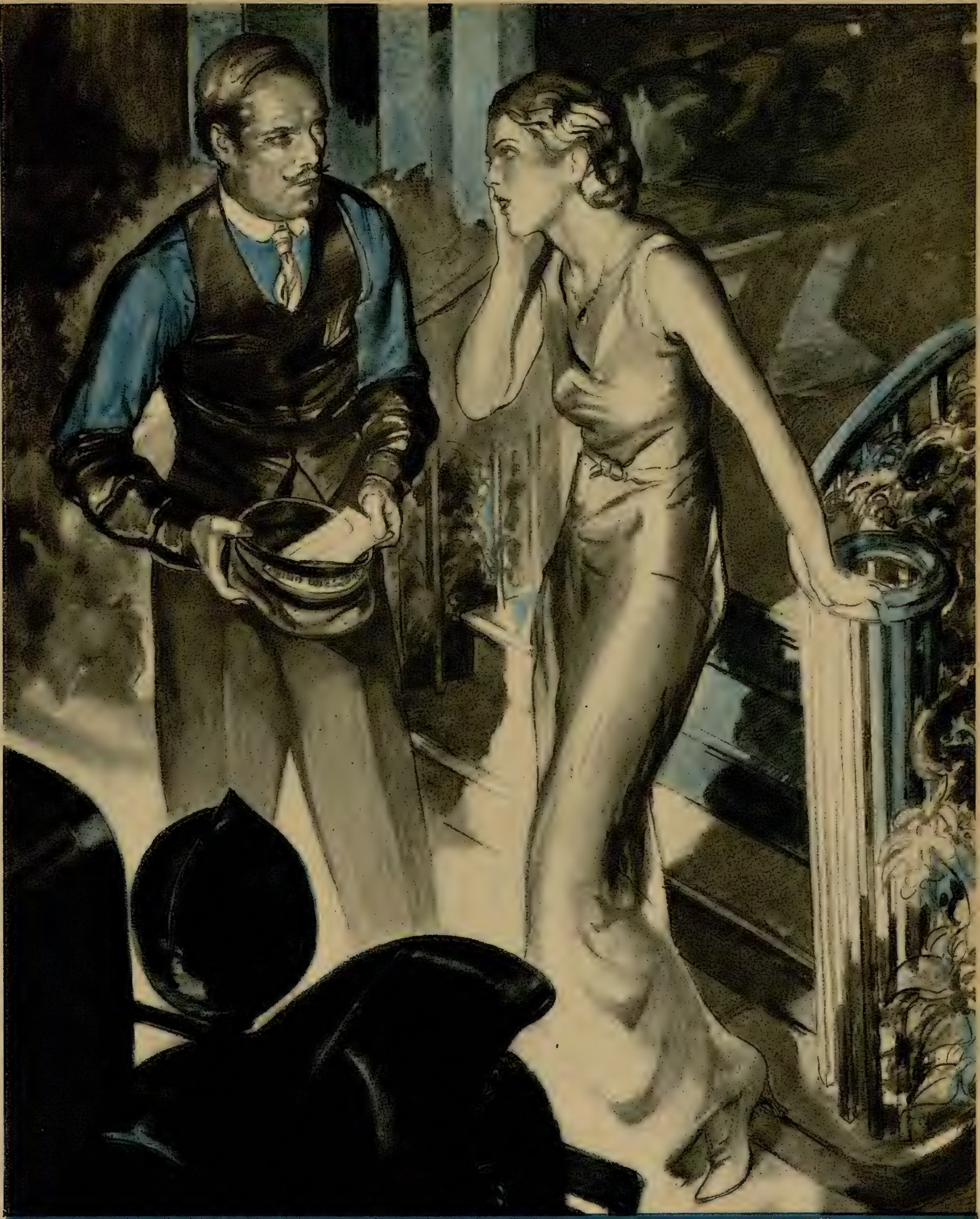
"But don't you think it's a swell idea?"

"Marvelous! Sure we can't start this minute?"

He patted her knee. "I'm getting to like you, Mrs. Brent—damned if I'm not!"

"You're not so bad yourself."

He was back in a jiffy, spilling a handful of letters in her lap.



Before he could speak she cried out sharply, "What's happened to him?"

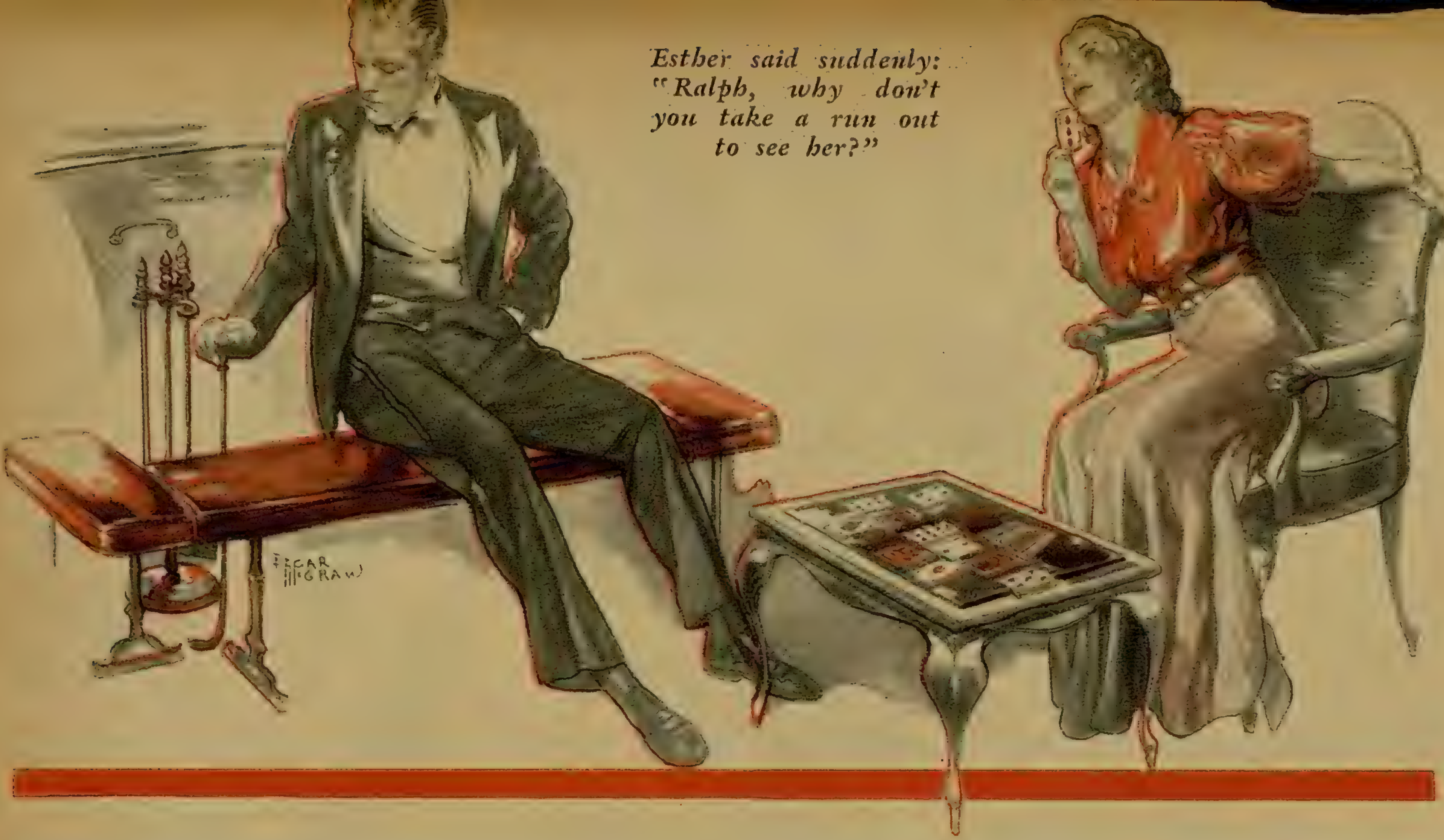
She glanced through them, said, "Why, darling, here's one from Arizona. Isn't that funny? Just as we were talking about the West. Whom do you know in Arizona?"

He turned, smiling, to glance at the letter. Suddenly his face was emptied of laughter and the wheel swerved sharply in his hand. He righted it. Then he said it, quietly, impersonally: "Oh, it's from Harriet."

He did not speak again, but stared straight ahead at the wet road. He wants me to think he's furious, thought Esther, but he isn't. He's scared. He's scared because of the turn the sight of her handwriting gave him when he thought it was all over, when he thought he had put it all behind him. Only he hasn't. He couldn't. Not that girl!

When they reached home Esther hurried into the kitchen where Susie was busy preparing dinner.

. . . Give him time. Time to read it and get hold of



Esther said suddenly: "Ralph, why don't you take a run out to see her?"

himself. Time to decide if he'll tell me what's in it or not. Let him want to tell me. No matter what it is, let him want to tell me. Then I'll have an even chance. . . .

Ralph was in the living room, downing a stiff drink, making a face over it, staring at the rim of the glass which he held on a level with his eyes. He did not look at Esther when she came in. Instead, he waved his hand at an open letter on the table. "Read it and weep," he said.

She picked it up. The handwriting made her think of a careless twelve-year-old child.

DEAR RALPH:

You'll be surprised to hear from me, but I had to write you. I don't know what else to do. As you can see by the heading, I'm in Arizona. I'm here for my health. Remember that winter I had pneumonia? Well, it left me with a spot on my lung. Not a bad one, but just there. Anyhow, lately it started to cut up again, and now they've ordered me to get well. It's a swell dump: one bank, one movie, one hotel, one skyscraper, and plenty of Indians selling blankets.

I bet you stop right here and call for a whisky sour (how I'd love one!) and I don't blame you. You're probably saying, "She's married now; let Jim Durfee do the worrying." He should but he won't. You never liked him, did you? And you were right. When I began to get sick he was through. Did you know he was that bad? I suppose even if you'd told me I wouldn't have listened.

Well, live and learn. And I've learned plenty! So here's the bad news. Jim's gone. My money's gone. My health's gone. And what am I going to do about it? I haven't a claim in the world on you. I know that. I know you're married and all washed up with me, but I also know you're a swell guy and never let a pal down.

HARRIET.

PS. I expect to get well and pay you back some day. This air has made me feel better already.

Esther laid the letter down. She said steadily, "Well, of all the tough breaks!"

RALPH stood with his back to her, staring out of the window. She thought, Oh, God, please make me say the right thing, the kind thing, not what I really think!

"You ought to get some word to her right away. Why not send her a wire tonight? Now."

He swung around. "Do you think so? Maybe you're right. I could drive down and shoot her one before the telegraph office closes."

"Phone it, silly. Go upstairs and send it off while I dash out and keep dinner hot."

When he came down again, they went in to dinner; and she began to talk desperately, feverishly against his silence. At the sight of his stricken face her heart contracted. He could not talk. He was too stunned. He could not even try to.

She plunged determinedly into a new topic. But by now, by the time Susie had placed chocolate Bavarian with stiff little curlicues of whipped cream and scarlet dashes of maraschino before him, only to have him ignore it, she knew all talk was impossible; or that if he talked at all it must be of Harriet.

"Harriet writes about having had pneumonia. Was she awfully ill?"

He looked up quickly; his face cleared. "Yes," he said. "Pretty sick."

"Did she show any signs of this lung trouble?"

"No. She took a long time to get well, but once she was up and around she seemed as fit as ever."

THEY had coffee in the living room. The firelight turned the copper urn a deep glowing red. Outside it was still raining, the whole earth drenched by this time with the hard steady drumming. And down the rainpipe came a playful stream of water, like a faucet turned on and forgotten.

Coffee in the living room. Ralph stretched out on the couch. The fire bright and yellow on the hearth. The quick soft patter of rain on the windows. Just as she had pictured it—only different. Now between them, between Ralph lying indolent and relaxed, his hands clasped behind his head, and herself, sitting erect at the small table, her hands busy with the coffee things, was a shadow, a presence—Harriet.

He said after a long silence, "I've never talked about Harriet."

Esther stirred her tiny spoon round and round in her cup. Let him talk. Do him good. Just what he needs. Only, I can't bear it. I can't bear hearing about her!

"She was only a kid when I married her."

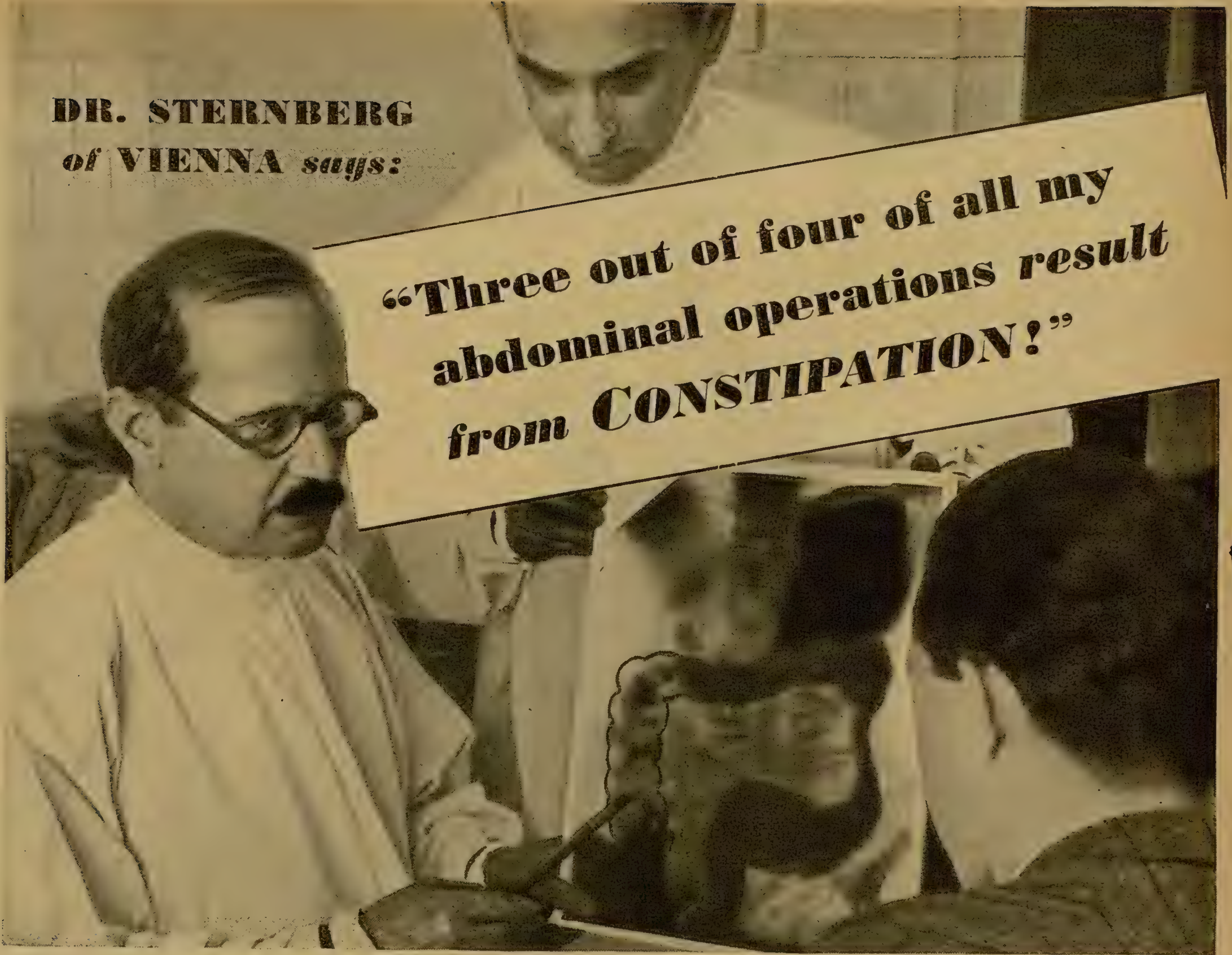
. . . And I'm almost thirty. Safe, sane and soporific. Someone to settle down with. The calm after the storm. Oh, damn! Do I have to torture myself this way? . . .

"She always had a string of boys around. I never knew why she picked me. I was ten years older. It seemed like a hundred to her. I was always an old stick-in-the-mud."

. . . I hate her! I've always hated her. But I hate her most of all for having made you feel old—for having made you feel humble. . . .

"She was a perfect little glutton for life. You know what I mean—people

(Continued on page sixteen)



DR. STERNBERG of VIENNA says:

"Three out of four of all my abdominal operations result from CONSTIPATION!"

DR. STERNBERG *(pointing to X-ray), says, "Poisons caused by constipation cause grave disturbances." He strongly advises eating yeast.**

THE following statement is by Dr. Julius Sternberg, head of the 1st Surgical Clinic of the well-known Mariahilfer Hospital in Vienna, Austria. Dr. Sternberg says:—

"After many years' experience . . . I can state with certainty that three-fourths of all the abdominal operation cases that come before me are a direct or indirect consequence of constipation. Constipation may cause . . . colitis, hemorrhoids, appendicitis, even peritonitis."

Can constipation be cured, without drugs? Dr. Sternberg explains:—

"Cathartics and laxative drugs weaken and irritate the intestines . . . What is needed is a method which will soften the contents of the intestines and stimulate normal action. *Such a natural method is the eating of fresh yeast.*"

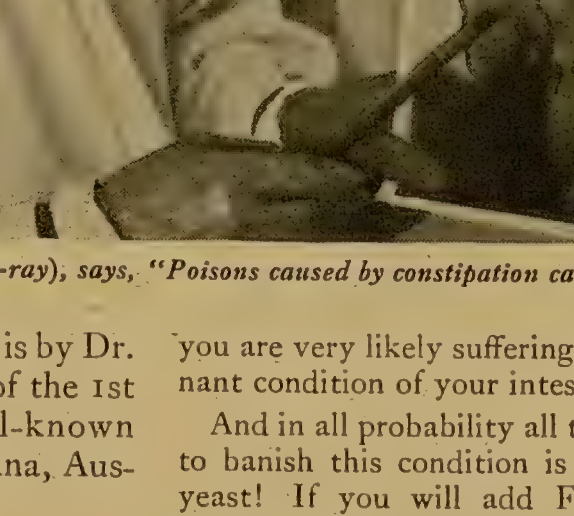
If you tire quickly—if your complexion is bad—if you have frequent indigestion—you are very likely suffering from a stagnant condition of your intestines.

And in all probability all that's needed to banish this condition is to eat fresh yeast! If you will add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet and eat it regularly, you can prove this to your satisfaction.

So try it now. And as yeast acts to cleanse your system of harmful poisons, notice how your strength picks up . . . how much better your meals digest . . . how much less often you are troubled with headaches, bad skin, bad breath, colds.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G and D—at grocers, restaurants, and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or in water (a third of a glass). Start eating it today.

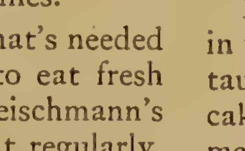
DR. G. FAROY, of Paris, author of the well-known "Digestive Therapeutics" (1928), states: "I advise patients to avoid cathartics . . . I know no safer means of correcting constipation than eating fresh yeast."



"My own doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast!"

"I am a teacher," *writes* Mrs. Irene Clarence *of New York*, "and I was very discouraged because for years I had been suffering from constipation and stomach trouble and had tried all sorts of pills and medicines, laxatives and cathartics without avail. A doctor friend of mine recommended Fleischmann's Yeast and I ate it regularly. Results were astonishingly good. My elimination became regular and I could again eat anything without ensuing distress."

**Important!*



Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Write for booklet. Dept. YO-4, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

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(Continued from page fourteen)

and parties all the time. The house was always full up."

. . . Did you like that? Do you miss it? Perhaps on nights like this, which I adore, you're thinking back. Don't let her do this to you! Can't you see her laughing out there in Arizona? "I'll get him back," she's saying; "you just wait and see. I'll get him back!" . . .

"I was all wrong for her. I know that now. I couldn't have made her happy, no matter how hard I tried."

The fire needed stirring; the logs, charred and smoking, slumped together with a soft sigh. Esther got up stiffly.

"They need a good poke."

He looked at her, startled. "Say, you don't mind my telling you all this, do you?"

"Of course not, darling; I want you to. We've got to do everything we can to help her. Everything."

He sat up, stared at the cheerful red fire burnishing the brass andirons anew. "I suppose the best thing is to send her a monthly allowance for the present. She never wanted any alimony, so I'm in that much."

"You'd better find out exactly how much she needs. There may be special treatments—"

"That's right. I never thought of that. I wonder if she'll let me know."

"She'll have to. You write her that all she's got to do now is to think of herself and get well."

. . . Get well and get out. Leave my life alone! Maybe I am safe and sane; maybe you did marry me on the rebound. But I love you, Ralph, more than she ever did—than she ever could. . . .

"Well, my darling, shall we make tracks up to bed?"

EDGAR McGRAW

With a face like that she could have made a fortune on the stage.

He nodded and got up slowly. "You've been a brick about this, Esther, and don't think I don't know it."

"Applesauce! I'm really green with jealousy. At any other time I'd scratch her eyes out, but you can't hit a man when he's down."

He put his arm around her. "And this won't make any difference between us, will it?"

But it made a difference.

FROM that instant Harriet became the center of their home. Precisely, Esther sometimes thought, as if she had moved into the guest room, bag and baggage.

Esther could glimpse her in their long silences, their desperate efforts to catch up with the conversation. Was he, she wondered, hearing from her often? Was there a steady stream of letters arriving at the office, now that they no longer came to the post office box?

They seldom spoke about her. They spoke of other things. And there was plenty to talk about now, with little pointed rosebuds unfurling velvet leaves, with the garden sunny and still, with young bees drowsing over the flowers. Lovely, lovely! Only you could not talk about it forever, when your words struck against a wall of silence and were tossed back at you.

She knew that Ralph was sending her far more money than he dared admit. She knew it because he canceled an order for a new car, refused to join a hunt club he had helped form, did not buy a suit for which he had chosen the material.

Perhaps, she thought, I'm exaggerating her importance. Perhaps when we're away on our vacation everything will be different. Then we can talk again, have it all out. I can tell him how frightened I am, and he can tell me I'm a goose and that he loves me.

That night she brought up the subject: "When do we set sail for Yellowstone?"

"We don't."

His face was set in a grim line. "I've been meaning to tell you. We can't get away this year."

He stopped and looked away. She could have said it all for him. He went on: "I thought I'd bothered you enough about Harriet, so I haven't said anything lately; but there have been all sorts of expenses—"

"And you've used your vacation money for her."

"Yes."

"Then we'll just stay right here at home and I'll let you dig weeds for your month off."

"Yes."

Silence.

SHE never knew exactly how she guessed it, but it came to her in a blinding flash that he did not want to stay home. He wanted to go West. To Arizona. To Harriet. He wanted with all his heart and soul to see her again. He fairly quivered with the desire that burned in him to be at her side in this struggle for life. And he was too fiercely loyal to speak of it. It was not fair to her, Esther. It was not playing the game. One did not leave one's present wife on any conceivable theory to visit one's former wife. Unless—unless—

Esther said suddenly: "Ralph, why don't you take a run out to see her? You'll have loads of time. Just think what it would mean to her to have you pop in on her."

He stared at her stupidly, almost as if he had not heard or, hearing, did not understand. "You mean—you—"

"Silly old thing! You're dying to—you know you are. You're worried to death about her. You're not sure she's being looked after properly, or getting the right food, or anything. You'll never draw an easy breath until you've trotted out there yourself and snooped around."

He continued to stare at her. Then, "You're right," he said slowly. "You're right."

. . . There! I've done it! I've given him back to her. I've made the supreme gesture. I needn't have, but I've done it. He wants her. He's wanted her all along. Ever since the day she walked out of his life. I've been the shadow. She's been the reality. . . .

He was talking, eagerly: "I think I can get off by the end of the week. I ought to be out there by Monday. I wonder if it takes two days or three."

"What'll you take, your big grip or your small trunk?"

"Oh, the grip will do."

"I'll get it down from the attic."

"Sure you don't mind my going?"

"Of course not; I want you to go."

"I won't wire her. I'll just drop in on her and see for myself how she's getting along."

"And I'll stay here as snug as a bug in a rug while you're away."

"Will you? I thought maybe you'd visit your sister, or have her come stay with you."

"No, thank you. No visiting. I've got too much to do. And she can't come here, either. She's too young and giddy. I'd rather stay alone."

"I won't be gone long."

. . . Oh, won't you, darling? You'll be gone forever! I know it and you know it, but we'll keep on pretending to the end. . . .

"Nothing could drag me away from tending my baby delphiniums right now; besides, I have bushels of currants to pick."

. . . Don't bother to chatter. He isn't even listening. Well, maybe he isn't; but I've got to talk about something—anything—or else I'll cry. And I don't want to cry. I don't want him to know that a knife has been plunged deep into my heart and twisted around. I don't want him to know!

SITTING on the porch at night you can see lovers parading by. Sometimes they pause beneath the tall elm tree not far from the street light and their two silhouettes merge into one. Then, when the wind ruffles the leaves of the tree, the sweet scent of new-mown hay comes to you, blown in from the fields. It grows late. You used to love night. You remember a time when the darkness was like arms holding you close, and when the stars, bright and twinkling, were friendly lights in a far distant village.

Peace. Quiet. The smell of wet grass blades. The moon spiked by the tallest poplar tree. How many days is it since Ralph has gone? Three? Four? A week? A year? Eternity? And he has not even wired. Oh, well, why should he? What is there to say?

Nothing to say.

"Why, Esther, how pale you look!"

"What have you been doing with yourself?"

"We never see you any more."

"Why didn't you go with Ralph? It's a grand trip."

"You ought to have someone come and stay with you."

Voices of friends beating around you like a stormy sea.

Nothing to say.

Don't talk. Wait. That's all you have left to do now. Wait until you're fired. Oh, Ralph could never do that! He'll come home looking so miserable, so abject, so lost, that you'll tell him you know all about it. You'll let him go. You'll urge him to go.

And he'll want you to keep the house because you love it—and because he'll derive a faint pleasure from knowing you are here, puttering around the garden, loosening roots, transplanting tender young green things, weeding.

Only you could not endure living here without him. What do women do when the man they love ceases to

Now $1 equals $3 in fighting colds

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

YOU may be trying to save money. But instead of saving it you're losing it if you don't know the difference between the two kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. One kind *must* be used *full strength* to be effective—that means "if you add water, it won't kill germs."

Pepsodent CAN be diluted

But the other kind—Pepsodent Antiseptic—is powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and *still kill germs in less than* 10 *seconds*—yet Pepsodent is absolutely safe when used full strength. Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against stubborn sore throat colds, unpleasant breath, and all kinds of germ infections. When choosing your mouth antiseptic, be sure you choose the one that, even when diluted with water, still kills germs! The other kind costs more . . . either in money or in health. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be safe!

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds
Head Colds
Smoker's Throat
Bad Breath
Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums
After Extractions
After Shaving
Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

love them? What is there left for them to do? Travel? Work? Find an interest in life?

But suppose there is no interest. Suppose life is over, like a light that's been snapped off. Nothing can turn it on again, make it burn brilliant and strong, but one hand, and that hand—

It's terrible to love someone that much. No woman should love any man that much. If only you had a child! But you'll never have one now, and you wanted one, a son. Perhaps if you had had one he might have— No; you wouldn't want that. *You* want to be the magnet. Not clinging baby hands. He must want you yourself, Esther Brent, in person.

She got up quickly, nervously, and swept the hair back from her forehead. "What am I going to do? What can I do?"

The glare of headlights turned in at the driveway. A car. At night. At this hour. She felt a sudden sickening terror grip her, like cold fingers at her throat. Something's happened to Ralph! They've come to tell me. Something's happened—

She stood rigid, white, beneath the beating glare of the lights. The car stopped and a man jumped out. "Mrs. Brent?"

"Yes."

He came toward her slowly, his cap in his hand. Before he could speak she cried out sharply, "What's happened to him?"

He said with obvious relief, "Oh, so you've heard about it, have you?"

She did not reply. She waited, tense, motionless, for him to go on.

He said: "It was a nasty crash. Freight standing on a siding. Plenty of passengers killed; but Mr. Brent—"

"He's alive?" she whispered.

"Yes. I'm Collins, the telegraph operator down at the station. I could have phoned you, but I thought maybe I'd better run out and tell you. Here's the message. They want you to come at once."

He pressed a paper into her hand.

"It looks like he's hurt pretty bad—but maybe not. Maybe they got excited and sent you a wire. You know how folks are. I suppose you'll be leaving on the early train."

"Yes."

"Well, I don't suppose there's anything I can do."

"No."

"Then I'll be getting back. And don't worry too much, Mrs. Brent. It's something that he's alive, ain't it?"

"Yes."

He stood there a moment, awkward and ill at ease, then said, "Well, I'll be making tracks, unless there's some woman you'd like me to fetch over here."

"No. No, thank you. No one."

He climbed back into the car. It roared around the driveway and out again.

Silence!

She walked stiffly into the house. Now she could read the yellow slip in her hand.

RALPH HURT RAILROAD ACCIDENT TAKEN TO HOSPITAL HERE IN MARICOPA COME AT ONCE HARRIET

Harriet! That was funny!

ESTHER began to laugh, a strange, gurgling laughter that held no mirth. Harriet there beside his bed, smoothing his brow, holding his hand. Funny! Funny! Oh, God! Suppose he dies before I get there! Suppose I never see him again. Suppose she has the last few hours with him alone!

She dragged herself upstairs. Pack—she had to pack. But when she tried to concentrate she could not. Instead she dropped weakly on the bed and the laughter kept bubbling up in her throat.

. . . . Let me get there in time to see him just once more. Even if she's taken him away from me forever, let me see him just once more!

Just once more—just once more—just once more. Over and over again. The wheels of the train clicked it out like clockwork. At night, lying awake, staring into the darkness, she repeated it like a chant.

Sometimes she pushed up the shade and stared out at the bright lights of a town; people, cars, houses pressed close together. Sometimes she saw only miles of black prairie sweeping by, then a lonely light in a little cabin pricking the darkness. Just once more—just once more!

Maricopa. Dazzling sunlight. Bare brown hills. Red adobe roads. Someone pointed out the hospital, a long white rambling building perched on an eminence overlooking the town. She chartered a car and drove out to it.

As she drew near she began to tremble, shaking with a chill that made her teeth chatter. Just once more—

Inside it was cool and smelled of iodoform. Like all hospitals, sinister and silent. The hush of death.

"I'm Mrs. Brent. Is Mr. Brent—is he—"

"He's doing as well as can be expected."

Quick tears sprang to her eyes. She would see him again, his infinitely dear face. She would touch his hands, lay her cheek against them.

The elevator stopped and she followed a young interne along a corridor. He paused before a door.

"This is the room, Mrs. Brent."

He smiled, bowed himself away. She watched him swing along the corridor and disappear around a curve. Still she did not knock, but stood with knuckles lifted, waiting.

. . . I can't go in there and see them together. I can't watch him follow her with his eyes. I can't—I can't! . . .

SHE closed her eyes against the sting of tears and rapped softly.

The door opened and a young woman stepped outside. She was startlingly beautiful. She was Harriet.

She stood for an instant staring; then she said, "You're Esther Brent."

Esther nodded.

More than beautiful. Breath-takingly lovely, with skin the color and texture of a gardenia's petal, with purple eyes whose lashes laid a faint shadow along her cheek. Tall, slender, exquisite.

"Yes, I'm Esther Brent."

. . . So now we've come face to face at last. The battle's on. Only I can't win! I haven't a chance. I'm licked before I start. . . .

Harriet closed the door softly behind her. "Let's talk first," she said.

"I don't want to talk," said Esther; "I want to see Ralph."

"I know. Of course. I mean he's—he's still unconscious—"

"Unconscious!"

"Ether. They operated this morning on his shoulder."

"Operated?"

"Yes. Had to set it. A nasty fracture. That's why I suggested—"

"I see. Yes; let's talk."

. . . This would make a good scene for a play. The two wives meeting across the prostrate body of the husband. If I saw it on the stage I'd probably cry, and feel sorry for the first wife. Because she's young and beautiful. People always feel sorry for youth. . . .

They sat down in a little alcove, a waiting room. They sat opposite each other. The picture did not do her justice. The picture was a poor cold replica of the vivid original. Why, with a face like that she could have made a fortune on the stage or screen. No wonder Ralph loved her. No wonder any man loved her. Well, it was better to have seen her. You understood then that nothing mattered once you knew a girl like that.

She was speaking: "I've been with him night and day. He's had the best of care. Dr. Austin's been looking after him. He's my doctor too. He couldn't have had better care."

Esther smiled through cold lips. "I'm sure of that," she said.

"He's doing splendidly, too. He'll be all right once the shoulder starts to heal. But we couldn't tell at first. That's why I wired you to come. If I'd known he was going to recover so quickly I'd never have dragged you way out here."

"I wanted to come."

"I know; but it must have been a dreadful journey for you."

. . . Dreadful? No one will ever know how dreadful. But the journey back will be worse, after I've seen him. After I've given him up to you! . . .

"Well, it was rather bad."

"The shoulder was dislocated in two places. A nasty break—"

How strange to have another woman telling her about Ralph! How strange to have another woman take possession of him! How strange to sit there talking casually as if nothing had happened!

"And—and you're better?"

"Oh, yes; much better. I'm almost well. And I've got him to thank for it all." Her face glowed when she spoke of him. In love with him. She was in love with him. Perhaps for the first time.

"Ralph was so worried about you he had to come out here and see you. He would never have been happy unless he had."

A nurse came toward them. She beckoned to Harriet.

"He's stirring a bit. I think you might come in now, Mrs. Durfee."

Harriet rose quickly, took a step forward, stopped, said to the nurse, "This—this is Mrs. Brent. She'll want to go to him. I'll wait here."

Esther stood up too. She said steadily, "Why don't we both go?"

The nurse gave her a startled look. "I'm not sure—"

Esther smiled at her. "We'll keep very quiet. But, after all, he's not expecting me. He doesn't even know I'm here. He'll probably want Mrs. Durfee, and then later, if you think best, I can speak to him."

HIS face—his dear face. Pale, etched with little lines of pain. A furrow between his eyes. Harriet sat down beside him and Esther stood in a far corner near the door. . . . This is the end. When he turns to her, speaks to her, I'll know it's all over. . . .

He moved restlessly. Then suddenly he opened his eyes. He stared an instant at Harriet leaning toward him, and turned away.

"Esther," he said petulantly. "I want Esther!"

. . . Oh, God! He wants me—me—me! . . .

Harriet had risen. "He wants you," she said.

Esther laid her hand over his. His eyes fluttered open.

"My, you look nice!" He shut his eyes and smiled. Esther looked up through her tears. Harriet's eyes met hers. She was as pale as death.

The man in the bed sighed contentedly. "Talk to me," he said. "I want to hear your voice. I don't care what you talk about, only talk. Did you miss me?"

Esther nodded. "Yes, I missed you."

Suddenly Harriet turned, fumbled for the door, and very quietly left the room.

THE END

"SCRAP OLD IDEAS ABOUT DIETING

sugar *helps* you reduce!"

MME. SYLVIA

SAYS SYLVIA

World's foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure

Once in a great while I find it harder to rid a Hollywood star of a silly idea than to banish a brace of extra chins. And the silliest idea of them all is the idea that sugar has no place in a reducing diet.

But thank goodness, my clients usually listen to me when I tell them that there is a certain "sugar secret" which will actually help them reduce faster. I am going to give you that "sugar secret" here. But first I want you to read my three simple slenderizing commandments.

FIRST: Get sufficient exercise. Walk at least two miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Shun fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces—*and by all means liquor!*

THIRD: Now get this right—*don't starve yourself on sugar!*

Why you reduce FASTER *with my "sugar secret"*

Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and safely melts away body fats. Why? Because fats are fuel . . . *sugar is the flame.* Late dietetic discoveries prove that. You actually lose that excess poundage faster with the right sweet at the right time . . . But what is the best sweet for slenderizing? That's the secret . . . and its name is "Life Savers."

I prescribe Life Savers to all my clients, because they are the *purposeful* candy for reducing.

In the first place, Life Savers give quickly assimilated sugar energy—without a lot of fat-building bulk. Being hard, they dissolve slowly and deliciously on the tongue, thoroughly satisfying the normal hunger for sugar. Slip one on your tongue as often as you have that sweets hunger—*and don't worry about putting on weight!*

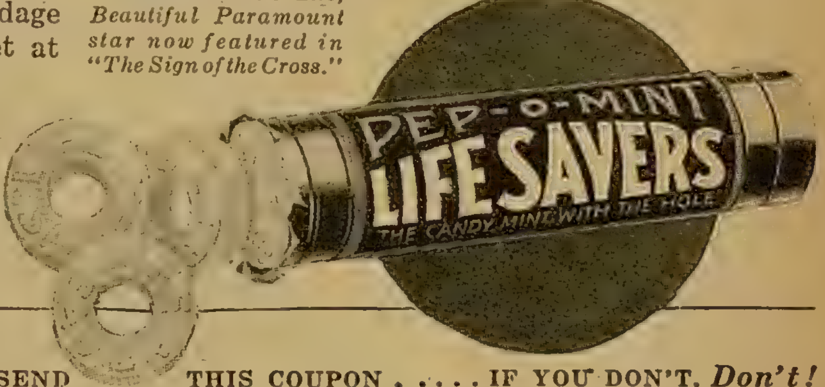
Let's Not Fiddle Around!

I'm in earnest about this reducing business . . . Prove that you are, and I'll make you a wonderful gift. This gift is a booklet that sums up information I usually get hundreds of dollars for. Buy two packages of Life Savers and send me the two wrappers with the coupon below . . . and my book comes to you free.

Mme Sylvia

There are many enticing kinds of Life Savers . . . the new Spear-O-mint . . . Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cryst-O-mint . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . and the fruit drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *Beautiful Paramount star now featured in "The Sign of the Cross."*



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON . . . . . IF YOU DON'T, ***Don't!***

MADAME SYLVIA, c/o Life Savers, Inc.
Dept. L-2-25-33, Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. and possessions include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*______________*State*________

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

BEGIN

The BOODLE

First of a Series the New Shame of Our Cities Municipal Crime

By SILAS

(Reading time: 22 minutes 25 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE SYSTEM

IN a packed Chicago courtroom a world-notorious man was on trial. Branded as "Public Enemy Number One," it was no secret that he dealt wholesale in whisky and beer, that he had a chain of gambling houses, that he traded corruptly in women. Yet he was not on trial for violating the Eighteenth Amendment or the Mann Act, a federal law which forbids the transportation of women across state lines for immoral purposes. Nor was he on trial for mass manslaughter. Chicago had tried him once for murder and had freed him.

This former laundry boy for a string of Chicago brothels was Al Capone. Your Uncle Sam had spent nearly $150,000 of your money, over four years, in building up a case against him. Although some of the investigators had even joined his gangs, they did not try to find out how many men had died violently under Capone guns, or how many women had been debauched through his efforts. They were interested in learning how much money he made! Thus they found that one of his gambling houses alone had delivered a revenue in three years of more than half a million dollars, and that his net personal income for some six years had been in excess of one and one third million dollars. They estimated his personal fortune at twenty millions.

No effort was made to prove that Al Capone had ever sold so much as a pint of "alky" or beer. Your Uncle Sam, confessing that he could not establish such facts, did prove that Capone had not been a good citizen about meeting his share of the cost of government. He was found guilty on the ludicrous charge of evading his income taxes and was sentenced to one year in the county jail, ten years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

And what happened? A roar of applause went up from coast to coast because a federal judge actually had the courage to sentence Public Enemy Number One.

Let us put these facts into a pattern:

The richest country in the world could not convict a gangster of the crimes of which he boasted.

The most powerful government (ostensibly) was compelled to resort to a shabby subterfuge to put that man behind the bars.

Judge James H. Wilkerson, who pronounced sentence on unshakable facts, was praised to the skies because he dared uphold the majesty of the law against one of the real rulers of this country.

Let us ask Judge Samuel Seabury, who investigated political and criminal conditions in New York City, what such a pattern signifies.

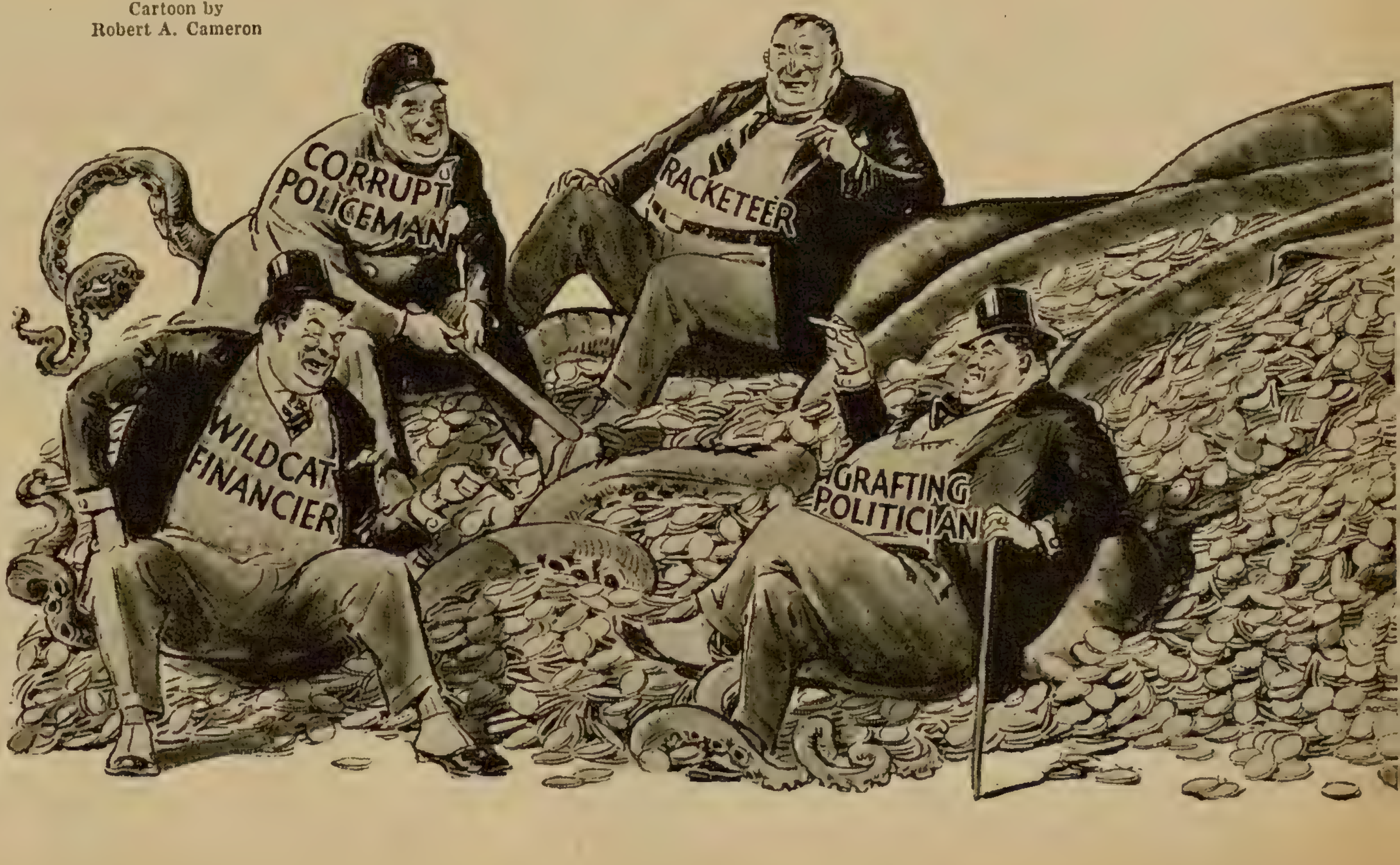
"Organized government today is confronted with the task of dealing with organized crime," he says. "Especially is this so in some of our great cities, where the forces of the underworld are effectively organized and often act in coöperation with the local political machines, which masquerade under the name of a political party—it does not matter which, either Republican or Democratic."

In New York City the machine is Democratic, and so are the gangsters. In Chicago the machine is Republican, and so are the gangsters. Machine politicians need "mobs" of thugs at the polls; between elections they need crooks for dirty errands and other services. These the politician pays for in protection.

Al Capone had contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to campaign funds in Chicago—in a single instance, $260,000 to help elect Mayor William Hale Thompson, who made the city an international laughing-stock. He had contributed, that is to say, more than mobs to intimidate honest voters. In so doing he was in good company. The Chicago machine is supported for the most part by captains of industry in that city, and the same thing is true in all our large cities. There is a partnership in crime between big business and the underworld.

My purpose is to show you how these partners work, through the local politician as intermediary; and how

Cartoon by
Robert A. Cameron



NING

RINGS of '33

of Articles Outlining
and the Appalling Extent of
and Corruption

BENT

you, being an honest citizen, pay a prôfit to all of them.

Of course big business attempts to maintain a façade of respectability, and often conceals its trail to the underworld. But we will find as we go along that the morals of the captain of industry are not notably superior to the morals of Scarface Al Capone. The chief difference is that the gangster is not hindered by rules which interfere with his purposes, whereas the forces of law and order do obey such rules, and captains of industry pretend to obey some of them. Al Capone was not seriously impeded—except by rival gangsters—in rolling up a fortune of millions, but Uncle Sam was crippled in his efforts to prosecute him for overt crime. In fact, the government first prosecuted a brother, Ralph Capone, and sentenced him to three years for tax evasion; then it successfully prosecuted three Capone aids. Jack Gusick, one of these, paid $17,951.30 without batting an eyelash, last May 31, as a fine and court costs, while serving a penitentiary term of five years. There is another suit pending against him for $25,000 back taxes.

In this way Uncle Sam built up a case against Scarface Al, who carried no bank accounts in his own name and did not appear in person to make deposits or withdrawals. Yet Capone, government investigators agree, was not the real king of the Chicago underworld. He was a "front," chosen because of his cunning and boastfulness—although he whimpered and whined as often as he bragged—to shield a more powerful man from the spotlight.

So widespread was the praise of Judge Wilkerson for daring to sentence Capone that President Hoover decided to promote him from the District Court to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Such an appointment must be made "with the advice and consent of the Senate," and hearings were held by the Committee on the Judiciary, of which Senator Borah was chairman. The principal protests came from certain elements of organized labor.

THE Senate committee learned that two of Capone's personal adherents were serving in the Illinois State Senate, and that another was serving in Congress, in the House of Representatives. One of the Illinois senators had been convicted of conspiracy to murder and kidnap, as well as of other crimes, and once he had actually paid a fine. On another occasion, when he escaped conviction, the court sent several men to jail for trying to bribe the jury.

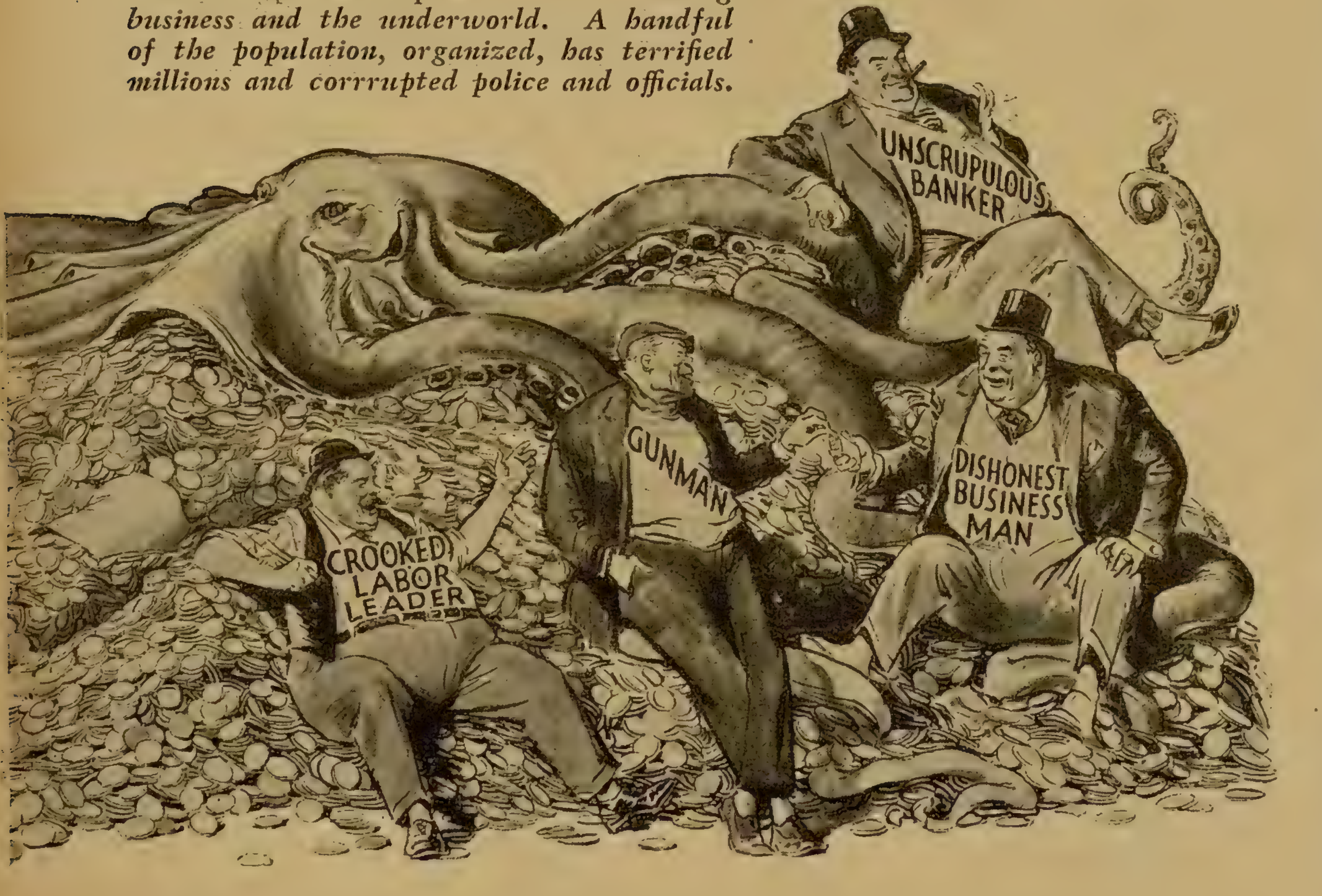
The other Illinois senator had been city sealer under William Hale Thompson, and had been convicted, with an assistant, of frauds in that office whereby he had cheated housewives out of some fifty-four million dollars by short weights. Both officials were on the pay roll of crooked food dealers. The president of the Chicago Crime Commission told the United States senators:

"In 1928 I traced the violences in the Twentieth Ward back to a conspiracy between Capone, the leading politicians, and the police, the result of which was the conviction of some fifteen of the conspirators, all minor politicians and hoodlums."

The men higher up, it appears, escaped at that time, and continued immune to punishment until Uncle Sam tripped them on the side lines for holding out tax moneys.

Let us turn for relief from the most hated American to the best beloved. Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's baby son was stolen last March 1 from his country home in New Jersey, and at once he con-

There is a partnership in crime between big business and the underworld. A handful of the population, organized, has terrified millions and corrrupted police and officials.



fronted the humiliating fact that this country is impotent in the presence of organized crime. He was gravely advised that neither the police nor the long arm of Uncle Sam could recover the child if it were alive. Whatever the Colonel's prestige, whatever his wealth, whatever the affectionate help every law-abiding citizen would gladly extend to him, he must still turn to the underworld if he would hope for real results.

Therefore Colonel Lindbergh employed two notorious underworld characters to deal, if possible, with the kidnapers. It so happened that they could not restore the baby, because it had been killed soon after it was stolen; but even if it had been alive, there is good reason to doubt whether they would have been of use, because they are not trusted generally among criminals. One of them was Salvatore Spitale, who had grown rich by violating the prohibition law. The other was Irving Bitz, a peddler of narcotics. Both had been associates of the more notorious Jack "Legs" Diamond, who had been killed by fellow criminals. Both were tried for rumrunning even while on the Lindbergh pay roll, but both were acquitted.

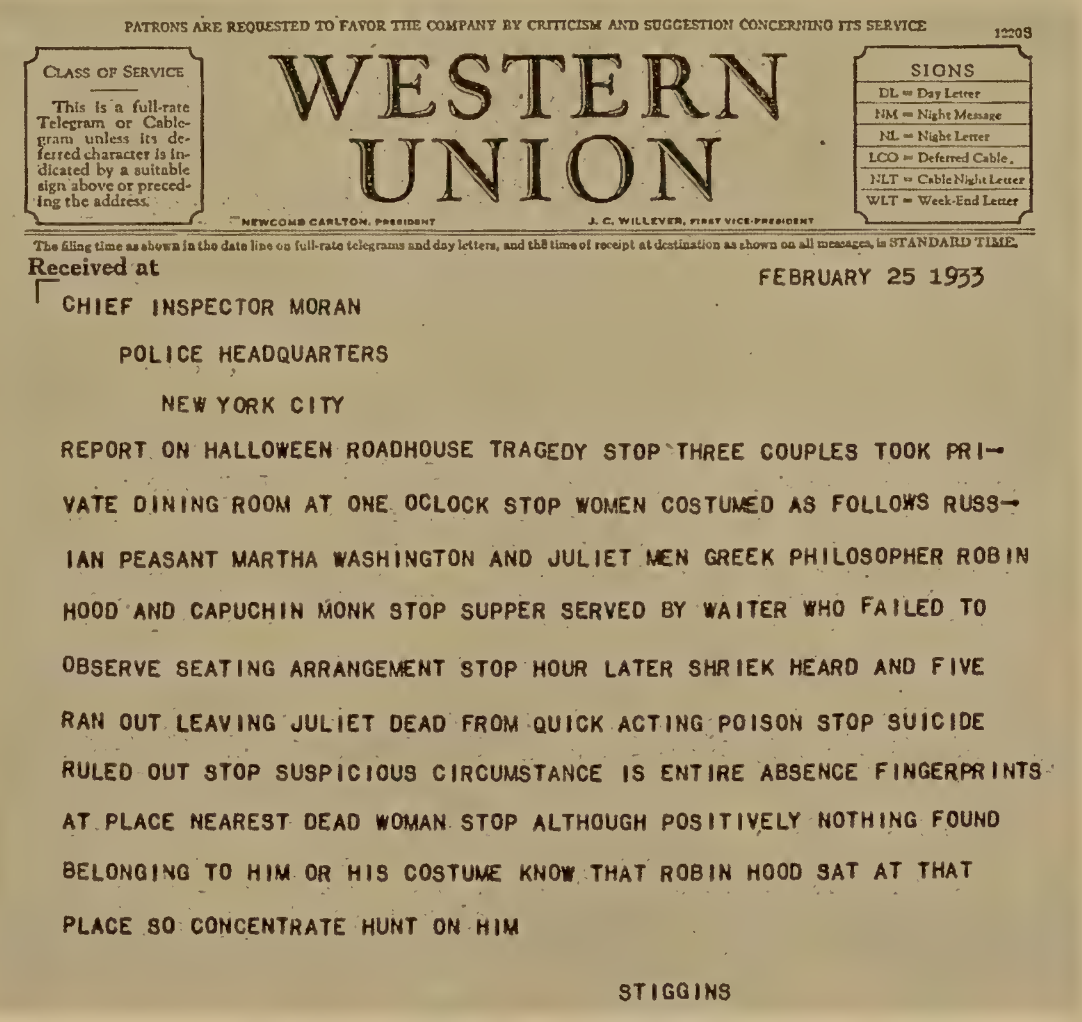
NOW, there are gangsters who do not double-cross their associates, but neither of these men had that reputation. "Legs" Diamond was twice found shot in hotels owned by Spitale; but in neither case, nor in that of the fatal shooting, did Spitale admit that he had anything to do with it. As for Bitz, it need only be said that the drug peddler is the most despised of underworld agents, even by those who buy narcotics.

The Lindbergh experience in seeking help from criminals caused the Manchester Guardian, one of the most famous newspapers in the world, to say that the real government of this country lay in the underworld. Americans who are patriotically proud of their country may well ponder some other expressions of opinion. "What newspapers! What police! What a country!" exclaimed the Montreal Herald. "Cases of this kind unfortunately are not rare in America since the ridiculous law of prohibition has dulled the consciences of so many people," said the Paris Liberté. "It is an unashamed admission," said the Buenos Aires Standard, "that the police are helpless against the power and unity of a huge criminal class which is able to play ducks and drakes with almost every paragraph of the social code of the United States." In Rome the Giornale d'Italia said: "The crime is one of the most inhuman character, in which the kidnapers are attempting to capitalize one of the dearest human emotions—the love of parents for their children."

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. RIPLEY



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Received at FEBRUARY 25 1933

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORAN

POLICE HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK CITY

REPORT ON HALLOWEEN ROADHOUSE TRAGEDY STOP THREE COUPLES TOOK PRIVATE DINING ROOM AT ONE OCLOCK STOP WOMEN COSTUMED AS FOLLOWS RUSSIAN PEASANT MARTHA WASHINGTON AND JULIET MEN GREEK PHILOSOPHER ROBIN HOOD AND CAPUCHIN MONK STOP SUPPER SERVED BY WAITER WHO FAILED TO OBSERVE SEATING ARRANGEMENT STOP HOUR LATER SHRIEK HEARD AND FIVE RAN OUT LEAVING JULIET DEAD FROM QUICK ACTING POISON STOP SUICIDE RULED OUT STOP SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE IS ENTIRE ABSENCE FINGERPRINTS AT PLACE NEAREST DEAD WOMAN STOP ALTHOUGH POSITIVELY NOTHING FOUND BELONGING TO HIM OR HIS COSTUME KNOW THAT ROBIN HOOD SAT AT THAT PLACE SO CONCENTRATE HUNT ON HIM

STIGGINS

How Did Stiggins Know That Robin Hood Had Sat at that Particular Place? The solution will appear in next week's issue.

Let me quote two London journals: "The Old World is used to shocks," said the Daily Mirror, "but it will sit up and gasp at this. The crime illustrates that gangdom in the United States is now virtually in control." The News-Chronicle observed: "It is a deplorable conclusion, but it is irresistible, that unless prompt steps are taken to end the disgusting tyranny under which the great country apparently groans, it will become increasingly difficult to count America any longer among the forces of modern civilization."

It won't hurt for us to put these opinions in our pipes and smoke them. It is bad enough to know among ourselves—in the family, as it were—that we are beset by a mere handful of the population, so organized that it has terrified millions of honest citizens, corrupted policemen and officials, and hamstrung Uncle Sam himself.

IT is a little worse to have the outside world, to whose respect we formerly thought we were entitled, sympathizing with us, or making fun of us, or expressing its contempt of us and our institutions.

In seeking to deal indirectly with the underworld, Colonel Lindbergh had high precedent. In jewel and fur robberies, for example, it is a convention in our large cities, when the police cannot prove the theft is an "inside job," to turn to some intermediary. First the victim is persuaded to offer a "reward" larger than the thieves could expect from an underworld "fence." Then a man, usually a private detective, is appointed to deal with the criminals, with the understanding that he is to get part of the "reward." In New York City this system is so well known that the facts have even been printed in the newspapers. The system, in legal parlance, involves compounding a felony; but as a rule no legal step is taken against the police or the intermediary.

In Colonel Lindbergh's case, of course, public sympathy was so stirred that any step would have been approved. In the case of millionaires whose jewelry and furs are stolen, and who thus pay tribute to felons and to the police and to an extralegal intermediary, no sympathy need be wasted.

Often we hear it said nowadays that official and political and police corruption are a consequence of the Eighteenth Amendment. Actually they are as old as semicivilized government. Before we had national prohibition I investigated conditions in Tennessee and Kansas, both of which had voted state-wide prohibition. In each of the seventeen towns I visited in Kansas I could buy whisky, and did buy it, and in some of them beer. The illegal saloon was not then called a speakeasy but a blind tiger. In Memphis and other Tennessee cities the only blindness about such places was that, out of respect for the majesty of the law, the beer signs in front had been taken down.

It must be conceded—for I do not intend to minimize the viciousness of prohibition—that the Eighteenth Amendment has brought into being our biggest criminal industry, both in the capital involved and in personnel. It may be estimated with some accuracy that there are about half a million persons in the United States engaged in illegal practices of one sort or another; this is a guess, but it is a guess on which the best informed students are likely to agree. In a population of more than 120,000,000, half a million is a mere handful. Yet this handful dominates and terrifies all the others, on the face of the record.

More than half of this half million fattens on the prohibition law. It is estimated that about 275,000 persons are employed or interested in speakeasies, as bartenders and proprietors and waiters; in distilleries and breweries, as owners, distributors, retailers, coopers, and in allied occupations; in wine-making and in cordial shops; along with the corrupt policemen, revenue agents, other law- "enforcement" officials, and members of political machines. This, too, is an estimate; but it has good authority behind it.

Before prohibition became nation-wide it was estimated that nearly half a million persons were engaged in the legal preparation of alcoholic beverages. In 1917 there were more than twelve hundred breweries and more than five hundred distilleries. The largest of the distilleries was the Overholt, of which Andrew W. Mellon, subsequently Secretary of the Treasury and then ambassador to the Court of St. James, was the principal owner. The largest of the breweries was the Anheuser-Busch in St. Louis. There were about 150,000 saloons in that day.

NOWADAYS there are no breweries officially recognized, and you could count on the fingers of one hand the licensed distilleries, which are supposed to make liquor only for medicinal or industrial uses. Yet in 1931 your Uncle Sam, denying the existence of such places, seized more than twenty thousand distilleries with about two million gallons of spirits. He seized more than five million gallons of beer, and more than thirty million gallons of wine, cider, and suchlike. He arrested more than seventy-six thousand persons, most of whom paid small fines if convicted. And he did not make a dent in the speakeasy business.

While we are dealing thus briefly with some outstanding statistics, it may not be amiss to recall that the death roll from homicide in this land of the free runs around twelve thousand a year. In three years about as many persons are killed in this country as it lost on the battlefields of the World War. Well, you may argue, we kill with automobiles in one year as many persons as were killed during that war; but these are accidental deaths, due mainly to recklessness, ignorance, and bad manners on the part both of walkers and drivers. We lead the world in deaths and injuries by motor; but it is more shameful to lead the world, as we do, in slayings.

Punishment has never had a fair trial in the United States as a deterrent of homicide. The underworld has its battalion of men who can be hired, for comparatively small fees, to "bump off" troublesome rivals, informers, or "double-crossers."

Gangs are a product of what we are wont to call civilization. They have become more highly integrated and developed as civilization has advanced. In our own history the gang had its beginnings on the frontier, where escape was easy. Jesse James and his outlaws are one example among hundreds. In modern times we find youths figuring more and more in the activities of such groups.

Sometimes the juvenile gang emerges from the slums, sometimes from the playground. A club is often formed, and these clubs find it easy to accept charters and headquarters from politicians or the proprietors of speakeasies. Each has its local territory, which it defends

The Bald Truth

about Dandruff

Maybe you don't realize that dandruff is the frequent forerunner of falling hair and baldness. For your hair's sake, check it. Here is a very simple rule which will serve you well to overcome dandruff, and to keep your scalp in a healthy condition. Make it a regular practice: Before your weekly shampoo apply 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to your scalp and massage thoroughly. This treatment is both invigorating and cleansing; it tones the scalp and normalizes its action. A brief and inexpensive measure, but it's the best thing you can do to prevent or overcome dandruff. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. It comes in two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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Look for the trademark Vaseline when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

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from outsiders; it is almost always either on the offensive or on the defensive. A student of the situation in Chicago found 1,313 groups in that city, composed mostly of boys and young men between the ages of ten and twenty-five years, and embracing between 25,000 and 35,000 persons. Some of these gangs, in Chicago and elsewhere, engage in racketeering, and behind each racket is the politician.

The corrupt politician not only is in partnership with the gangster, but on his own initiative robs all of us in various ways: through the pay roll; through the remission or return of legitimate taxes; through selling franchises and contracts; through short weights and long " service."

Big business has been a factor of corruption in American politics ever since the agricultural democracy visioned by Thomas Jefferson went out of existence and the industrial republic visioned by Alexander Hamilton came into power just after the Civil War. The capitalist was the king-pin thereafter. In the malodorous days of President Grant, Jay Gould and Jim Fisk were pals of the President, the country was money-mad, bribery was rampant, and whoever had money, however he might have come by it, was toasted and flattered, even as now. The Capitol at Washington was overrun with lobbyists, as it is now. In those days William M. Evarts thought that the decline of public morality presaged revolution. There was no revolution, although members of Congress were building palaces as their homes in Washington. Public officials were in league with the capitalists to " make the rich richer and the poor poorer."

Senator William Sprague of Rhode Island warned the Upper House that money was predominant in government and threatened the liberties of the people. He charged that the Senate itself was corrupt, and that members were employed by great corporations seeking governmental favors. Another senator, George W. Julian, charged a little later that tariffs were framed in the interest of monopolies; that two hundred million acres of public lands had been given to the railroads; that the " ownership of labor by capital necessarily involves the ownership of the laborer himself."

Next Week—

WHY I NEARLY COMMITTED SUICIDE

By

Peter B. Kyne

A famous author bares a secret of his past for the sake of those disheartened by the depression

Also stories and articles by Francis M. Cockrell III—Alan Winslow—Kyle S. Crichton—Silas Bent—William de Mille—Stephen Allen Reynolds—Eric Hatch

WHAT is happening now is worse than what was happening then only because it is on a bigger scale. Let us hear from another senator, of the stripe of which Pennsylvania seems not to have the grace to be ashamed. This is Joseph R. Grundy, a banker and woolen manufacturer, a former president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, and for many years a leader in the dubious Republican politics of that state. John S. Fisher, then governor, appointed him in 1929 to fill a Senate vacancy, and in the course of the senator's brief term he testified during an investigation of contributions to the 1928 campaign funds. Those who paid campaign expenses, he said candidly, should have the right to dictate the country's tariff policy.

He had been a member of the Republican National Committee's subcommittee on ways and means, and he had raised about seven hundred thousand dollars for the campaign, mostly from manufacturers interested in the tariff. In Washington he established an office which cost about two thousand dollars a month to maintain, and it was commonly known as a lobbying center. Largely as a result of his activities, the Senate Finance Committee reported a bill which promised to benefit forty-two Pennsylvania industries to the tune of more than one million dollars, had the rates become fully effective.

Senator Grundy is not cited as a black example of the callous and ruthless national politician. He is rather better than the average of those Pennsylvania has sent to the Senate during this century. And he is more frank than most men of his ilk. But he exemplifies fairly well the conscience of big business.

Nobody who knows the facts, which have been divulged since this depression began, about the fleecing of the public by Wall Street speculators and other lights of big business, need imagine that big business would entertain scruples about a partnership with the underworld. But it is true that big business, for business reasons, prefers to draw a red herring across its trail whenever possible.

The attitude of the very rich toward their responsibility was partly expressed by Andrew Mellon, when Secretary of the Treasury, in saying that five per cent of the population " supports " the remaining ninety-five per cent.

Occasional mention has been made here of conditions in Chicago and New York City. It must not be supposed from this that they are the only examples, or even the worst. Pittsburgh, we will see as we go along, is quite as corrupt, and no state yields the political palm to Pennsylvania for crookedness. But graft and thievery, as flowers of the alliance between big business, politics, and crime, flourish in all our large cities and even in some of the smaller ones. We have witnessed in the United States the breakdown of municipal government.

LET us consider a few fresh facts here and there. In San Francisco there is an official called the public defender, who is really the prosecutor. He surrendered last June to face a murder charge, with two of his employees, one an ex-convict, in the death of a woman who had been his friend and benefactor.

His name is Frank J. Egan, and the woman's name was Mrs. Jesse Scott Hughes. He is executor of her estate and the beneficiary under two life-insurance policies totaling $10,000.

In Little Rock, John F. Wells, an alert reporter for the Arkansas Gazette, became suspicious when he found that the county judge was trying to slip through secretly a bond issue of $325,500. He discovered that two vouchers of $2,500 each had been made to a lawyer of shady reputation, and learned that this really was destined for graft. As a result of his work the bond issue was invalidated, the $5,000 was returned to the taxpayers, the county judge was suspended, indicted, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary, and others involved with him were indicted. The saving to the citizens of that county, and to others elsewhere who had bought the bonds of the graft issue, was enormous.

In St. Paul a post office was leased for twenty years to your Uncle Sam at $120,000 annually, a total of $2,400,000, although the Grand Jury reported that the property was worth only $384,677. In Washington, Senator John J. Blaine of Wisconsin announced that in all but one of twenty-six post-office leases investigated by his special committee the rentals were excessive, running from twenty-three to forty per cent of the value of the property.

In Washington (while we are dealing with national affairs) Ralph S. Kelley, a field agent for the Department of the Interior with a lively memory of the Teapot Dome scandal, accused former members of the Cabinet of letting forty billion dollars' worth of shale lands in Utah, Colorado, Montana, and Wyoming go to private oil interests. He was fired. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur said his charges were baseless, and the matter was hushed up.

In Trenton Ralph W. Chandless was expelled from the New Jersey Senate after it had learned that he had got a fee of $11,800 for using his influence to have $200,000 of state funds deposited with a bank which used the money to buy sewer bonds. The sewer contract itself was a scandal.

Detroit investigated seventy-five patrolmen for complicity in liquor-running graft.

The mayor of Youngstown, Ohio, discharged his vice squad. "The police are afraid to turn up any sort of racketeer," he said. "The racketeers have too much on them."

In Oklahoma City the sheriff, two deputies, and a preacher were convicted of conspiracy against the prohibition laws. In Great Falls, Montana, the chief of police, four members of his force, and twenty-one other persons were convicted on similar charges. A surfman of the Atlantic Coast Guard near Atlantic City admitted that he had received $1,100 for permitting four rum boats to land their cargoes in his territory. In Syracuse, New York, three federal agents and a border patrolman were sentenced to the penitentiary on like charges.

These are scattering items from my notebooks.

Honest members of society cannot expect their votes to count for much when city elections are dominated by mobs of hired thugs, and when huge sums are raised for the campaigns of both the major political parties, aside from preëlection promises of favors in case of victory. But honest citizens can serve on Grand Juries, which are intended to reflect public sentiment; and they can do jury duty in criminal cases without erecting a bogy of what may happen to them if they vote for the conviction even of a gangster.

Moreover, the opinion of every honest citizen is worth a lot to him and to his community. Adverse public opinion is what has made the prohibition laws futile, and lukewarm public opinion is what makes the gangster powerful. Democracy is a stream which can rise no higher than its source. Government by the people cannot be for the people unless the public conscience insists on that kind of government. Incompetence in public office, willful neglect and dishonesty are possible and now exist only because the public permits them.

The colonists along the Atlantic seaboard before the Revolution were no more oppressed and defrauded than are the hundred and twenty million people of this country now. The colonists took things into their own hands.

The staggering cost of the crime-and-corruption system in spoils of one kind or another—the spoils of the protected thug, those of the bootlegger and his parasites, those of the grafter in politics, and those of big business itself—will be revealed in the second article of this series, in Liberty next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who originated the political sentiment "To the victors belong the spoils"?

2—What is the popular name given the twentieth wedding anniversary?

3—Who was the author of John Halifax, Gentleman?

4—What is the capital of American Samoa?

5—Did New York and New Jersey ever have a common executive?

6—Where is found the sentence "Of making many books there is no end"?

7—What two meanings has the word bashaw?

8—What is the approximate yearly per capita consumption of candy in the United States?

9—What straits lie between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean?

10—When was the national capital moved from Philadelphia to Washington?

11—Who invented the safety pin?

12—What American poet's bust is in Westminster Abbey?

13—Whose was the longest reign in British history?

14—Who is the patron saint of sailors?

15—How is the word schedule pronounced?

16—In its original meaning what sex did the word girl designate?

17—Which members of the insect world are considered the most intelligent?

18—What is the largest organ in the human body?

19—Where did the name *India* rubber originate?

20—Who made the historic speech in Parliament urging conciliation of the American colonies?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

QUESTION—What is a new way of helping to keep well at this time of year? *(See page 45 for answer.)*

SLOPPY WEATHER
DRAFTS
STUFFY ROOMS
RAW WINDS

Trouble people most when their resistance is low

People take so many *outward* precautions to escape common winter ills. They fail to realize that their own poor physical condition may be just as much to blame.

Nothing is more to be avoided than *low resistance.*

This year build up your resisting power with a new concentrate of protective cod-liver oil vitamins —*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex tablets provide two important factors needed by people whose general resistance is low. They are a rich source of the factor which helps build up good general resistance—Vitamin A.

Squibb Adex tablets also provide Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin. They are *ten times* as rich in Vitamin D as standard cod-liver oil.

And they have the great advantage of being easy, pleasant to take! Chocolate coated tablets.

Begin to take them now. *Keep it up every day.* You'll be much more comfortable through the winter and spring.

Ask for Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in a pleasant new form

Scenic

By

ROB WAGNER

Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook in Cavalcade, a picture of England the first thirty years of the century.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 20 seconds.)

SAID Eisenstein, the great Russian director, when in Hollywood: "With you, the characters are the thing. You build your dramas around three or more people, the background being incidental. As a rule the same story could be shot in any period and in any country. With us, the background is the thing. We build our drama around some great national movement or crisis, the characters being incidental."

Cavalcade is made in the Russian manner. It's a picture of a historic period done on a huge canvas. Intermingled among the many figures, we follow a single family through thirty years of intense happenings in a great dramatic cavalcade. Our local interest is in the characters, but our greater interest is in the terrifically dramatic background of events that inexorably colors their lives. Cavalcade is in every sense an epic.

When, during the shouting and hurrahs of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, Rudyard Kipling came forth with his great poem Recessional, England was shocked. A note of warning with Britain at the height of her powers? Absurd! Cavalcade shows with what prophetic vision a poet reads the future.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ CAVALCADE

CAST

Jane Marryot, Diana Wynyard; Robert Marryot, Clive Brook; Alfred Bridges, Herbert Mundin; Ellen Bridges, Una O'Connor; Fanny Bridges, Ursula Jeans; Cook, Beryl Mercer; Margaret Harris, Irene Browne; Annie, Merle Tottenham; Joe Marryot, Frank Lawton; Edward Marryot, John Warburton; Edith Harris, Margaret Lindsay; George Granger, Billy Bevan.

Directed by Frank Lloyd.
Produced by Fox.

This is a story of Britain—and Britain alone—during the first thirty years of this century. It opens with the Boer War. Clive Brook, as well as Herbert Mundin, his butler, is ordered to the front. We see the dramatic parting of the master and his wife, Diana Wynyard, and the butler and his wife, Una O'Connor. There follow in order the crises which determined the post-Victorian history of England. Mafeking is relieved! England drunk with joy and alcohol. Next the death and funeral of Queen Victoria. The eldest son and his bride sail away happily on their honeymoon. The boat is the Titanic!

War with Germany. No scenes of realism, but a kaleidoscopic jumble of lap-dissolved battle incidents, giving merely the terrifying background of death, destruction, and nerve-shattering sound. Then jazz, hysteria, and moral degeneracy that came with the spiritual cracking up of a nation. The second son is killed. The Armistice. Peace? No; the awful aftermath of suspicion, depression, and insecurity.

The results of all these ghastly happenings are engraved in the hearts and souls of the Marryots, whom Brook and Miss Wynyard enact with superb artistry.

It's an all-British cast. You know Herbert Mundin, Billy Bevan, and Beryl Mercer; the newcomers are equally superb in their parts.

It is, however, a director's story, and Frank Lloyd has made one of the greatest pictures of the screen. Particularly is he to be commended for avoiding the temptation of introducing an American note into this essentially British story.

Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in They Just Had to Get Married, a good team in a good comedy film.

★ ★ THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE

CAST

Sally, Irene Dunne; Leonard St. John, Phillips Holmes; St. John, Sr., Lionel Atwill; Ella, Una Merkel; Eloise, Jean Parker; Prosecuting Attorney, C. Henry Gordon; Leonard St. John, Jr., Douglas Walton; Detective, Jameson Thomas; Maizie, Eileen Percy; Lawyer, Ivan Simpson; French Nurse, Adrienne D'Ambricourt.

Directed by Charles Brabin.
Produced by MGM.

The Sin of Madelon Claudet was a kind of sinning that Madelon never dreamed of. For the Madelon picture started another cycle of Madame Xs—the dear old mother taking the rap for her child who doesn't know its maternal parentage—with the result that this is about the fifth picture of the past year in which Madame X marks the plot.

Time, 1898—place, England. Irene Dunne is a pretty show girl who sings charmingly. Phillips Holmes, a rich young rotter, falls for her, and Irene marries him, Heaven only knows why. Lionel Atwill, snobbish middle-class father, is so indignant that Phillips obligingly blows out what are supposed to be his brains. The father kidnaps Irene's baby, and he grows up, up, up, while Irene goes down, down, down.

War; and the son, played excellently by Douglas Walton, turns out to be a rotter like his dad. He gets into a girl jam at the front, resulting in murder, and never knows that his own mother is the madame of the

and Secret

An English Epic, Another Madame X, a New Goose Woman, and a Comic Talkie

joint—the newest Madame X. Irene learns that Douglas is her son, and takes the blame.

If you like novel-length stories, you'll get a boot out of this, 'cause it's well acted and directed.

★ ★ The Past of Mary Holmes

CAST

Mary Holmes, Helen MacKellar; Geoffrey Holmes, Eric Linden; Joan Hoyt, Jean Arthur; Jacob Riggs, Ivan Simpson; Etheridge, Clay Clement; Brooks, Franklin Parker; Pratt, Skeets Gallagher; Flannigan, Eddie Nugent; Kent, J. Carrol Naish; Kinkaid, John Sheehan; Defense Attorney, George Irving; Judge, William Worthington; Mrs. Gargan, Jane Darwell.

Directed by
Harlan Thompson and Slavko Vorkapich.
Produced by RKO.

This is the story of a pinhead opera singer who in her effort to regain "my public" pretty nearly sent her son to the gallows.

Helen MacKellar sang before the crowned heads of Europe. She had an affair with her impresario, and losing her voice when the baby arrived she became embittered and sank to the depths. When the picture opens, she is a filthy hag known as the Goose Woman.

Eric Linden, the illegitimate son of the Goose Woman, is in love with Jean Arthur, a young actress who has also had an affair with her impresario. The hateful old mother despises 'em both. The impresario is murdered by a mad gateman of the theater, and the Goose Woman, seeing a chance again to crash the newspapers, fakes up a story that unwittingly involves her boy. Then the confession. Reconciliations all round.

Eric Linden is excellent in his usual part (how that boy suffers in every picture!). Jean Arthur is very pretty, has a beautiful voice, and acts charmingly. But Helen MacKellar was not a happy choice for the leading character.

★ ★ They Just Had to Get Married

CAST

Sam Sutton, Slim Summerville; Molly, ZaSu Pitts; Marie, Fifi D'Orsay; Hume, Roland Young; The Judge, Guy Kibbee; Lola Montrose, Verree Teasdale; Hampton, C. Aubrey Smith; Montrose, David Landau; Radcliff, Robert Greig; Lizzie, Elizabeth Patterson; Fairchilds, Wallis Clark; Mrs. Fairchilds, Vivien Oakland; Rosalie Fairchilds, Cora Sue Collins; Wilmot Fairchilds, David Lee Tillotson; Bradford, William Burress; Mrs. Bradford, Louise Mackintosh; Langley, Bertram Marburgh; Mrs. Langley, Virginia Howell; Clerk, James Donlan; Tony, Henry Armetta.

Directed by Edward Ludwig.
Produced by Universal.

Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts perfectly teamed! Both, on the screen, are bewildered boobs, blundering through life, gaining laughter and sympathy by their naïve innocence. In this picture they are not only artistically married but scripturally married as well.

The story opens with a bunch of grasping mourners listening ghoulishly to the reading of a rich uncle's will. Imagine their embarrassment when J. Aubrey Smith, the lawyer, informs them that the old boy left his entire fortune jointly to Slim, the butler, and ZaSu, the maid! Now these two *have* to get married!

After the swell wedding Slim and ZaSu are escorted by the other servants to the nuptial chamber. A delicate situation made hilarious by the two innocents when confronted by the Facts of Life. How they hurdled this one you'll never know, for after struggling with their embarrassment for a reel of film, the mean old director cuts to "The Next Morning."

A blonde society dame goes on the make for Slim. Separation of the bride and groom through a rather tiresome reel or two, and then final reconciliation. An amazingly competent cast, good direction, but too fragile a story. However, it is a good start for starring these two superb pantomimists.

The Secret of Madame Blanche, a Madame X picture, features Phillips Holmes and Irene Dunne.

The Past of Mary Holmes pictures Helen MacKellar as a passée opera star embittered by a harsh fate.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement.

★★★—Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night after Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year.

Off the Screen

Will Rogers was reading a letter from a fan who told how he walked seven miles into town every time one of his favorite actor's pictures came around. He ended by asking Will for his photo.

"You'll send it to him, won't you?"

"Well," drawled Will, "I think I *oughta* send him a horse."

One often wonders if screen characters would fulfill their rôles in real life. I was present at a studio when real drama was enacted. A Japanese gardener ran amuck, killing a director and wounding an executive. Panic. The hero of a thousand rescues couldn't be seen for the dust. And the hero? He was the fellow who had been hissed on the screen for a thousand villainies. His name is Tom Santschi.

Five DAYS

Illustrations by F. W. SWAIN

(Reading time: 29 minutes 50 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the hilarious adventures of Beadle Preece, Swazey the burglar, and Mary Winlock, the girl from a shanty scow, aboard the yacht Electra which Beadle has stolen from Milton Sands, Wall Street broker. Sands has informed Beadle that the Preece fortune has been lost in the market, and Beadle is about to commit suicide when Swazey shows up to rob him. Beadle tells Swazey his story and the burglar suggests they take something of Sands', so they steal the yacht. At New Brunswick, New Jersey, they meet Mary, and Beadle rescues her from an attacker and they flee back to Long Island Sound. At a gasoline barge off City Island they learn that the Harvard-Yale regatta is being held that day at New London and decide to attend.

CHAPTER THREE—A FALL IN THE DARK

THERE were five in the speed boat. Beadle knew them all: Bill, and Josh Bradley and Helen Martin and Ted Pinkus and Madelaine Bruce. The Martin girl came up the landing stage first. Beadle told her hello and helped her aboard. Then he reached out his hand to Madelaine. He thought she looked more beautiful than ever. She took his hand and smiled at him.

"Hello, Beadle."

"Hello, Madelaine."

"I hoped you—you might be up here for the races." She looked about her. "Why, this is Milton's boat, isn't it?"

Beadle smiled. He was still holding her hand.

"It was. I guess it's mine now."

She looked at him quickly.

"But I thought—are things different with you now than they were a month ago?"

For a man who was not normally a quick thinker Beadle had a most astonishingly quick thought. It would be fun to let Madelaine think he had money again. She had it coming to her.

"Yes," he said. "Things are—quite a lot different with me than they were a month ago."

"Quit cooing," said Bill Van Nostrand, "and let somebody else get up that gangway."

Madelaine turned.

"Oh, sorry, Bill! I hadn't seen old Beadle in such a while—we have *so* much to talk about!"

"I'll bet!" said Bill. He pushed past Madelaine. His roving eye lighted on Mary Winlock, who was sitting with Swazey on the after deck, pretending to be much interested in a black schooner anchored across the lane. "Who's the baba?"

A devil—a newly born and so a very young devil—danced into Beadle's head. He said, "Oh, that's a friend of mine. She and—and Mr. Swazey are cruising with me. Come on back and meet them."

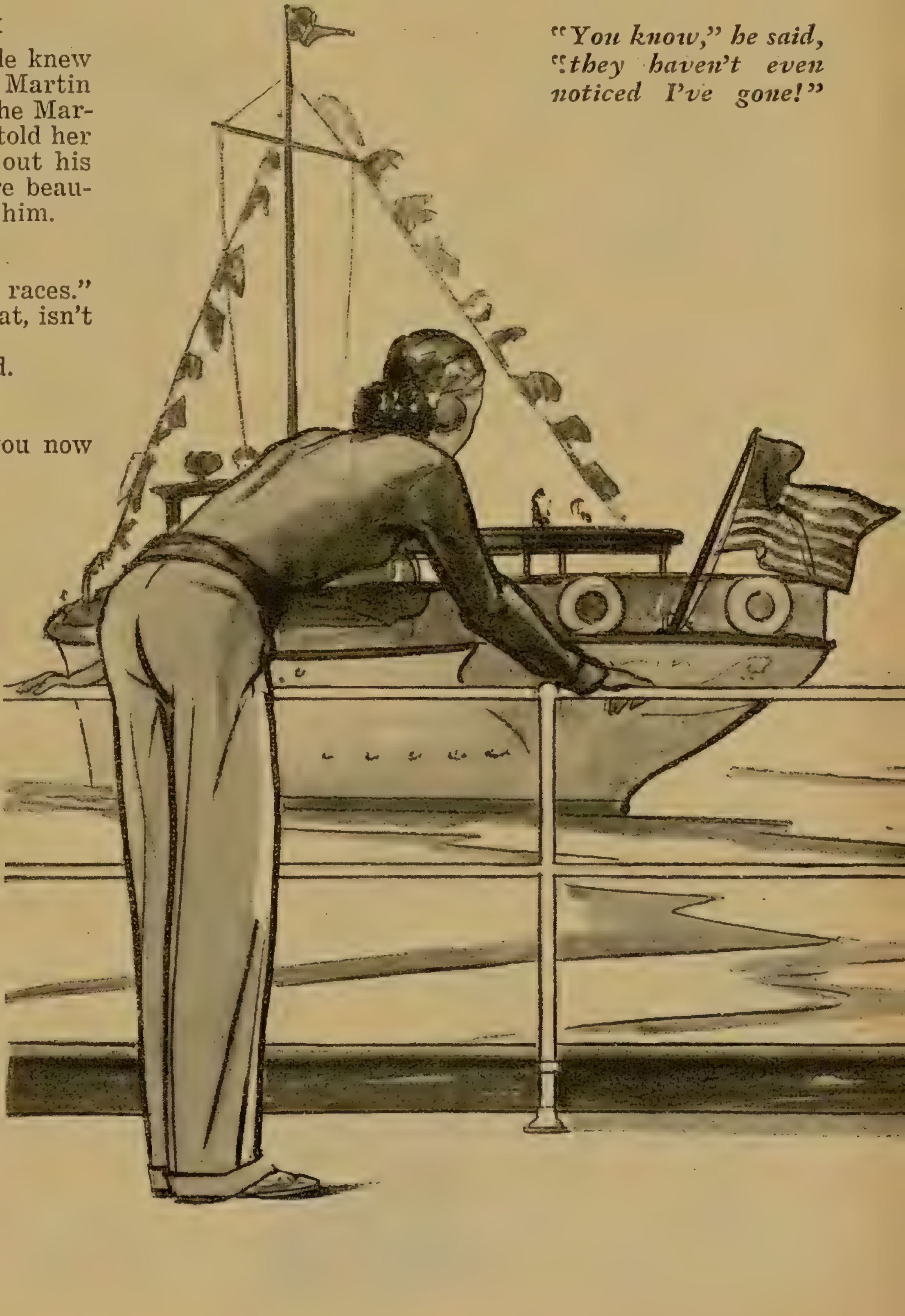
He looked at Madelaine. She was starting aft. She was certainly tall and she was being much, much too stately.

When Beadle introduced them, Madelaine shook hands with Mary Winlock. Had she known her better she would have kissed her, the way women always kiss other women when they're about to try and knife them in the back.

The baba didn't know who Madelaine was, but the extreme cordiality frightened her. Instinct told her that for some reason this glamorous young lady hated her guts. She thought it was probably because of something to do with social position, so she was very quiet and didn't speak unless somebody spoke to her, because she didn't want to say the wrong thing.

Madelaine hadn't expected that. It threw her a little off her stride.

Swazey threw her off, too. As he was presented to



"You know," he said, "they haven't even noticed I've gone!"

Madelaine's Visit—Four Adventurers—Payton the Social Tiger—The Burglary

By ERIC HATCH

each guest he shook both his hands together over his head after the manner of prize fighters and shouted, "Glad to see ya—glad to see ya," and then added a phrase he'd grabbed from James Arthur: "Come aboard any time!"

Bill Van Nostrand took Beadle to one side. "What *is* this?" he said. "As I remember you at school you never had nice amusing friends like this. Who is he? Rich oil man or something?"

"No," said Beadle with a grin. "He's a burglar."

"Who's the girl? A fairy princess?"

"No," said Beadle. "She's just a girl who used to live on a shanty scow."

Van Nostrand closed one eye, stepped back a pace, and looked at Beadle.

"*You* must have had enough," he said, "but can't *we* have a drink?"

"I'll go downstairs and make cocktails."

"No champagny for Billy and friends?"

"Haven't any."

"Where'd that bottle come from?" Van Nostrand thought Beadle was holding out on him. Most people did.

Beadle said, "Oh, that. Why, James Arthur gave it to Mr. Swazey this morning."

"Is *Swazey* a friend of James Arthur's?"

Beadle laughed.

"Sure," he said. "He calls Arthur 'Pink Whiskers' and Arthur calls him 'Ham Face.'"

He went below, leaving Bill Van Nostrand more confused than he had been since his last college reunion.

In the galley Beadle made cocktails. He thought they were Martinis. As a matter of fact they were not Martinis for the simple reason that he put in twice the required amount of vermuth, a touch of tabasco, and, without knowing it, used Milton Sands' alcohol instead of gin. He tasted one and thought it was awful; so he put in a little more alcohol, added some sugar, shook it, and tasted it again. This taste tasted much better than the first taste, so he carried glasses and shaker on deck.

While Beadle was below things had become a little strained on the after deck of the Electra. Bill and Madelaine had been whispering together and the others had been trying to pretend to be amused by Swazey's self-conscious efforts at small talk. Beadle was sighted with all the joy a marooned arctic party feels when it sees the old ice breaker plowing toward them. They took their glasses with eager fingers and drank deep.

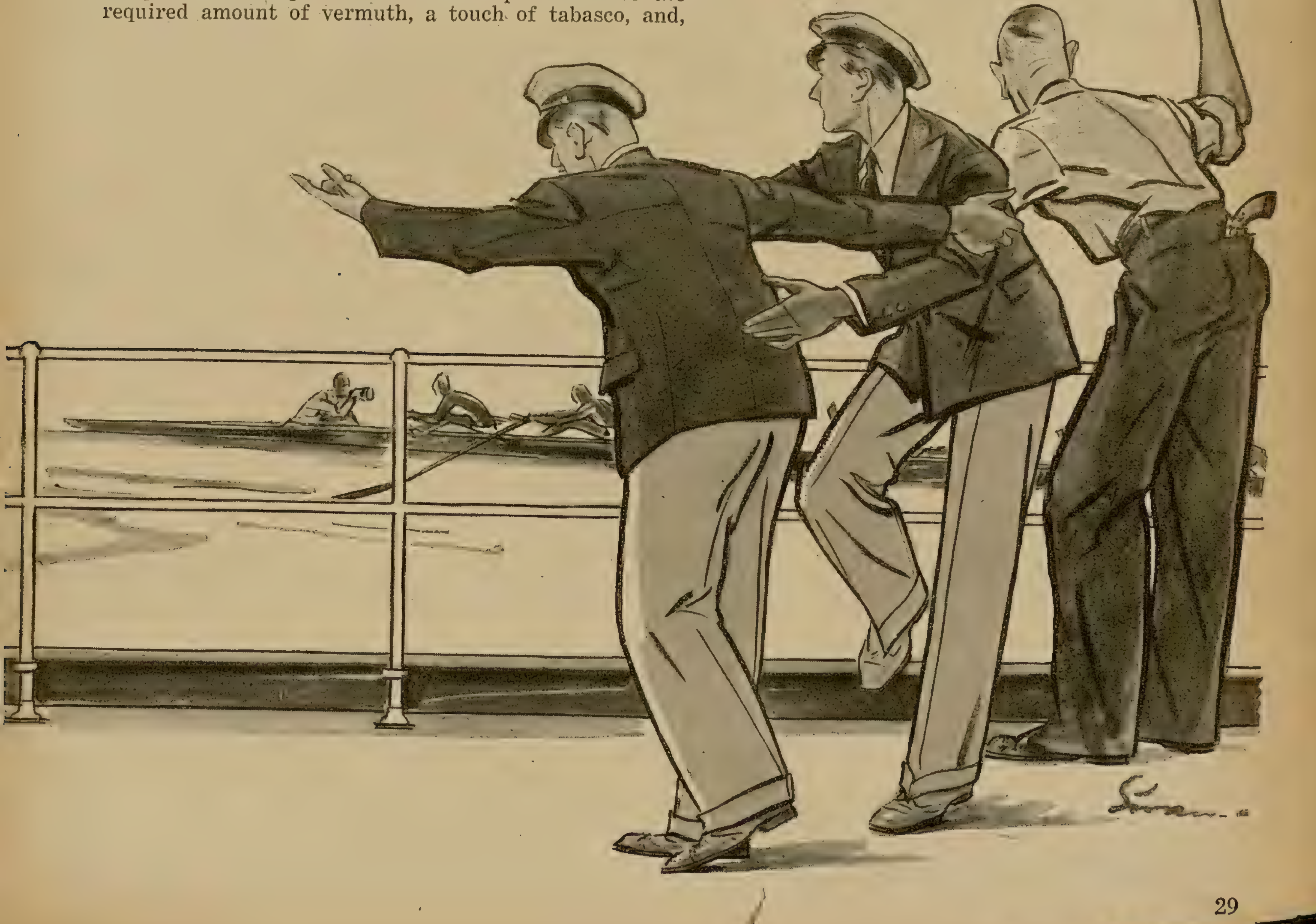
Had they not been ladies and gentlemen trained to endure hardship for the sake of manners, nothing would have induced these good people to swallow the awful mixture. But they were ladies and gentlemen. They swallowed; some easily, some with difficulty. Even Beadle gulped one down.

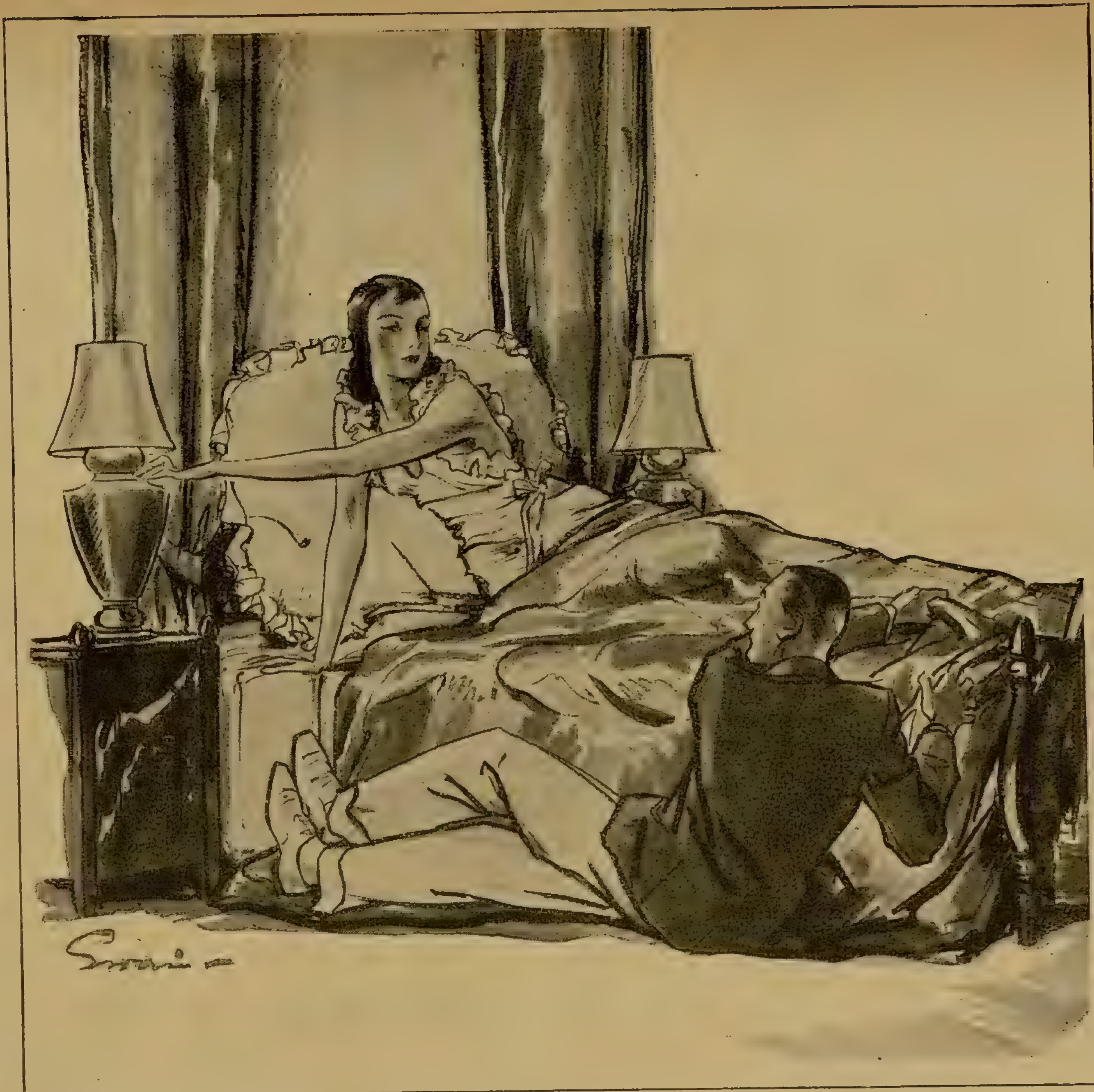
"Whew!" said Helen Martin. "What a cocktail!"

"I've never had one quite like it," said Bradley.

Beadle was afraid he might have erred. He said quickly, "Do you mean it's good? Or is it rotten?"

"It's positively the—" Madelaine paused to think of a sufficiently strong descriptive, but suddenly she wasn't sure. "What do you think, Helen? It's either delicious or terrible. I—I can't make up my mind."





It was Carlotta Townsend. She reached out a hand and snapped on the light.

"It's the—" Helen too stopped in mid-speech. The cocktail she had taken had gone down and stayed down, and now it was lonely. "Let me try another and I'll tell you."

Then the other four guests and Swazey found that their cocktails too had grown lonely, and five minutes later no one, however gloomy an outlook they might hold, could have said that things were either strained or awkward on the yacht Electra's after deck. The shaker was emptied and filled and emptied again, and these people who had come aboard so world-weary and sedate grew young again and frolicked. They sang together and from time to time shouted, "Daddy!" and "Wow, wow, whoopee!" and "Sweet mama!" and "Hot diggety!" Swazey danced for them—a great stomping kind of jig—and fell down doing it. There were roars of laughter.

Mary Winlock and Beadle took but one cocktail apiece. Mary because, for all her lack of sophistication, she knew straight alcohol when she tasted it, and Beadle because the one was more than enough for him.

Madelaine came and settled herself on the arm of his chair and began to stroke the back of his neck with gentle fingers. She had done that, Beadle remembered, on that other yacht five years ago. It made him feel sentimental about her, though he knew perfectly well she was cockeyed as an owl.

"Beadle dear, remember five years ago—just here?"

Beadle nodded. He was experiencing a strange sensation. He'd caught on to himself about Madelaine and wasn't a bit in love with her, so he found her tactics, which were obviously commercial, revolted him, yet he found her nearness decidedly pleasant.

He threw both arms around Madelaine's slim body, hauled her down into the chair on top of him, and squeezed. He thought doing that might be fun, and even if it weren't it would be fun to see what she did about it.

She lay limp in his arms for a second—partly because he'd knocked the breath out of her and partly because it seemed a good idea. Then she murmured, "Oh, Beadle—my darling—you still care!"

It was decidedly fun. Beadle squeezed her again. This time, for all her stateliness, she giggled like a milkmaid and struggled free.

She turned to give Mary Winlock a look of triumph. But Mary Winlock had been reared humbly and wasn't used to such goings-on in broad daylight. She had gone below to comb her hair.

Madelaine leaned close to Beadle again.

"At the Griswold—after—after the race. I'd better go now."

Beadle looked up. The others were clambering down the gangway into the speed boat. Madelaine hurried after them. At the head of the steps she paused and kissed him swiftly full on the lips. It was a pretty gesture, and Beadle enjoyed it thoroughly—almost as much as he enjoyed her next one, which consisted of waving to him with one hand, throwing him a tender glance, and falling *kerplunk* into the speed boat as she missed her step on the gangway.

BRADLEY caught her and set her upright. With much laughter and shouting they pulled away. Beadle walked slowly and just a little unsteadily back to the after deck. As he walked he saw the man from the big yacht watching his late guests' departure, and recognized him as Harris Payton, whom he'd known slightly since he'd been a boy. Payton had the reputation of being a libertine—a gigolo libertine at that, for everyone knew he'd married Mrs. Payton because her father had been such a highly successful purveyor of patent medicines. Beadle had always thoroughly disliked and disapproved of Payton.

He leaned out over the Electra's stern and looked up the river to see if there were any signs of the race starting. There weren't. He straightened. When he regained his balance he saw that Payton was standing facing him.

"Hello, Preece."

Their eyes met. Suddenly Beadle was reminded of Mary. Payton's eyes had that same wistfulness. Beadle thought he looked years older than his known forty, and tired. It may have been that awful cocktail, but he found himself being sorry for Payton now and, oddly enough, wondering if he could do anything to cheer him up. He smiled.

"Hello, Payton—how are you?"

Payton rolled his eyes toward the deck saloon of the big yacht. Beadle could see four people inside at a card table. Four stiff, overdressed, disapproving people.

"I'm having a rotten time. I—you seem to be having such fun on your boat. I—I wonder if you'd mind if I came over for a little while?"

Beadle was amazed to find that he felt flattered.

"Come on," he said. "Next time we swing close you can make it."

Payton climbed over his rail and stood ready. As the yachts began to come closer and closer he nodded toward the deck house again.

"That's a hell of a way to see a boat race," he said, and jumped.

Payton and Beadle sat for a long time in the deck chairs and talked. They were alone, because Mary was offended about the Madelaine business and Swazey had taken himself off to see if he could make a cocktail like the ones he'd just had. Swazey's head was like a steel tank.

IT seemed funny to Beadle to be sitting there with a man like Payton. He expected him to tell smutty stories and get drunk. When he offered him a drink Payton turned it down and lighted a cigar.

"Thought you'd lost all your money," he said.

Beadle nodded. "I did."

"Seems to agree with you. Milton lend you the boat?"

"No; I swiped it."

Payton raised his eyebrows. It made the pouches under his eyes seem bigger than they really were.

"You see, Payton, Swazey—that's my burglar—suggested it, and I didn't have anything to live for, so it seemed like a good idea." He laughed. "As a matter of fact, I was going to hang myself just before I met Swazey."

Beadle told him about the night on the terrace and the cruise up the Raritan. Payton listened attentively. Beadle finished, saying: "So you see, not having anything to live for, I couldn't lose, and it was fun going adventuring. As I told Mary, I didn't use to have much fun."

"No, you didn't," said Payton. He seemed to be turning some thought over and over in his mind. He looked up at his wife and her friends, still intent on their cards, and scowled. "Do you know," he said, "I haven't much to live for either."

Beadle's complete candor was having its effect on Payton. He bent forward and looked Beadle in the eye and said:

"You've heard I'm drunk all the time. Well, I am! You've heard lots of rotten things about me—everyone has. Well, they're true. Do you know why I'm drunk? I'm drunk because I can't stand life. I can't stand my own house—I can't stand her. People think I married her for her money. Well, I didn't. I was in love with her and thought she was in love with me. All she wanted was my name. She treats me like a damned lap dog. If I get drunk enough I forget. It's—it's a hell of a way to be!"

Beadle said, "What is it you want, Harris? Can I help any?"

Payton looked at him again and smiled.

He had a rather nice smile.

"You've always disliked me, haven't you?"

"Yes. I didn't understand about how things were. I'd like to help you now. What is it you want?"

"I want to go somewheres with real people, and work with my hands and sweat and go swimming, and be rude to all the people I've had to be polite to, and be happy enough so I wouldn't have to get drunk an hour after I woke up in the morning. I'd like to do things and not care what

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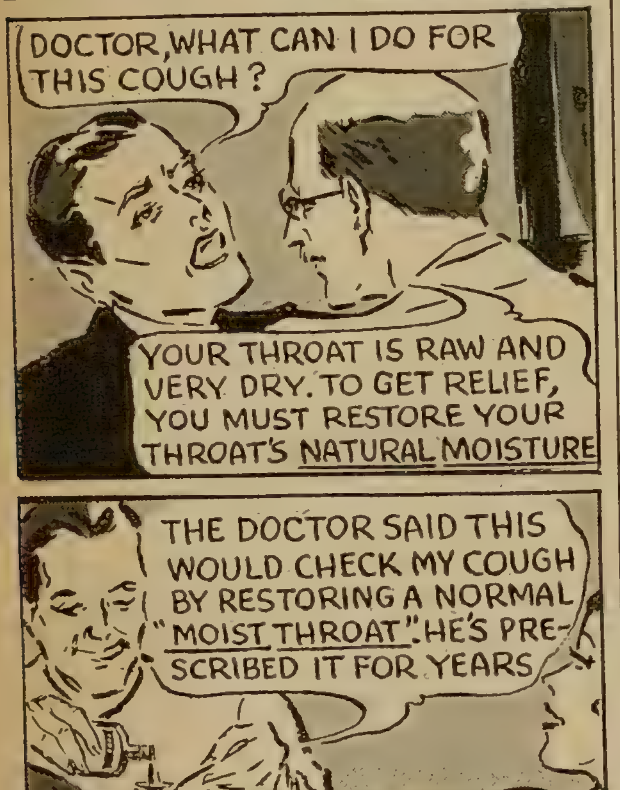
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anybody said about it. I—I'd like to be myself!"

Beadle said, "Why don't you chuck it for a while?" He gestured toward the Diesel yacht.

"Chuck it?"

"Sure," said Beadle. "Swazey's himself, Mary's herself—they don't know how to be anything else. I'm absolutely myself because I've got nothing to live for. Listen. Sneak on board your boat now and get some clothes; then sneak back again, and we'll move to another parking space."

Payton's eyes lighted up. For a second he looked almost young. Then he shook his head.

"If she ever caught me she'd throw things."

"Don't let her catch you. You can stay below until we get moved."

"But what'll she think? She'll think I've fallen overboard."

"Leave a note. That's what I did for Milton when I swiped the boat. Leave a swell note. Say—say: 'Dear—dear whatever her first name is: Have gone adventuring with Beadleston Preece.'"

Everything about Payton showed he was begging to be persuaded.

"But, after this party you had, she'll think I'm on an awful bender if I'm with you."

"Will she really?" Beadle was delighted. It gave him a feeling of being dangerous; of being a bad influence. "But she won't dare do anything about it once you get clean away, because it would mean publicity and make a fool of her. Come on!"

"I will!"

Payton stood up and put one foot over the rail. The yachts were swinging close again. He held out his hand.

"You're a prince," said Payton, and stepped on to his wife's boat. Then in a gesture of tremendous mysteriousness he put one finger to his lips and began to tippytoe over the deck.

"S-s-sh!"

Beadle copied the gesture.

"S-s-sh!"

SWAZEY came up from the galley. "I got it!" he called. Then he saw Beadle and Payton, fingers to lips, saying, "S-s-sh" to each other. For an instant he stared, open-mouthed. Then he shook his head and dove back into the galley. For once in his life he thought he had had too much to drink.

While Payton was on his own boat getting his things, Beadle noticed for the first time that Mary Winlock wasn't on deck. He went down to her cabin and found her sitting on her berth with her feet curled under her.

"Anything wrong, Mary?"

"Wealthy Sportsman!"

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter. Why should anything be the matter? Who was that tall girl with the boiled hair you-all were neckin' in front of me?"

Beadle smiled to himself and sat down on the bed. He reached for her hand. He reached for it out of friendliness. She snatched it away.

"Don't you come cozy with me after what I seen just now!"

Beadle grabbed the hand firmly and held it. "Mary, listen to me."

He'd remembered the circumstances under which she'd come to be aboard. It didn't seem quite cricket to let her think that, after all, he was just the sort of yachtsman she'd first thought him—the kind of yachtsman who shows little girls etchings and locks the stateroom door. It wasn't fair.

"MARY, that girl and I were engaged once. When I lost my money she dropped me like a hot plate. When she came here today she thought I'd got it back and wanted to make up. I thought it would be a good idea to let her think I wanted to, too. I thought she had it coming to her."

"What about this after-the-race-at-the-Griswold business? What about it? I don't go sailin' with people who have after-the-race-at-the-Griswold business an' neck in public."

Beadle smiled again and let go her hand. He said: "I'm not going to any party at the Griswold, Mary. I just wanted to let her think I was. She—she—a stand-up will do Madelaine an awful lot of good. She needs it. Just the way some girls need to be socked."

"Oh," said Mary. Her hand lay softly in his. Then it grew stiff. "You mean me? You mean I ought to be socked for criticizin' your behavior?"

"No." Beadle laughed. "I mean Madelaine's one of those girls who walk through life taking what they can get and not giving a damn' thing. Besides, I want to put to sea again, and I think Payton does, too."

"Payton? Who's he?"

"Harris Payton. He's coming adventuring with us."

"*Harris* Payton?"

Mary turned and looked at Beadle wide-eyed. Harris Payton's name was much more familiar to her than Beadle's had been. Harris Payton was a regular performer for the Sunday magazine sections of the papers Mary read. In real life he was something of a social tiger; in the magazine sections he was four social tigers.

"Is Harris Payton comin' cruisin' with *us*?"

Beadle nodded.

"My gawd!" said Mary. She shuddered with delighted awe mingled with a most agreeable sense of excited fright. "He—he's a social tiger!"

"No," said Beadle. "He's a very lonely, very unhappy chap who needs some help."

Beadle went out into the hallway and saw Payton coming along it carrying a suitcase. He was still walking tippytoe.

"S-s-sh!" said Payton in a whisper. "I made it!"

"Good man! Now we'll move."

But they didn't move, because at

that moment the sound of many whistles came to them, and they forgot about Payton's wife and went on deck and leaned over the stern.

Far up the river two dots were coming toward them, slowly and then faster and faster as the dots grew and became lean racing shells that shone like burnished copper in the rays of the late sun. The whistles of the yachts swelled into a titanic chorus—the voices of the big boats calling to the two little boats that swept down the course. Mary came up from below, forgetting her hair, and Swazey from the galley, and they leaned on the rail. As the shells came near they cheered and the four of them put arms around each other's backs and felt lumps rise in their throats because the crowd and the noise and the racing shells thrilled them.

As they passed, the blue-tipped oars were ahead. Beadle and Payton were shouting like madmen: "Harvard! Come on, you Harvard!" Mary, without knowing why, screamed with them.

The red-tipped sweeps came up, even with the blue. Nothing in all the world seemed to matter except which of those two shells would first pass the little flags by the bridge. The red forged on and won.

Beadle and Payton threw their arms around each other and danced together on the deck. Mary, without really knowing what it was all about, but feeling it intensely, began to cry. Guns went off on some of the yachts. It was all tremendously exciting and did seem to matter a great deal.

Then the big Diesel yacht to the starboard of the Electra began to move forward and drew out of the line. Payton stopped dancing and watched her with staring eyes.

"You know," he said, "they haven't even noticed I've gone!"

Beadle put his hand on Payton's shoulder. He felt like the leader of an expedition. He must cheer Payton up somehow.

"Nuts!" he said. "That's because you sneaked over here. Come on—we've got to get the hell out of here or we'll get smashed when this mob of boats comes downriver! Get up that back anchor! I'll take the bow!"

HE raced toward the deck house. Payton turned wearily to the stern. Swazey, beaming, saluted—not anything or anyone in particular, but just saluted. "Cheez!" he said, "I wish I was back in college!"

The Electra got under way and joined the mad parade of hurrying yachts racing for their anchorages in the harbor. Just below the bridge she passed the Payton yacht. Beadle could see the people aboard her had gone back to their contract in the deck house.

He winked at Payton and blew the whistle. Payton grinned.

"Where are we headed for, Miss Winlock?"

She turned and gave Payton a nonchalant look and spoke as she felt a lady should speak when addressing social tigers—in a bored drawl:

"Oh, Newport, I suppose."

"Fine!" said Payton. "We'll give a dinner."

"And we'll ask," said Beadle, "all the swell people we know who can't stand the sight of each other."

Mary gave him a sharp look. It seemed to her a very strange idea.

Payton smiled thoughtfully and said, "We ought to have fun. What'll we use for money?"

"We'll charge everything to Milton Sands. If we need any small cash we'll send Swazey to burgle it."

SWAZEY put up his hand. "Not me!" he said. "I'm on vacation."

"I wish I'd thought!" said Payton. "There was a lot of cash in my wife's stateroom. I think it would have been all right for me to take some, don't you?"

Beadle nodded. "Were you on a salary? You should have been."

"All husbands who marry rich wives should be." Payton shook his head sadly. "Boy, they earn it!"

"If we could figure out what your salary should have been, we'd know how much it would have been all right for you to take in lieu of two weeks' notice."

Payton laughed.

"What are you-all talkin' about?"

"Life," said Payton.

"It sounds goofy to me," said Mary.

They passed out of the harbor and headed east. It was growing dark. Mary switched on the running lights and the light in the binnacle. Before they'd started she'd put the chart for the eastern end of the Sound in the glass-topped box beside her. Beadle thought it was very exciting to be out on the open sea in the dark and to be steering by compass. He thought it was more thrilling than going down the East River the night he'd taken the boat.

They went on in silence for twenty minutes or so, plunging into the rollers that came in from the Atlantic.

Presently Mary said: "Take the wheel, Beadle; I want to get my lights right."

Beadle stuck his head out of the window.

"They look all right to me," he said.

"I mean the lighthouses. I want to see on the chart which one's what."

"Oh."

"The course is eighty."

"Eighty?"

"Look," said Mary and pointed to the compass. "There's number eighty, see? Steer so that little black line on the front of the compass is just over the eighty."

Beadle nodded and took the wheel. Mary bent over the chart. Swazey and

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Payton stood close on each side of Beadle. All three of them were intent on the compass card, watching the "eighty" and the black line like men watching a roulette wheel. Every time it swung away from the line, Swazey would say, "A little more to de left, I t'ink," or, "To de right, chief, an' you got it."

When Mary, having "got her lights right" and spotted Point Judith, took the wheel and started to head inshore, Payton said: "Wait a minute—about this money thing. Beadle—my wife has an aunt who lives at South Bleynton. That's just up a little ways."

"Interesting," said Beadle. "Carlotta Townsend lives somewheres around there too." He smiled to himself at how surprised she'd be if she could see him now.

"We could burgle Aunt Sophie for my back salary and she could collect from Jane."

"Not me!" said Swazey. "I told you I was on my vacation."

"You can coach us," said Beadle. He turned to Mary. "I'll steer the thing. You find South Bleynton on your map. We'll go to Newport tomorrow."

Mary was a little disappointed. Since the advent of Harris Payton her mind had been running in social channels. But although she didn't quite understand what was up, it sounded entertaining. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oke—put her back on eighty."

She turned again to the chart and the three men bent over the compass. Mary found South Bleynton and plotted her course to it. There was a breakwater there which they could anchor behind, and a lighthouse near by so it would be easy enough to find the breakwater. She wondered if all society people were like Beadle and Payton and made jokes about burgling their friends' houses and about having trouble with their wives and losing their money.

She made up her mind that if they actually were going to rob a house she'd stay on board.

BEHIND the breakwater at South Bleynton there is a little beach, and then there is a long sweep of meadow with a cart track running across it. At the edge of the meadow is a tiny forest with a wide grass lane running between the trees. After a little the forest gives way to formal lawn and the lane forks and becomes two. At the ends of the lanes are twin houses—great rambling solid-looking houses. They were built by sisters and are identical. In one of them lived Mrs. Payton's aunt. In the other Mrs. Archibald Townsend of Boston. They did not care for each other. As a matter of fact the Boston lady had never forgiven her sister for selling her house.

At the fork in the grass lane Payton stopped. Behind him Beadle and Swazey stopped.

"It's this way," said Payton, and started up the right-hand lane. Beadle followed him, walking very softly on tiptoe because he was being a burglar and he noticed that Swazey walked on tiptoe. Presently the house loomed in front of them. They could see lights glinting behind the curtained downstairs windows; the upstairs ones were mostly dark. They crossed a formal garden and came to a halt on the flagged terrace.

"Now what do we do, Swazey?"

"Let me t'ink," said Swazey.

"Go ahead and t'ink," said Beadle.

"I gotta t'ink of a plan."

Swazey thought. Beadle and Payton stood still beside him and listened. The sound of low well bred voices came softly from inside the house; from the kitchen wing louder, happier sounds. Swazey snapped his fingers.

"It's a second-story job," he said. "Dere's nuttin' to it. Nuttin' to it. Where does she keep de stuff?"

"In her room somewheres," said Payton.

"O. K.," said Swazey. "If de ivy on dem pillars is in good shape you won't have no trouble."

BEADLE looked at Payton and felt sunk. Payton was obviously much too fat to porch-climb. Swazey wouldn't go. And so it was up to him. It was one thing to chat lightly about committing grand larceny—quite another actually to break into somebody's house. The idea scared him. He thought Swazey must have been very stupid to select burglary as a profession. He was about to suggest chucking the whole thing. Then he saw that that was just the sort of thing he'd have done in the old days and which didn't fit in at all with this new dashing personality he was developing. He took a deep breath.

"I'll go. When I get inside I'll sneak down and let you in when I get a chance. Then you can hunt for the money."

The actual climbing wasn't hard, but it took all his courage. He kept having visions of the awful things that would happen if he were caught. When he finally reached the top and clambered over the eaves on to a little porch, his teeth were chattering.

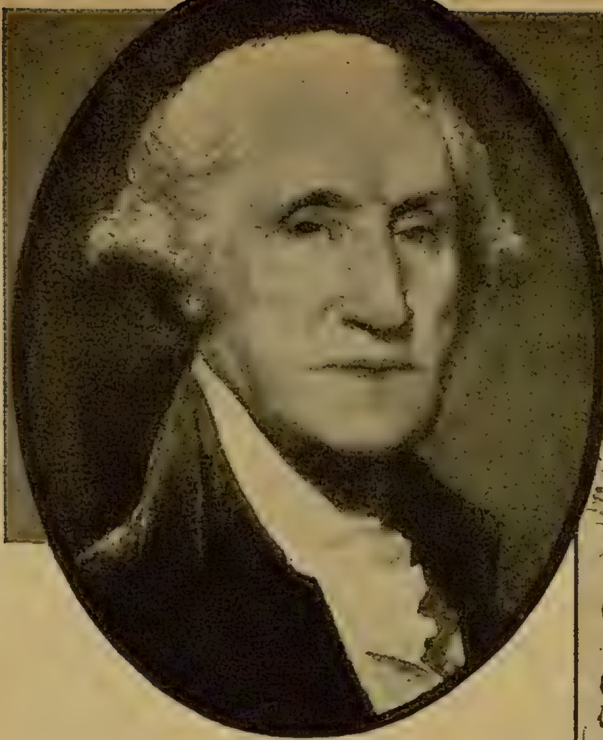
Before him he saw an open window. Now he had to go through with it. He crossed the porch and stepped carefully into the dark room, and stood perfectly still, trying to get his bearings. The door would be on the other side of the room.

He took three steps and then tragedy overtook him. Something bumped into his shins and he fell forward, face down. But the floor didn't hit him. He fell on something soft and springy, and clutched at it wildly, thinking it was a sofa.

It wasn't a sofa. It was Carlotta Townsend.

Being a girl who was never, never startled out of her presence of mind, instead of screaming she reached out a hand and snapped on the light.

In next week's installment you will read what happened to Beadle after his discovery in Carlotta Townsend's bedroom.



EXITUS ACTA PROBAT
George Washington

WHERE WAS WASHINGTON BORN?

Should His Official Memorial Be Moved to Another Site?

By HENRY WOODHOUSE

(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

WHEN the United States government received into its custody "the birthplace of George Washington" last year and Secretary of the Interior Wilbur made a speech at the dedication of a reconstructed Wakefield built "on the foundations of the original house" in which the Father of His Country was born, at Pope's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, I wonder if anyone realized that all present or concerned were taking part in a monumental untruth.

For in all probability, from new and startling evidence unearthed in my recent acquisition of more than 5,000 documents of Washingtoniana, the immortal George was born neither on that site nor in a house of that type. Rather, it appears, he was born a mile or more away, at Bridge's Creek, and in a house of different proportions.

Why didn't I make known the contents of my old letters, deeds, and other papers, gathered out of cellars and attics of the Washington and related families?

I did, more than three years ago. I brought my facts to the attention of everybody who was anybody in the national administration. But apparently tradition and red tape outweighed evidence. Hadn't that spot on Pope's Creek been held to be the birthplace for lo, these many years? Hadn't George Washington Parke Custis, adopted grandson of the general, placed a stone there in 1815 to mark the site? *And* wouldn't Congress balk at appropriating money for a birthplace if a brand-new one at Bridge's Creek were to be picked for the bicentennial?

So nothing was done.

Where Washington was born has never been satisfactorily settled. The Washington family Bible gives the date and hour but not the place. If all authorities are believed, he was born in no fewer than eight places. Three are on the ancestral estate, now known as Wakefield, a fourth in King George County, a fifth at Chotank. The others are the banks of the Rappahannock, Mount Vernon itself, and—England! Much of the confusion is due to his father having held property at or near the colonial localities. Of about 200 biographers of Washington, over 60 per cent give support to Bridge's Creek and 30 per cent to Pope's Creek; the rest are for the other places mentioned.

Most of the biographies hark back to two sources, "Parson" Weems and Chief Justice Marshall. Weems is no longer taken seriously, but toward Marshall the critical attitude is altogether different. In his biography, which he wrote in collaboration with Judge Bushrod Washington, the nephew of George Washington who inherited Mount Vernon, it is stated that George "was born in Virginia, at Bridge's Creek, in the county of Westmoreland."

It is natural to infer that Marshall and Washington had data of primary importance, and their statement is corroborated by the documents in my possession.

Custis made a special trip to the "birthplace," and the stone that he placed is the clinching link in the official chain of evidence. But in a letter he wrote thirty-six years later he says he "reached the mouth of Pope's or Bridge's creek." He didn't know which creek he was on! However, an overseer escorted him to "the spot where a few scattered bricks marked the birthplace."

How did the overseer know? From my documents it is clear that there was a wide difference of opinion. In all likelihood the overseer did pick the Pope's Creek site. But by 1879 the Custis marking stone had disappeared.

As to my documents, for twenty years I have been, with one objective or another, on the Washington trail. One day I asked William Wilson, the son of John E. and Elizabeth Washington Wilson, if he could aid me in the use of an original survey of Wakefield that I had.

"I have the original deed to which that survey belongs," he said, and brought a box of yellowed papers.

The deed was in the handwriting of George Corbin Washington, grandson of George Washington's half brother, who inherited the ancestral homelands. It was dated October 30, 1813, and recorded the sale of 1,300 acres between the two creeks to John Gray. At the end of it George Corbin Washington wrote:

"But reserves the family burying ground at the Great Quarters, also sixty feet square of ground on which the house stood in which General Washington was born."

My excitement was intense. Here was high authority.

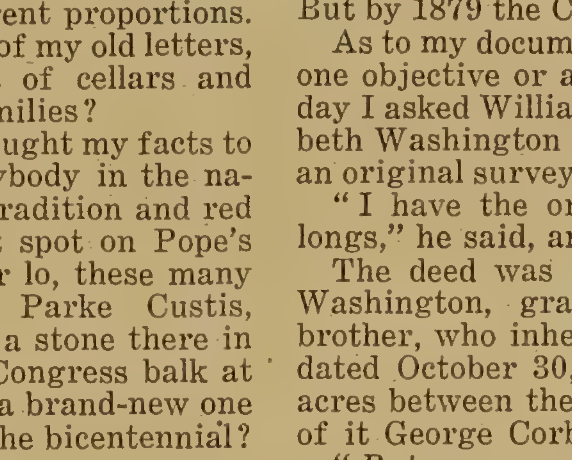
"Can you mark on the map just where the 'Great Quarters' were?" I asked Mr. Wilson.

He did so, indicating the Bridge's Creek section. We motored over and explored the family burying ground, and the foundations of several houses. Two foundations struck us as ideal sites for the birthplace of a great man.

If the claims of Bridge's Creek are genuine, which one of these two outstanding sites is the birthplace? The answer lies in my thousands of Washington documents plus all other evidence, and the day must come when the issue will be met and decided for all time.

Meanwhile this "reconstructed Wakefield" has been completed at Pope's Creek, right or wrong, at an expense of $65,000, the money being that of the American taxpayer.

THE END



Which is the birthplace? A is the officially chosen site, B the Bridge's Creek locality, C the family burying ground at the Great Quarters.

The Potters *Get* a *T*ouch of

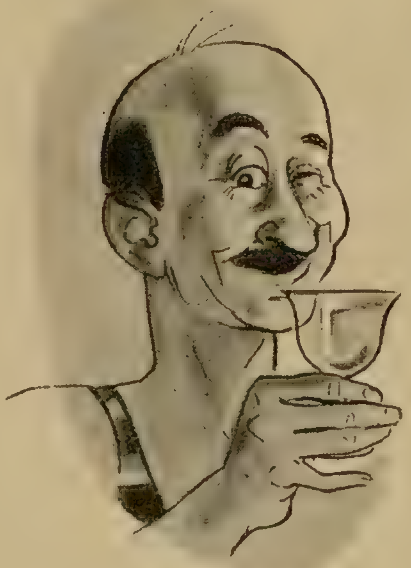
(Reading time: 10 minutes 40 seconds.)

Prologue

To begin with, Pa didn't have the money. And he didn't have the time either. And anyway he didn't want to go. And if he did go, he'd have to come right back again. So they might just as well shut up about it—" they " meaning Ma and Mamie and Bill.

Southern cruise! *Hah!* Now, if Ma could get everybody together that they owed money to, and send *them* on a Southern cruise, and persuade them to keep on cruising, that would be something. But for them—the Potters—to pack up and—Well, there was no use talking about it.

Ma agreed. There was no use in talking, but it didn't cost anything to talk, did it? So she talked. And Mamie talked. And Bill talked. Pa talked back for a while; but finally they talked him right out of words, and right out of the house, and right on the boat.



When he came out of the fog he found himself in white flannel pants and white shoes on a blue sea with a pink sunrise just ahead. And in no time at all, out of the blue sea and the pink sunrise there rose a white city, full of green trees and red flowers and yellow drinks and black eyes. Havana!

Scene I—The Beach

Soft sand and a warm sea, and little round tables and big round umbrellas, and a long, long bar and a wicked, wicked little rumba band. Home was never anything like this!

Ma

Pa! Where are you going? *Pa!*

Pa

(Guiltily)

I thought I'd just sort of—

Ma

You'll just sort of come back here and lie down! Can't you keep away from that bar?

Pa

No. And why should I?

Ma

You know perfectly well you've had enough. Hardly off the boat and smack into Sloppy Joe's!

Pa

Well, you smacked with me. I could hardly get you out of there.

Ma

That's not true. I—I enjoyed the atmosphere.

Pa

I call it Bacardi and you call it atmosphere. Well, so long. I'm going to the bar to get some more atmosphere. Whoopee!

Ma

Pa, you're disgracing me. Stop that dancing in front of everybody. Come on back here and lie down in the sand and get some of this sun.

Pa

I can get just as much sun when I dance. Say, what do you think I came to Cuba for? I'm going to learn to do the rumba.

Ma

Pa! Behave yourself. Everybody's looking at you. Mamie! Come here. Take Pa into the water with you.

Pa

There's a girl dancing over by the bar. Good-by. I'm going to learn the rumba.

Ma

Pa! *Pa!* Come back here. Mamie, go get him.

Mamie

Ah, let him alone. Let him have fun.

Ma

But he doesn't know that girl. Look! He's dancing with her.

Mamie

Well, he'll soon know her if they dance very long to that music.

Ma

I think it's time we went somewhere else. Pa! *Pa!* Why, I never saw your father act like this before. *PA!*

Scene II—Hotel Mañana

Mamie

Now, Ma, there's no use your worrying yourself into a fit about Pa. He'll be all right.

Ma

But he was supposed to come back and take us out to dinner. And he's got all that money he won on him.

Mamie

Not all. He gave you half of it.

Ma

You mean I took half of it. And a good thing too. He'd just spend it.

Mamie

What are you going to do with it?

Ma

That's different. Your Pa hasn't any sense about money. Easy come, easy go. Just because he was lucky at the races for the first time in his life and won a couple of hundred dollars he thinks it will last forever.

Mamie

Well, a hundred of it didn't last long. Turn over and I'll put some on your back. You're red as a beet.

Ma

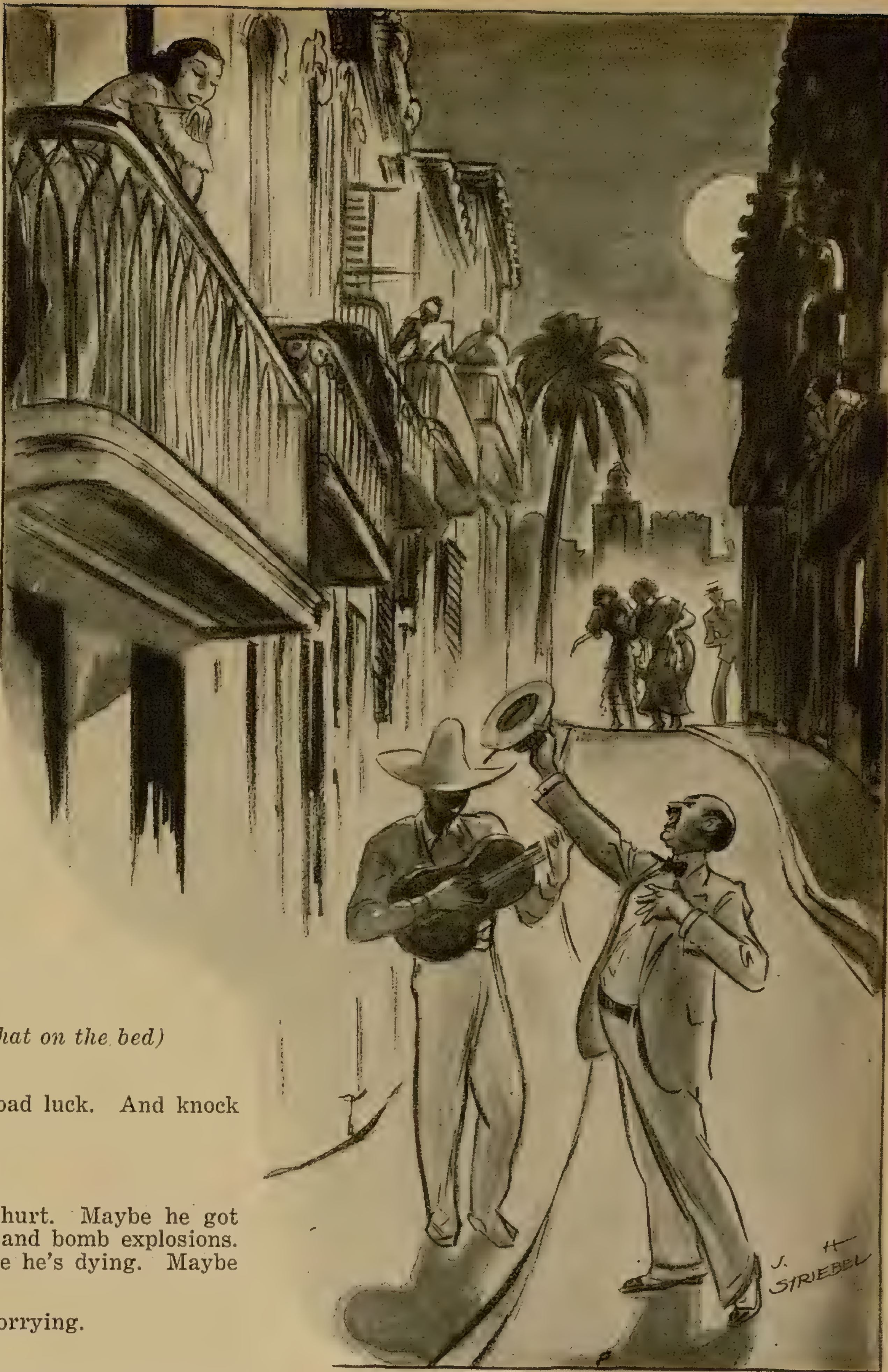
Ouch! It'll last longer than the hundred I let him keep. He's out spending it now on some woman!

Mamie

Well, that wouldn't be any novelty for him. He spends most of his money on us. You're going to be a sight. I told you you were getting too much sun.

Ma

How will people know that I've been South unless I come back with a good burn? *O-oh!* My shoulder hurts. Is it red?



There, sure enough, is Pa, and the swift realization of what he is doing transfixes them with mixed emotions.

Sun

By J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by
J. H. STRIEBEL

Pa Goes Spanish and Will Never Live It Down

Bill
(Dashes in and throws his hat on the bed)
Well, I can't find him.

Mamie
Take your hat off the bed. It's bad luck. And knock before you come into a room.

Bill
Anything else?

Ma
Where did you go? Maybe he's hurt. Maybe he got mixed up with one of those riots and bomb explosions. *(Grabbing for her clothes)* Maybe he's dying. Maybe he's dead already!

Mamie
Aw, Ma, for the luva Pete, stop worrying.

Ma
We're going to go and find him. *(Starts to cry)* Poor Pa, and I was so harsh with him today! Just because he was having a good time. I'll never forgive myself if anything's happened to him.

Mamie
Ma! Where are you going? Ma! Look out for your sunburn.

Bill
Ma! Wait a minute. You can't go out alone like that.

Ma
Your poor Pa may be blown to bits in some dark alley. Come on! We've got to find him.

SCENE III—HAVANA TAXICAB

Ma
Mamie, tell him to turn down the next street.

Mamie
I don't know how to say that in Spanish.

Ma
Tell him to stop, then.

Mamie
Hey! *Chico! Yo*—er—*yo*—

Bill
Never mind. He's passed it already. You'd better wind up again.

Mamie
All right. You tell him, then, if you're so smart.

Bill
Two years of Spanish in high school and you can't even say "Stop." You ought to know that much Spanish in a taxi.

Mamie
William, such language! Talking to your sister like that.

Bill
(Tapping driver on shoulder)
Hey, *stupido!* Nix, nix.

Taxi Driver
(Slams on brakes and turns with flashing eyes)
The name is José Maria Cervantes Mendoza. One more

Discovers secret of popularity thanks to DR. EDWARDS

FOR just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you—cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes.

So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the *inside* causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the liver, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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SHAKE IT INTO YOUR SHOES
Makes new or tight shoes feel easy. Soothes tender, swollen, aching feet and stops the pain of corns, bunions and calluses. For Free Sample and Walking Doll, address
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stupido out of you, little boy, and I will *stupido* you right on the nose, you Florida duck!

MAMIE

Hurray! That's the spirit! This country needs more men like you.

TAXI DRIVER

As for you, beautiful lady, you need only command José Maria Cervantes Mendoza. I kiss your hand. *(He stands up and makes a deep bow while the car crashes gayly through traffic.)*

MA

(Screaming suddenly)

There's Pa! Look! We just passed him. Look! Back there in that alley.

MAMIE—BILL

(Together)

What? Where? What was he doing? *(Ma climbs out of the quivering automobile, followed by Mamie and Bill. They walk back half a block and turn and stop at the entrance of an alley. There, sure enough, is Pa, and the swift realization of what he is doing transfixes them with mixed emotions.)*

MA

(Coming out of it first)

Why, Pa Potter! Of all things! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

SCENE IV—THE BOAT

Homeward bound, the Potters lie in deck chairs, muffled to their chins. A cold breath out of the north. The Potters shiver unhappily.

MAMIE

How would you like to be dancing out there on the beach now, Pa?

PA

Shut up!

MA

Your Pa likes serenading black-eyed Cuban girls better; don't you, Pa? *(Laughs)*

PA

Shut up!

BILL

Cuban? That's a laugh.

PA

What do you mean "that's a laugh"? What's a laugh?

MA

Now don't you start picking on William. If you want to go out and make a fool of yourself at your age—

PA

All right. All right. *(With a shudder)* God, will I ever be warm again?

MA

So you can stand under a balcony and sing La Paloma?

PA

I guess I'll never hear the end of that!

MAMIE

Don't you worry, Pa. It sounded fine. Where did you get the guy in the funny straw hat who played the guitar for you?

BILL

I know. He got him outside the Florida bar.

PA

(Mumbling)

I guess so. I don't remember. Who cares? What of it?

MA

You looked so funny standing there in that alley singing La Paloma. And you thought she was a Cuban beauty. Ha-ha!

PA

Never mind what I thought.

MA

Singing La Paloma with your head thrown back and waking everybody in the town. Ha-ha-ha! And all the time you didn't know she was on the boat with us going down. She's a librarian from Muncie, Indiana.

PA

All my life I'll hear this. All my life!

MAMIE

Never mind, Pa. It was a nice trip and we had a lot of fun.

MA

Ha-ha-ha! You looked so funny.

PA

All right. All right. I looked funny. But I felt great. A hell of a lot better than I'll ever feel again, I guess!

Further adventures of the Potters will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Sleepy Shoes

ANN, four, went for a long walk with her daddy one warm day. When they were coming home her father asked: "Ann, how are you getting along?"

Ann thought a moment; then she sighed and answered: "*I'm* all right, but my shoes seem to be getting sleepy."—Mrs. M. L. Davis, 311 La Salle Street, Narasota, Texas.

Beau Geste

ROGER'S visitor, Victor, and he had a scuffle in which Roger's shoulders were pinned to the floor.

When Victor had gone someone asked Roger why he had let his friend throw him.

"Do you think I wanted to throw him in my own house?" came the indignant query.—T. L. Smith, Brownsville, Texas.

WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

◆

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Some Girls

A Story of What Four Days Can Do to a Man

Clear as amber, a close-grained head. It tasted like the spirit of old Milwaukee.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 20 seconds.)

IF anyone had asked Hank Mavern what was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, he would have answered, without taking time to scratch his head: a machine-finished 91.5-cubic-inch Henson racing-car engine he'd looked over at the Henson plant about the time of the last race on the old Culver City saucer.

Hank now worked for Pete Handy, who ran the garage and service station that fronted Monte Vista Street. His hours were from seven in the morning until six at night, and he had every other Sunday off. Formerly he had been trouble shooter and straw boss of Benton's garage at Saugus. Benton's absorbed most of the motor grief and a lot of wreckage off the south end of the Ridge Route. A good job; but Hank liked the big town, especially the Hollywood end, better than Saugus.

The hardest thing he had to do here at Pete's was to quit work on a motor to go tank up or check tires; but some of Handy's customers drove the best, and it was pure joy to get a chance to work on a really fine car every so often.

Automobile engines sang to him, talked to him, told him their troubles. Hank failed to understand why others couldn't walk right up and tell what was wrong. Old Man Giffen's car crawled in yesterday barely hitting. Hank had promptly said: "Plugs." Sure, it might have been points, a short, carburetion, even timing for that matter. But Hank knew it was plugs. He pulled them—three out of six with cracked porcelains. Between silences Pete mumbled over the matter the rest of the afternoon. He was a seasoned master mechanic; had done his own engine tuning in his kid days, racing on California dirt tracks; but there had been times before this when Hank beat him to the trouble.

"I didn't know till suddenly it hit me, Pete," Hank undertook to explain. "Then I knew it was plugs—"

"I get you—psychic," said Pete, whose game was bridge.

"Say, I don't see screwy things—them psychic guys are nuts!" said Hank.

Pete decided the younger generation had something on the best of the old-timers—a highly developed sounding apparatus, some stethoscopic hook-up in those wide, outjutting ears of Hank's, at least, that picked up and qualified noises the human ear wasn't supposed to register. In any event, the sound of a motor told Hank plenty; he was quick to identify a loose wrist pin from a loud tappet, bearing knock from piston slap. He adjusted a carburetor by engine vibration, and could pick out the almost inaudible snick of a spark jump through the roar of a turned-up motor. Yet the big kid took what he knew easily. Ambition didn't make him mean to do with.

Religiously Hank attended the Ascot races, more perhaps to listen to the whining scream of a blower wide open and the rhythmic roar of an unmuffled engine than to see the cars whipping past. Pure music to him, the drone of a motor rapping along just below peak on the straightaways, the whine thrown up at the turns, the roar down the far side, cracking wailing complaint when the fuel was eased off.

Hank was extremely tall, not meaty particularly, but big-boned. He was wide-shouldered, a bit flat-chested from constant bending over automobile power plants and none too purified from monoxide and cigarettes. He had his own little ways: enjoyed cooking his own steak and spuds and cooling down afterward with a few bottles of home brew, listening to his radio or thumbing over old issues of the magazines. Once he toiled through a correspondence-school course in automotive engineering.

There was one serious domestic trouble, even in living alone. Though he had tried from all angles—with six-gallon crocks and twelve-, light malts and dark, setting it in warm water and boiling—the outcome was never what the malt makers promised. One batch he'd need a raincoat and bathhouse to open a pint; the next so flat it couldn't raise a string of beads for a female molecule. A master mechanic, but a dripping flop with the home brew. This fact alone kept down Hank's consumption. At the house of a friend whose luck was good, Hank confessed having a hole in his shoulder.

ONE quiet afternoon, with an eye on the lot and pumps, his attention was attracted by the thrashing, clanking sounds of a car in dire distress coming slowly up the street. It rolled in toward the back of the lot, and a big girl squeezed out from behind the wheel—a whole lot of girl in one piece, with the flushed look of one who has already accepted all the blame.

"I need a mechanic or a doctor for this curb-setter of mine—"

"Maybe a coroner," suggested Hank.

Have Tricks

By CLIFFE-MANVILLE

Illustrations by D'ALTON VALENTINE

" As bad as that? Did it sound like the death rattle? "

" Start her up again and we'll have a listen," he said, lifting up the hood.

The starter whined, the engine snorted and took hold. A steady hum—no trouble there.

" Come on now, baby! Do your stuff for the doctor," the girl said, stepping down hard on the throttle.

" Run her up the lot a piece and she'll do it. They don't squawk standing still, not if it's your rear end—"

" Say, listen, mechanic. You don't mean the freight I carry? "

" Ring gear and pinion—got a tooth gone or maybe a flock of 'em," Hank hastily explained, managing to keep his face straight.

" I thought you were making a bright one at the big girl's expense. Us amazons can't let anything like that get by—"

" You what? " from Hank.

" Amazons. Plenty here and plenty there, you know—"

" Me—I didn't notice you were so big."

Thanks; you ought to see me in a bathing suit."

She drove toward the wash rack, and the grinding screech broke forth.

" Sounds as if it was giving birth to a radio announcer."

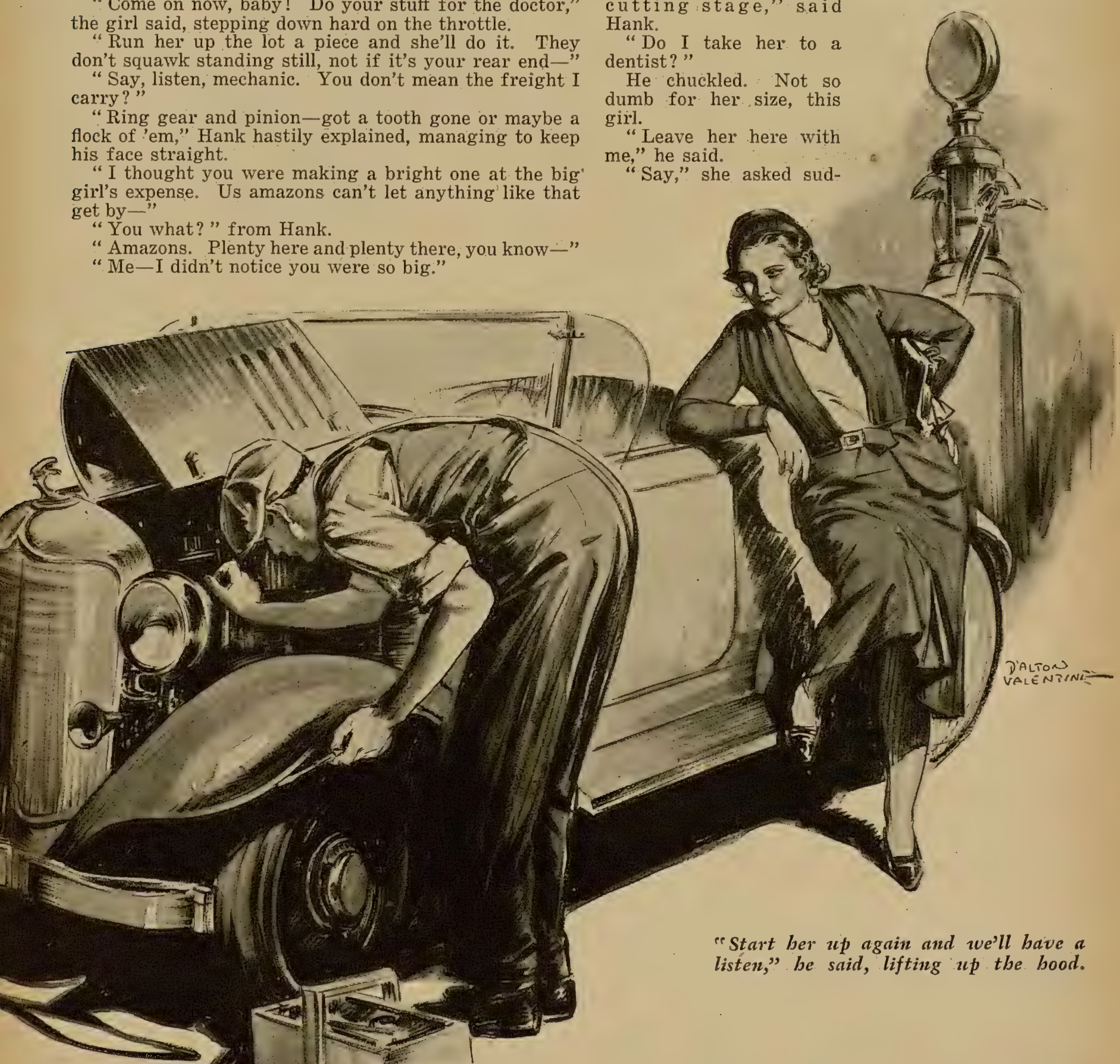
" This one's in the teeth-cutting stage," said Hank.

" Do I take her to a dentist? "

He chuckled. Not so dumb for her size, this girl.

" Leave her here with me," he said.

" Say," she asked sud-



"Start her up again and we'll have a listen," he said, lifting up the hood.

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"Director Belt reduced my waistline from 42 to 34 inches. I feel 10 years younger. *Constipation gone*—no tired, bloated feeling after meals."—G. NEWTON, Troy, N. Y.

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....

denly, "how did you know what was the matter before I made her move?"

"Business of trouble-shooting. I heard you drive in, didn't I?"

"Anybody who knew all that should fix it while I wait."

"Can't be done. You see, I'll have to pull the rear end, and have some gears sent from downtown. Have it for you late tomorrow. Best I can do."

"Lord, I've got to have it tonight. I'm to pick up my mother at a friend's house in San Fernando, and there isn't any way of letting her know I can't come. She'll worry herself sick if I don't show up — especially knowing how I drive."

"Not a chance of getting your car out tonight. I couldn't get the parts out here in less than two hours, and it's a big job putting 'em in." Hank vaguely warmed to her distressed look. "Listen. If it's that bad, you can use my hack—"

"You're not a trouble-shooter, mister; you're a good Samaritan. But I might wrap your can around a tree or something—I drive funny that way."

"Aw, you wouldn't hurt it," Hank said.

"Thanks," she answered; "but I'll try to dig up a car from somebody I know better."

"Tell you what. If you don't need to go until seven, I'll drive you myself. How's that?" asked Hank.

"Why, that's what I've been trying to convey to you all along," she laughed. "Say, what's your name?"

"Hank—Hank Mavern."

"O. K., Hank. I'm Edith Wesley, but everybody calls me Big Ede."

"Wesley, eh? Any relation to Eddie Wesley, the racing driver?"

"Just my little brother. He'll be home tomorrow. Been East, building a new car. He's going to try for the world's record with it at Daytona Beach when it's done."

"I read about that. He's one of the best in the business."

"Are you telling me, or asking something?" the sister inquired.

"I'll be there a little after seven," said Hank.

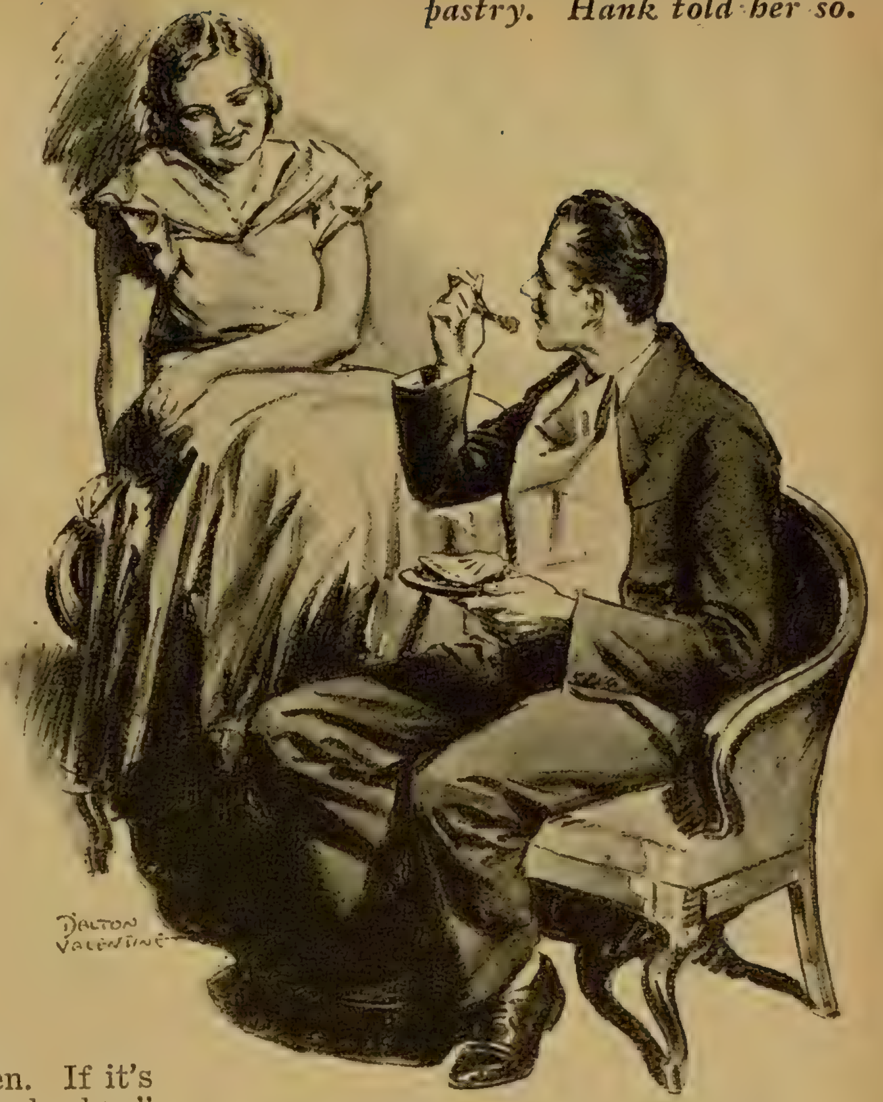
FROM the upper window a voice sang out in the dusk: "Walk in, trouble-shooter; I'll be down in a minute." She joined him with the question: "Do you eat pie?"

"Sure; only I just put on a performance at supper time."

"I baked an apple pie this afternoon—not as good as usual—"

He braced himself for a cut. The best baking on the Boulevard on its best day didn't touch this pastry. Hank told her so.

The best baking on the Boulevard didn't touch this pastry. Hank told her so.



"You see," she explained, "we big girls have to learn a lot of little tricks that magnify for the masculine eye."

"Don't kid me," said Hank. "I think you're a swell looker. You know, I'm no shorty myself."

"I wasn't thinking of height," she said wistfully.

"Forget it!"

WHEN they were seated in Hank's own hopped-up four job, she asked, "Do you play golf, Hank?"

"No."

"Tennis?"

"Nope."

"I don't either. Do you dance?"

"I'll say. I sure do like to dance."

"You've got the height that can be classic on a dance floor."

"I never knew a big girl yet that wasn't a good dancer," observed Hank.

"As I said, we have our little tricks."

They met the mother, no lightweight herself, but she was nearly as much fun as the girl. They laughed all the way home. Hank stopped on the way back and bought sandwiches and coffee. He couldn't remember when he'd had a better time.

After Mrs. Wesley said good night and Hank was about to go, the girl said: "Why not come up tomorrow night and meet Eddie? I think you two would get along great together."

"Meet that guy—me! I'd sure like to, Ede." . . .

One of those clear hot California days—not a car over the pits. Hank had finished the Wesley job, and stretched lazily in the sun on the old auto cushion alongside the garage, opposite the pumps. He was feeling happy and content. Handy had brought him down a couple of cool pints for lunch—one of those chosen people who could make good beer, Pete was.

Half drowsing there in the sun, Hank reflected there wasn't anything quite so swell, all told, as a mechanic's life. It was outdoor, healthy work; a man wasn't shut up all day, like in an office, or muddling his head with figures. Besides, anything could happen in the garage-and-service-station business. A man came to know all kinds of people; always something new happening.

For instance, there was that hopped-up eight job he'd turned out for the great painter, Nashland. Nashland, whose hobby was driving fast cars, and who liked to gossip around the station, talking about new features and designs, and records established.

Then there was the writer fellow, Nathan Kingsley, who drove a custom-built twelve and wouldn't let any mechanic in town but Hank touch his car. Talk about things happening! Look at the time he'd been called to change a tire for a woman up on the Boulevard, and when he got there, found the movie star, Claire Dester. She'd joked and laughed with him while he changed the tire, and when he refused to accept any money for the job, she smiled wonderfully and thanked him. A few days later she'd sent him an autographed photograph: "To my friend Hank Mavern—thankfully, from Claire Dester." He had it framed and hanging over his bed at home. Anything could happen in the garage business. It was a great game!

HE drove the big girl's car over that night. When she argued about the price, he explained he got such a discount on the ring and pinion that there really wasn't much expense involved. Eddie Wesley came in. He was about thirty-five, tall, gaunt-faced from tensions, and—in contrast with the sister—slim. Strong narrow wrists, hands and fingers long and tapering. Easy chap to know. Hank liked him. From the go-off they discussed gear ratios and transmissions, cam shafts, superchargers, valves, and overdrives with mutual understanding. Bore, stroke, and displacement were common words of ultimate meaning between them; relative merits of front- and rear-wheel drive were taken up. One of the happiest evenings of Hank's life, with the big sister listening, in and out.

Hank sailed through job after job the following day. Finally Handy remarked about it: "What's got into you, Hank? Haven't seen you like this in months. You don't mean to tell me you've finally managed a perfect batch of beer?"

"No. The last was terrible. I just haven't the knack for the stuff, Pete."

Later, grinding the dozen valves of a six, Hank observed to himself again there was nothing like a garage and service station to open up life to a fellow.

Better reason than ever to think so that evening, toward quitting time, when the big girl drove through, saying that Eddie wanted to see him again tonight.

For a while it appeared that driver Wesley cared to talk over the points of his new racing job—a four-engined, bullet-lined affair of mammoth power and speed. He even brought out blue prints of the model being completed in the East and they went over them together. Eddie explained he was planning to open a laboratory in Los Angeles to carry out experiments on several ideas of his own. He listened gravely to Hank's comments, and finally remarked that he had had a chat with Pete Handy.

"YOU must have been out to lunch—anyway, I didn't see you round. I used to know Pete when he was barn-storming the dirt tracks. It was what he said about you that made me ask sis to call you over—a job with me to toss your way."

Hank couldn't talk. He was all mixed up and excited inside; his eyes glistened.

Eddie added: "You'll be working on engines that can't be made too nice! Interested?"

"Am I? Racing engines! Am I, mister?"

Driving home he recalled he had hardly seen the big girl. He lay awake for hours, thinking, dreaming. "Anything can happen to a fellow working in a garage," he muttered before dropping off to sleep. . . . .

All next morning Hank thought about his new job, tried to imagine what it would be like. But in and out of his thoughts this morning moved the sister. During his noon hour he drove over to her house. The mother told him Eddie had been called to Frisco for a couple of days, but that Ede was in the back yard. He found her there in the midst of line after line of shirts—masculine, of all hues.

"Eddie brought home a bale. He always hates to have them laundered out." She was damp and flushed.

"Looks as if he'd been saving 'em up ever since he left Indianapolis," Hank remarked. "Another one of your little tricks—"

"Us big girls—we have to have 'em to make good. What are you doing here in the middle of the day? Quit already?"

"Nope; not until Saturday. Lunch hour. I ran over to see if you'd take in a dance with me tonight."

"Grand. Come on in and have a piece of cake—just out of the oven."

"Will I?"

They danced on the pier at Ocean Park. No words about it, this was what the big girl did best. She wasn't going to be easy to get along without—even traveling with Eddie. He had a sudden whim to get out of

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the crowd—in the dark of the car with her; but once there he was tongue-tied, and she seemed to have the same disease. They were home before eleven. The mother said she hadn't looked for them for an hour yet at least.

"Bet you helped me get that job with your brother," Hank said lamely as they lingered in the front room.

"Not me! I couldn't get the job for you. Eddie doesn't let anything but business enter into his racing. That's one favor he wouldn't have granted me if I had asked it."

That seemed about all the talk left in the world. Hank turned awkwardly to her for help.

But for once he couldn't get a rise; all her peppery comebacks flattened out. Finally it was up to him to leave or say something, and he wouldn't leave.

"Gee, Ede," he burst at random, "seems like I've known you for years! You make a fellow feel so much at home and so darn' happy. Still, it's only been four days—"

"Seems longer, doesn't it?" her voice trailed wistfully.

"Yeah. May seem funny, my saying it so soon. What I mean, I'm pretty crazy about you, Ede."

"Kid yourself, mechanic, but not me. People don't go crazy over my type. It's only the little tricks we have. I've been warning you right along—"

He paid no attention, lost in the study of the eyes and other ample features, as if looking or listening for just what made her act as she did.

WHAT he caught at last from the far shining of her eyes through the deep shadow of the room was a quick contagion of happiness; but he didn't express it that way.

"You grow on a fellow, Ede. Right now I know what's been the matter with me ever since you first pushed that toothless rear end into Pete's lot. I've been missing you all the time I was alone—yet happy, not knowing why till now. Know what it was?"

"Not an idea, mister."

"It was knowing I'd see you again—that I could come back."

"You're not such a bad fixer off the lot," she said, backing away.

"Little tricks are all grand, Ede. I haven't missed any I know of, but it's you that gets me. What I've got to know now is, hadn't us big people better stick together?"

"It isn't me, Hank. It's Eddie—the new job. You're all hopped up—"

They heard the mother's step upstairs. In the silence a board creaked. The big girl laughed lonesomely.

"One thing I'm not fooling myself about—and that is just where I belong in this man's world."

"You belong with this guy, Ede. I'm not hopped up about a job. It's about you, and I ain't going to recover. There couldn't be too much of you to suit me—not ever; and you've got to get over thinking so—"

She stood up, one hand unconsciously smoothing back a wisp of hair. "I'll bet you're hungry, Hank. I'll fix some sandwiches and pour a pitcher of beer."

"Did you say beer?"

"Sure. Don't you like it?"

"Except when I make it myself."

HE sat alone for a moment, then followed her out in time to see the second pint flipped back from the pitcher's edge before the first geyser of sediment stirred. "Doesn't seem to pour so well as usual," she complained.

Clear as amber, a close-grained head. It tasted like the spirit of old Milwaukee to Hank. "Best I've had since I was at Agua Caliente last Fourth of July," he remarked at the end of the second glass. "Where'd you get it?"

"Don't be silly—I made it, of course. I don't think it tastes quite as good as usual, though."

He snorted with joy. "Honest? You made this batch?"

"Sure I did."

Hank went to the ice box and brought out two frosted pints. "This all we got, Ede?"

"No. Come here." She led the way down basement steps and felt for the string from the ceiling to switch on a light. Cases piled and corded.

"All of it's six months old or more. Being big like I am, I don't drink it often, and then Eddie's away so much. Grab an armful and come on up!" Her arm rose to the lamp cord again.

The armful he grabbed was not from the nearest case, and the light switched off as he reached. "Another of those little tricks—a whole basementful," he laughed.

"But I'm not forgetting you didn't answer, and we're not going up till you tell me—whose big girl are you now?"

"Only one answer, Hank, if you know what you're doing; and all there is of her says so at once!"

THE END

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
STUYVESANT CLUB
NEW YORK N Y

THANKS FOR REPORT STOP ALLENS STORY OF COURSE PREPOSTEROUS STOP HAD TRAGEDY OCCURRED AS HE CLAIMS GIRLS COAT AND HAT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN WASHED ASHORE OPPOSITE POINT IN MIDDLE OF RIVER WHERE CANOE CAPSIZED STOP HAVE HIM HELD

TRACY STATES ATTORNEY

WHOPPER CONTEST WINNERS

BELOW are listed prize winners in the recent Whopper Contests. Space does not permit publication of the winning entries at this time. Therefore we have arranged to supply a mimeographed copy of the first prize entries to any interested competitor upon request. You will receive a check for the proper amount if your name appears in these lists.

NOVEMBER 5 CONTEST

$50 First Prize, John Carnoc, Brooklyn, N. Y.
$25 Second Prize, Mrs. Emmett Sweeney, Buffalo, N. Y.
$15 Third Prize, Lillian McDaniel, Jefferson City, Mo.
$10 Fourth Prize, C. R. Higgins, Mattapan, Mass.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Prince M. Carlisle, Amityville, N. Y.; John J. Gary, Cleveland, Ohio; B. S. Gilbert, Birmingham, Ala.; W. E. Hamilton, Ensley, Ala.; J. S. Hetrick, Altoona, Pa.; Francis A. Holmes, Wilbur-by-the-Sea, Fla.; Mrs. Scott Mitchell, Boulder, Colo.; John A. Parsons, Lebanon, Pa.; G. Rasmussen, Blackville, S. C.; Duard E. Scott, Midland, Tex.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

L. M. Armstrong, Peoria, Ill.; Sophia Bailey, Plainfield, Ind.; Mildred Bauman, Los Angeles, Calif.; Herman L. Bernstein, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Emilie Bourne, Hackensack, N. J.; Elizabeth Clair, Chicago, Ill.; Virginia Combes, Albany, N. Y.; Myrtle Crawford, El Monte, Calif.; Helen M. Daggett, New York, N. Y.; S. A. Dort, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Evan R. Evans, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Can.; John C. Evans, Sherman, S. D.; Jenny A. Francis, Westport, Conn.; Judy Gerber, Philadelphia, Pa.; William Goodrum, Brooklawn, N. J.; Clara F. Gorndt, Buffalo, N. Y.; Cleora H. Gunnerson, Topeka, Kan.; Walter H. Hall, Norfolk, Va.; Jessie W. Justice, Ottawa, Ont.; L. D. Kerns, Belle, W. Va.; E. P. Kingsbery, Huntsville, Ala.; Mrs. E. J. Kuhn, St. Louis, Mo.; J. F. Lanham, New York, N. Y.; Robert E. Little, Detroit, Mich.; I. Gibson Ziegler, Louisburg, N. C.

Henry K. Lockwood, Dover, N. H.; F. A. McCorkle, Johnson City, Tenn.; James C. Melody, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Edmund A. Nash, Madison, Wis.; Dirk Nieland, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Amy Patey, Hollywood, Calif.; Frank Presbrey, New York, N. Y.; J. B. Pyle, Somerset, Pa.; Mrs. Cora Quapp, York, Pa.; Mrs. W. T. Roberts, Boise, Idaho; Herbert F. Scott, Disputanta, Va.; A. H. Shattuck, Grand Island, Neb.; Tom Sloan, Shawinigan Falls, Que.; Lloyd Sloan, Canon City, Colo.; Mrs. Edith Smith, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Hollis E. Smith, Vinton, Va.; William R. Spooner, Forks, Wash.; Colin R. Twomsley, Mattapan, Mass.; E. P. Vander Meide, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. Nancy Vercellini, Torrington, Conn.; Frederick H. Waitz, Townley, N. J.; Wilbur Webster, Elwood, Ind.; William J. Wilders, New York, N. Y.; Richard Wilkins, Detroit, Mich.; Gus Williams, Phoenix, Ariz.

NOVEMBER 12 CONTEST

$50 First Prize, Robert Golden, Cincinnati, Ohio.
$25 Second Prize, Edna Cherry, Akron, Ohio.
$15 Third Prize, Mrs. Sidney Fernberg, Avondale, Ohio.
$10 Fourth Prize, Ben. F. Tracy, Point Pleasant, W. Va.

TEN $5 PRIZES

E. Anderson, San Francisco, Calif.; Frank W. Breece, San Antonio, Tex.; J. M. Bryant, Grenada, Miss.; Donald Gibbert, San Francisco, Calif.; Charles T. Morgan, New York, N. Y.; H. T. Oliver, Knoxville, Tenn.; D. Brown Pardo, San Francisco, Calif.; Lucille Wellbrock, Glendale, N. Y.; Arthur N. White, San Francisco, Calif.; E. M. Willis, Mobile, Ala.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Edward Biele, Warrensville, Ohio; Harry Blumenthal, El Paso, Tex.; L. A. Boyd, Kankakee, Ill.; C. A. Borras, Pensacola, Fla.; James J. Brown, South Natick, Mass.; Clifton A. Bertholf, Morristown, N. J.; Sam Caress, St. Louis, Mo.; George E. Chatman, Des Moines, Iowa; Charles L. Cherry, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. A. C. Davis, Los Angeles, Calif.; Deacon Devine, Yuma, Ariz.; Floyd James Dibble, Rochester, N. Y.; Wilma Dieckmann, Keyesport, Ill.; Russell J. Draper, Gary, Ind.; Albert J. Ellis, Chapel Hill, N. C.; Esther W. Farrow, Hollywood, Calif.; W. H. Fenton, Vineland, N. J.; E. F. Finnerty, Parker, S. D.; Olive Fowler, Butte, Mont.; Rena Freeman, Regina, Sask.; Mrs. Nellie D. Gallagher, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Robert T. Gidley, Melrose, Mass.; H. S. Haag, Minneapolis, Minn.; M. W. Hall, Springfield, Mass.; W. S. Hand, Mobile, Ala.

A. Joan Healey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. R. Hersk, Houston, Tex.; Loftus Husband, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. C. F. Kast, Philadelphia, Pa.; Richard Kocher, Allentown, Pa.; Joseph L. Lazarus, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ira K. Lichty, Lehighton, Pa.; J. L. Mann, Venice, Calif.; Thomas McCloskey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jessie F. Miller, San Diego, Calif.; A. C. Nissen, Jr., Oklahoma City, Okla.; M. Penn, Social Circle, Ga.; Mrs. D. H. Penoyer, Schenectady, N. Y.; Ralph M. Peterson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Lincoln Rappleye, Detroit, Mich.; Helen Rice, New York, N. Y.; E. J. Rice, Pana, Ill.; D. A. Seals, Pueblo, Colo.; Max A. Slate, Syracuse, N. Y.; Rufus Southworth, Cincinnati, Ohio; Sydney D. Stewart, Tecumseh, Neb.; Charles L. Tierney, Englewood, N. J.; M. L. Wilkinson, Washington, D. C.; Catherine M. Williams, Albuquerque, N. M.; John Zanirato, Los Angeles, Calif.

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 25

1—William L. Marcy, U. S. Senator from New York.
2—The china wedding.
3—Dinah M. Craik.
4—Pagopago.
5—Yes, from 1702 to 1738.
6—Ecclesiastes 12:12.
7—A Turkish title of honor; and the name given the mud cat, a food fish found in southern waters of the United States.
8—About twelve or thirteen pounds.
9—The Bosporus and the Dardanelles.
10—In 1800.
11—An American named Hunt, in 1854.
12—Longfellow's.
13—Queen Victoria's, 1837 to 1901.
14—St. Elmo.
15—American, *skedule;* British, *shedule.*
16—A young person of *either* sex.
17—Bees.
18—The liver.
19—Previous to the cultivation of South American trees in the Orient, most of the caoutchouc came from the East Indies.
20—Edmund Burke.

Answer to Adex question on page 25—*A new way of helping to keep well at this time of year is to take resistance-building measures in advance instead of waiting for ills to start.*

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ADEX
Tablets
10 D

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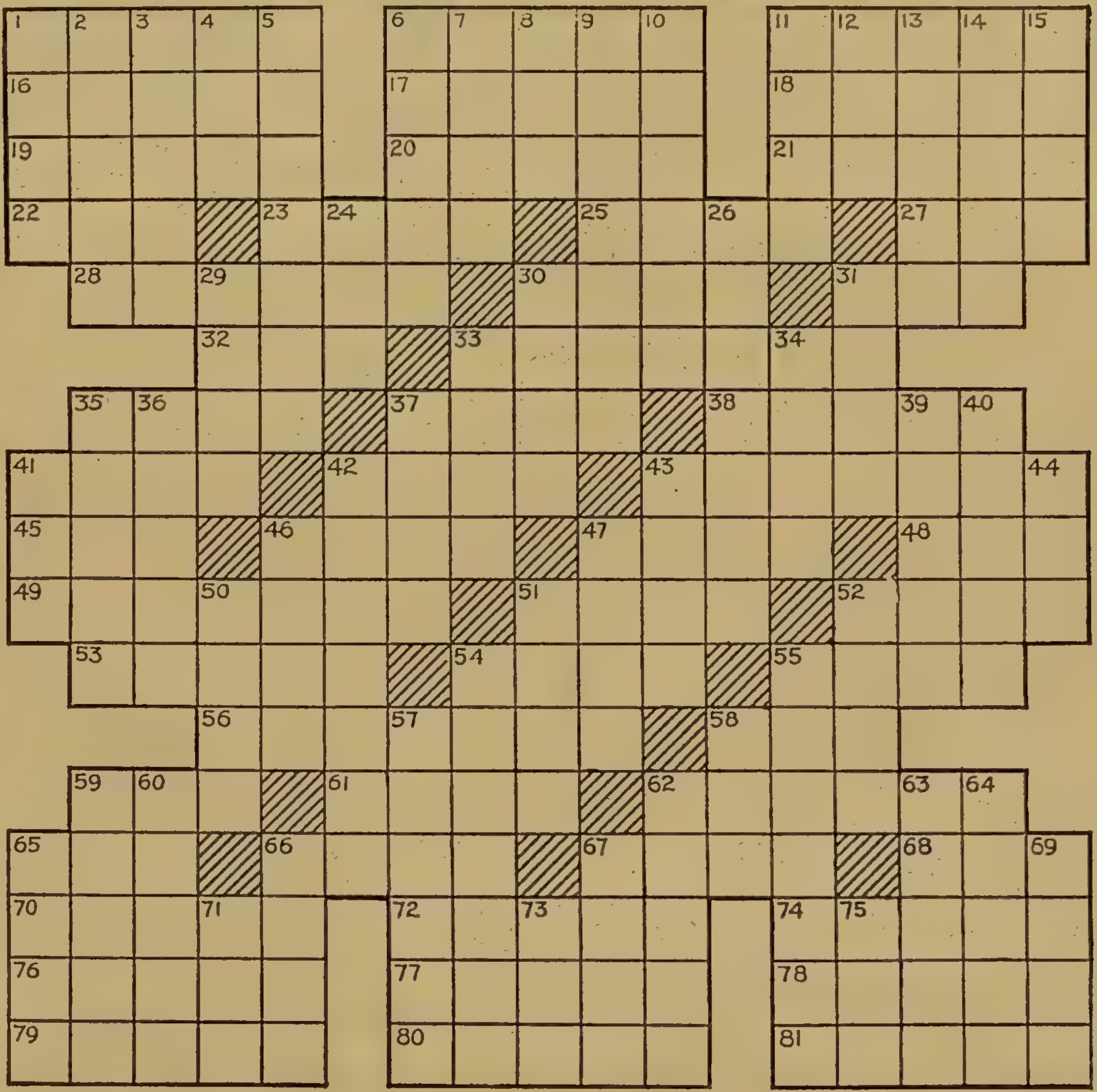
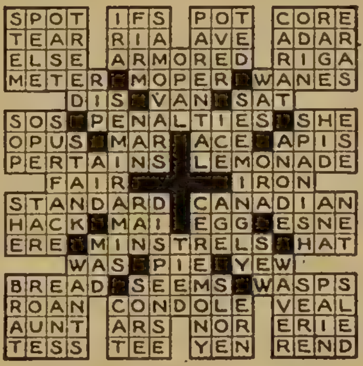


HORIZONTAL

1 Abbots
6 Insurgent
11 Articles of merchandise
16 Stare fiercely
17 Arrange in a row
18 Old-womanish
19 Expunger
20 Trousers
21 A stream
22 An insect
23 Distress
25 Descry
27 Playing card
28 To hang down
30 An Indian of northwestern United States
31 High in the musical scale
32 Terminate
33 Commingled
35 Brewing material
37 Small nail
38 Fear
41 Raised mark
42 Barren
43 Made sightless
45 Commotion
46 Apothecaries' weight
47 Observed
48 Measure of time
49 True
51 Departs
52 Strike out
53 Genus of lizards
54 A section
55 Covers
56 Roman goddess
58 A group of buildings
59 Margin
61 Merriment
62 Apparatus used in photography



SPOT IFS POT CORE
TEAR RIA AVE ADAR
ELSE ARMORED RIGA
METER MOPER WANES
DIS VAN SAT
SOS PENALTIES SHE
OPUS MAR ACE APIS
PERTAINS LEMONADE
FAIR IRON
STANDARD CANADIAN
HACK MAI EGG ESNE
ERE MINSTRELS HAT
WAS PIE YEW
BREAD SEEMS WASPS
ROAN CONDOLE VEAL
AUNT ARS NOR ERIE
TESS TEE YEN REND

Answer to last week's puzzle

65 By reason that
66 Brazilian coins
67 Wise
68 Eggs
70 Elliptical
72 Resign
74 Unusual
76 Networks (anat.)
77 Growing out
78 At that place
79 Inclination
80 Guide
81 Kinds

VERTICAL

1 District in British India
2 Suave
3 Sew loosely
4 Sooner than
5 Large snake
6 Speedy
7 Spirit
8 Storage receptacle
9 Penetrated
10 Abate
11 Cautious
12 Species of cuckoo
13 Competitor
14 Choose
15 Withered
24 In addition
26 Sells by hawking
29 To assail with missiles
30 Clothed
31 Seaport in Arabia
33 Part of a hat
34 Ireland
35 A town in Pennsylvania
36 Lengthwise of
37 Scottish hillside
39 Augmented
40 Distributes
41 Form of to be
42 To put in order
43 A vegetable
44 Color
46 Prefix: half
47 A bird
50 Encampment
51 Presented
52 United States coin
54 A gift
55 Bemoans
57 Subjects to elision
58 An ugly old woman
59 Sweetheart
60 Angry
62 To provide
63 Wanderer
64 To turn aside
65 A fortified place
66 Peruse
67 A certain place
69 Malt beverage (plural)
71 A metal
73 Woman's personal name
75 An exclamation of surprise

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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$250

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WRITE AN EIGHT-WORD RHYME and COLLECT SOME OF THIS EASY MONEY FOR YOURSELF

DON'T MISS THIS!

WILL you win this week's Fifty Dollars? If you send in an eight-word Dinky as instructed in the brief rules at the base of this page your chance to take down the big money is excellent. If you happen to miss first money you may win $25 or $15 or $10. Or you may be included among the ten readers who will receive $5 awards or the fifty who will win $2 each. The only sure way to avoid winning is to neglect to enter. If you have no use for some extra money, get into the contest for the fun of the thing. In the event your entry wins a prize you can donate it to charity if you wish. But by all means try out your skill at writing a Dinky or two. You'll find it a welcome relief from that baffling jig-saw puzzle!

Here are a couple of Dinkies, just to show you how simple it is:

Bright moon.
Sleepy chickens.
Dark man.
Easy pickin's.

Drunken driver.
Traffic maze.
Crumpled fenders.
"Thirty days."

Get the idea? Eight words arranged in four lines. Second and fourth lines must rhyme. Try your hand at it. If you are one of Liberty's Limerick enthusiasts you'll find it doubly interesting. Don't be content with your first effort. Write some more. Send in the one you think is the best, or send them all in as individual entries. You may submit as many as you wish, but not more than one prize will be paid to any one competitor in a given week. Read the brief rules to make sure that you have prepared your entry correctly. And make sure that your name and full address are written plainly or printed so that if you win a prize there will be no delay in delivery of your check.

DINKY CONTEST RULES

Each Dinky must consist of four lines of two words each. The second and fourth lines must rhyme.

Each Dinky must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The Dinky which most entertainingly condenses the most complete story within its eight words and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as described above, will be adjudged the best.

For the best entry submitted each week, until further notice, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5; and for the next fifty, $2 each will be paid.

Address all entries to DINKY CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This week's contest closes Monday, February 27. Mail your entry in good season.

HERE IS THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

JAN. 14 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

G. W. STILL
Sandusky, Ohio

TEN $10 PRIZES

Eugene C. Cooper, San Diego, Calif.; Tom Cunning, Klamath Falls, Ore.; Samuel C. Kelchner, Syracuse, N. Y.; John Lock, New York, N. Y.; G. McCormick, Seattle, Wash.; C. R. Marlatt, Powell River, B. C.; Anna Mae Neener, Rochester, N. Y.; Dewey D. Prater, Millport, Ala.; A. W. Startz, Wrentham, Mass.; J. M. Stofan, Garfield, N. J.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

W. G. Adler, Falkland, B. C.; Lorin L. Arnold, Portland, Me.; Percy E. Bassett, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. E. E. Brown, Lomita, Calif.; Carolyn Bufkin, Jackson, Miss.; E. M. Burkner, Norwood, Ohio; Lois Douglas, Cameron, Mo.; Mrs. A. E. Foutch, Hollywood, Calif.; H. C. Fielding, Santurce, Porto Rico; Walter H. Friedrich, Philadelphia, Pa.; Warren Gill, Minneapolis, Minn.; Howard L. Hanson, St. Paul, Minn.

B. A. Haycox, Glendale, Calif.; Wiley Huffman, Widemouth, W. Va.; E. A. Johnson, Ash Mountain Headquarters, Sequoia National Park, Calif.; Mrs. J. J. Kennedy, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Karl Otis Klaren, Summit, N. J.; Mrs. E. H. Kolb, Irvington, N. J.; Mrs. William D. Lamdin, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Louise C. Leake, Honolulu, T. H.; J. J. Luedders, Los Angeles, Calif.; Gladys Marstad, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; A. B. McVeigh, San Francisco, Calif.; H. E. Morrissett, Richmond, Va.

Grace E. Mounts, Morrow, Ohio; Eldred Peck, San Diego, Calif.; W. H. Power, Erie, Pa.; L. A. Rerick, Sturgis, Mich.; G. S. Richards, Duluth, Minn.; Harold Ridgely, Fairmont, W. Va.; Walter Schrein, Seward, Neb.; Edward N. Scott, Jr., New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Chester C. Smith, Vici, Okla.; Mrs. E. G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio; William T. Sinclair, Warner, N. H.; Miss A. Terrell, Chatham, N. Y.; Mrs. C. Nat Wallace, Atlanta, Ga.; Ernie Walhecht, West Orange, N. J.; Mrs. George W. Walton, San Martin, Calif.; Mrs. Earl Wright, Portland, Ore.

ANOTHER $250 CASH PRIZE DINKY CONTEST AND JAN. 21 SNAPSHOT CONTEST WINNERS NEXT WEEK

HELL Hounds!

By

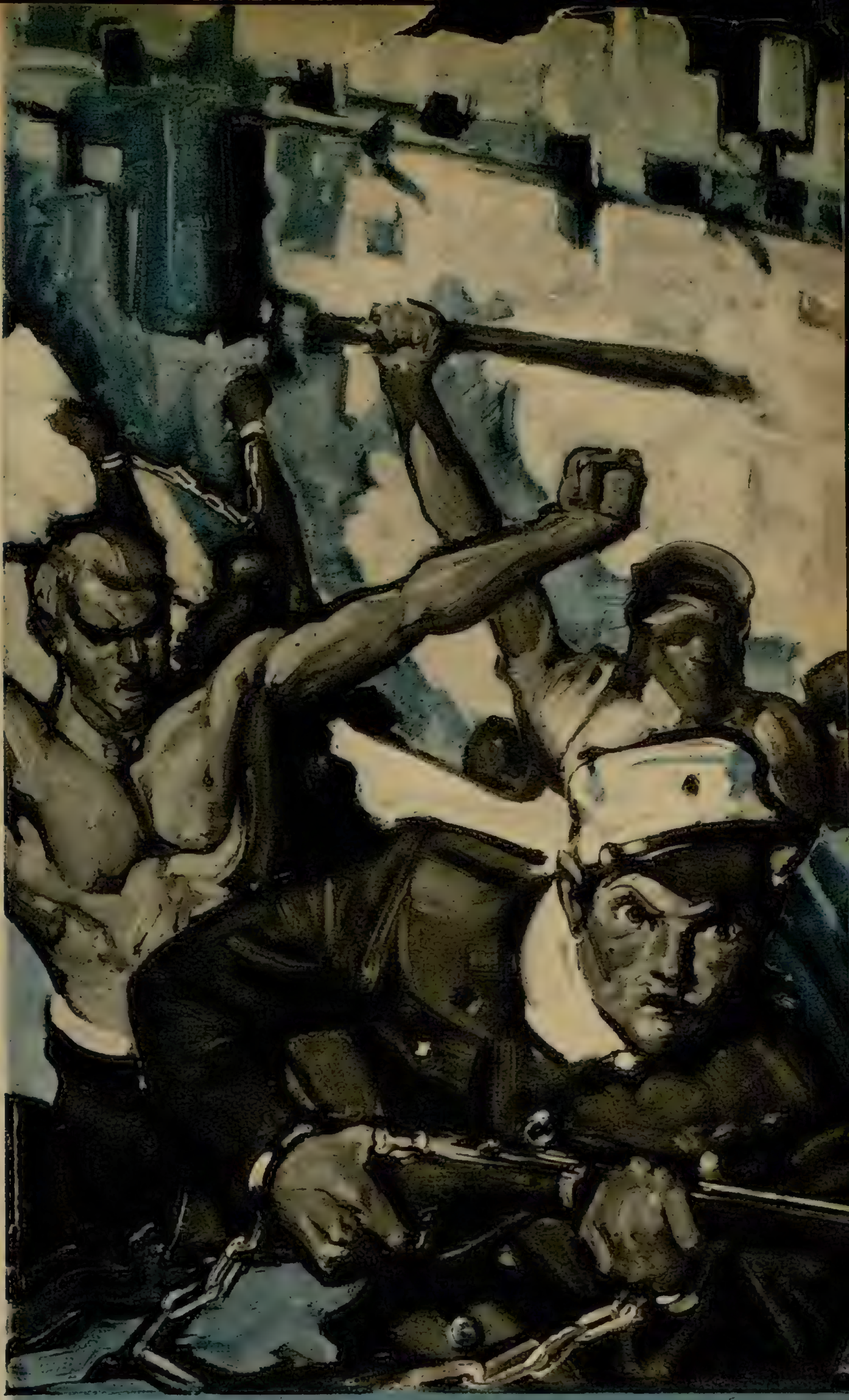
EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In Collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO

The Black Cell and Mutiny – To Marseilles in a Stokehold – A Square-Shooting French Prison Governor – Freedom at Last



I rushed at the guard nearest me, snatched his rifle.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

THE result of that little escapade was that we had a taste of the French solitary confinement. We were taken to a black dungeon entirely without light, and chained with a yard of chain to a damp floor. There we stayed seven days. Our food, bread and water, was pushed through a narrow aperture in the wall. Imagine the cramped position, the unending hours, never knowing which was night and which day, our only amusement the rats that played around us! As I have told, I had previously endured forty-eight hours alone in a black cell. But that was a holiday compared to seven days' cells in Damascus jail.

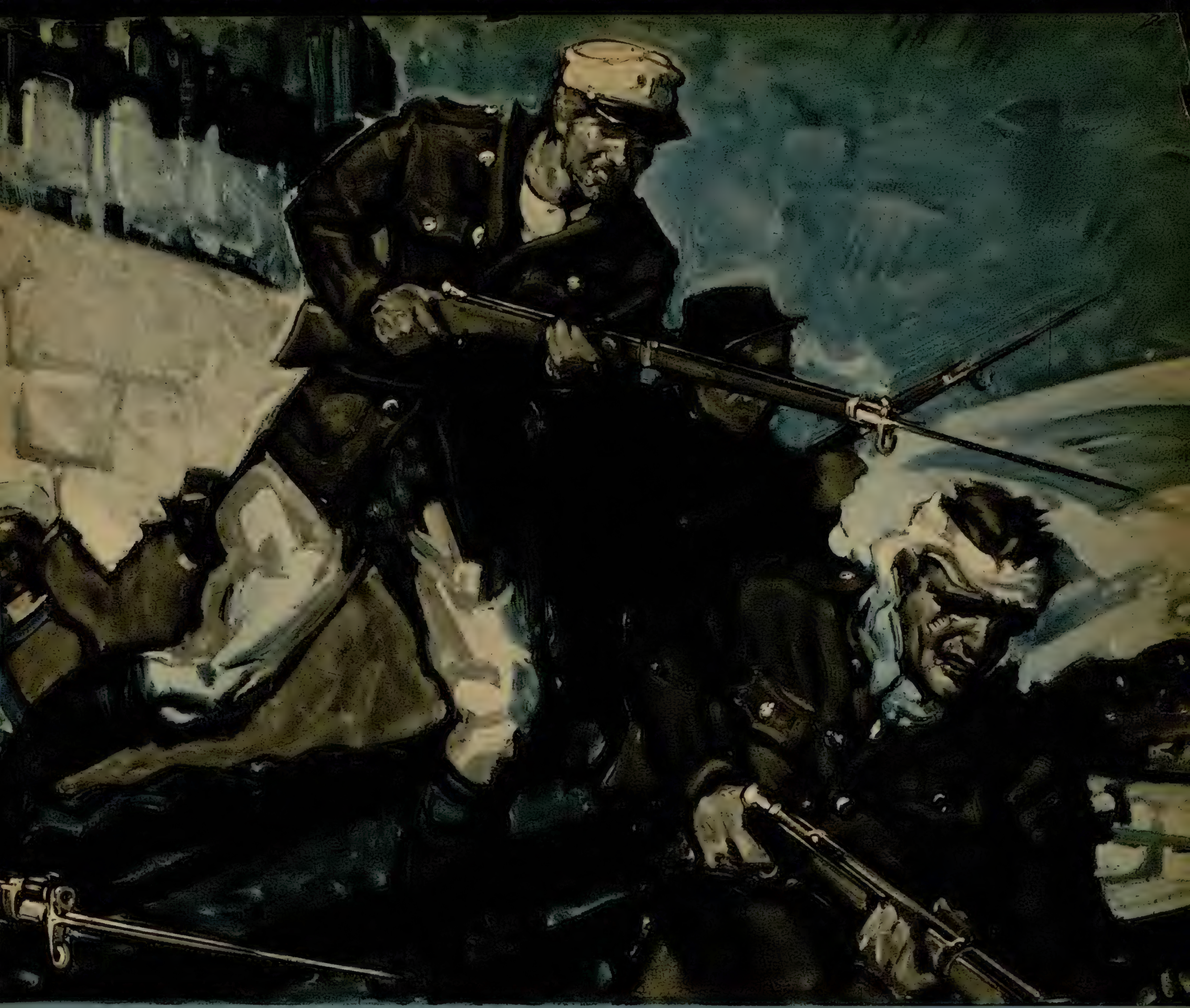
The only thing that saved our reason during that black and hellish period was the fact that we were together. Hour after hour we sang, talked, spouted, recited—anything to make a noise, to shut out the awful fear that we were blind and would never see our fellows again. There was another fear, too, the fear that we should lose the use of our limbs. We would raise ourselves into a crouching position, which was all the bit of chain would allow, and tentatively manipulate one foot, one leg, and then the other. And when we found that after prolonged efforts we could still move the muscles, we simply shrieked with joy. Then would come a period of playing a game of pretense. We imagined we were strong men, and would tug and strain at our chains, which were secured to an iron ring in the stone floor. Looking back on it now, I can afford to smile at those antics. Our pretended feat-of-strength display before an imaginary audience was too funny, especially McCann's oratorical address.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am now about to show you how it is possible, with the aid of the superhuman strength with which nature has endowed me, to break this stout chain, link by link . . ."

But it usually ended with "Haw, shucks! It can't be done!" And we would lie back on the floor, falling asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Imagine the wrecks we were when, at long last, we were released! When we tried to stand upright we simply flopped sideways, for our legs were doubled up, numb and lifeless, and seemed to trail from our bodies as we heaved and wriggled about. The guards, however, quickly restored life to the tottering limbs. Their idea of massage was to beat us with a rifle butt, and very soon another sort of ache and pain was penetrating to the senses.

We were pushed and shoved along those underground passages until we reached our old cell, and there thrown to the ground to recover as best we might. But the



McCann did likewise and so did the other two. We meant to have justice or die.

mooted mutiny and our eagerly awaited return had made us many friends. Those poor fools of prisoners, who could not move without a leader, welcomed us as long-lost generals. Some had saved little titbits of food for us. One had stumps of cigarettes and matches clenched between his dirty toes—we enjoyed the smokes notwithstanding! Others were anxious to massage us, and all made it clear that they would stand by us in any project we liked to take in hand.

"Gosh!" laughed Mac, in spite of his aching misery. "It's just like coming home!"

And ever afterward he referred to those seven days as "the time when we went to the movies at Damascus and it was very foggy."

The prisoners were all for starting the mutiny next morning, but we turned the suggestion down. It was essential that we should have a few days' rest, so that we might get back to something approaching normal before we went into a stunt like that. After all, no one could tell what might be the result. We might be a great deal worse off after such an affair than we had ever been before it. Bread and water was no diet on which to train for such a stand. So we continued to coach the men for another week. Then the great day came.

The time set was eleven in the morning, when the soup arrived. We went on to the roof yard with the crowd, about 250 from our section of the prison. Of course Mac and I were two of the four chosen to grab the rifles. We saw at once that this part of the task would not be very difficult, as the guard were young soldiers. We all managed to appear perfectly natural, and the guard did not suspect. Our chains were loosened and the soup was given out. I rushed at the guard nearest me, snatched his rifle, and thrust the fixed bayonet toward him. McCann did likewise and so did the other two. In the scrimmage a shot was fired by accident. Then we knew there would be trouble! The sound aroused the whole prison guard.

BUT we meant to have justice or die. Up they came toward the solitary entrance which led on to the roof. We stood shoulder to shoulder, holding the rifles in readiness, a snarling, ugly crowd of prisoners backing us. The sergeant major came, that powerful Corsican brute who loved to feel the shaft of a bull whip in his hands. He found he could go no farther than the entrance. So he stood there, demanding to know what it was all about.

"We want decent military food and no more floggings."

He laughed, but it was cut short by the snarl of the crowd, any one of whom would gladly have strangled him.

"Oh, my fine fellows. Decent food, did you say? Put down those rifles, or I'll shoot your rotten bones."

"Yeah," said McCann quietly, "and you come a step nearer and I'll shoot you for a dog!"

That sergeant major knew we were in dead earnest. He dared not put his foot in the yard. We told him to bring the commandant, as we intended to have a square deal. He argued. He even promised to give us better food, but we knew what his promises were worth, and told him so. Finally he disappeared.

The commandant arrived.

"Men, you are very foolish to carry on in this way. It can only end in bloodshed. Put down those rifles and go back to your cells. I promise you all a free pardon."

"Not on your sweet life!" cried McCann. "We surrender only to General Andrea, or General Gamlin or whoever is now General in Chief of Damascus."

"I warn you," spluttered the commandant, "I will bring machine guns here and mow you down like dogs!"

"Go ahead," I shouted, "and see what it will get you!"

He promptly sent for the machine guns, and we thought for a moment that he intended to use them, but only for a moment. We soon realized that this was just a species of bluff. He gave us two minutes to drop the rifles.

"You can't murder two hundred and fifty men," I said; "and remember, more than fifty of them are French subjects. If you fire you will kill your own countrymen. What will France say to that?"

WE had our way. General Gamlin arrived and asked who was the ringleader.

"There is no ringleader. All we ask is justice and decent food."

"Ah! It is the Englishman!"

"Yep, you big sap! And don't forget the American!"

"Now, men, what do you want?"

"Clean food and no floggings. If you will examine the backs of these men, you will find the marks of the bull whip on every one of them."

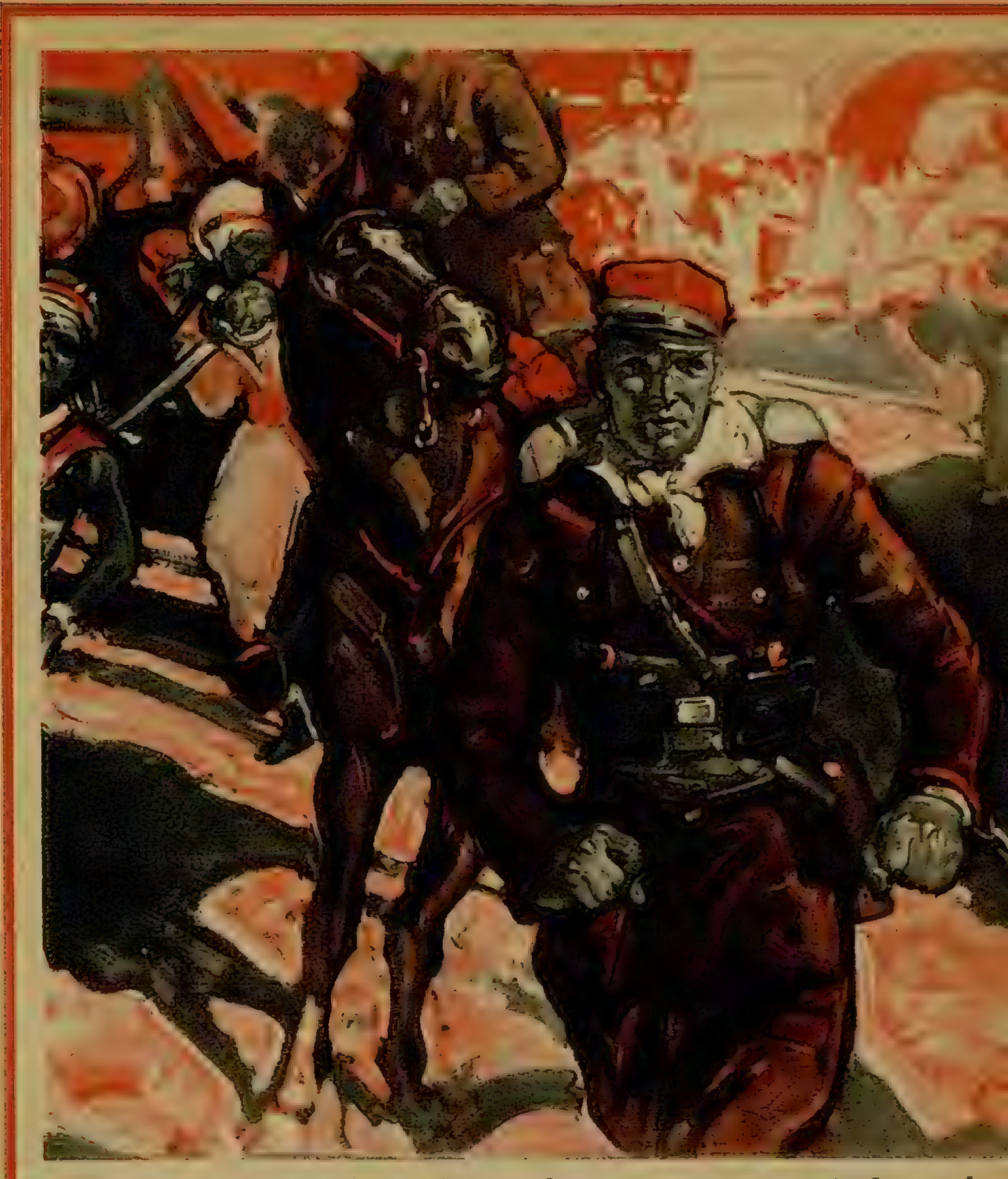
"Men, in the name of the Republic of France, I ask you to put down those arms. I promise that no harm shall come to any of you."

It sounded good to us, and we did as we were bidden. Then we turned to the crowd and told them to take off their shirts. I don't know what General Gamlin thought, but I swear he had never in his life seen such a sight as those two hundred or so lacerated backs. McCann and I went round with him, examining the results of many beatings. He was a shade pale as he turned quickly from one back to another. The picture was ghastly enough to make any man wince. After all, these were not the men whom the authorities were trying to get confessions of revolt from. Our section at that time was filled mainly with military prisoners. There were French soldiers here who some day would return to France. What a story they might tell! Not only that; there were this Britisher and his American friend who had already made a lot of trouble, had caused consuls to intervene, had somehow managed to evade the punishment of death for desertion and murder.

It was a strange experience—McCann and I walking round with the General in Chief of Damascus on an inspection of a couple of hundred backs, the Corsican sergeant major marching in the rear with hate in his ferrety eyes, scowling at us whenever he dared. He knew that he was in for it. And he knew that we knew. If looks could kill we should have been dead men up there on the roof yard, where the sun poured relentlessly down, revealing a thousand scars, his handiwork and that of his brother N.C.O.s. We knew exactly what he was thinking. He was thinking of the court of inquiry that was bound to follow this amazing inspection.

The general turned to us, not to the sergeant major, and ordered us to marshal the men and go back to our cells in an orderly manner. We did so. From that day until we left the prison our food was eatable and floggings were considerably fewer.

Obviously they could not keep McCann and me there after such a disturbance. So we were not surprised to learn that we were banished from Syria altogether. We were to proceed to Beirut, and there take ship for Marseilles. Our stretch of imprisonment was to be served in France.



We were chained together as we marched through

A few days later we received the order to collect kit for the transfer to Beirut. We were chained together as we marched through the streets of Damascus to the station. Arabs and other inhabitants stopped to stare at us, some crowding round us and following a little way, their women spitting at us, until a thrust from one of the gendarmes drove them off. At the station we were locked in a compartment of the train, and the fifty-five-mile journey to Beirut was uneventful, save that we stewed in a close, stifling heat which must have been somewhere near 110 degrees.

A VERY pleasant surprise awaited us at Beirut. Our new prison was beautifully situated on a hill overlooking the sea. It was the cleanest prison I have ever seen, and I have seen the insides of twenty-two. The cells were spotless and spacious, about twenty feet by twelve, with plenty of fresh air coming through the wide barred windows. It was all too good to be true!

Our reception was almost unbelievable, for the British and American consuls had already sent us fruit and cigarettes!

"Oh, boy! Get a load of this! Can you beat it! Good smokes, fresh fruit, clean beds, and no beatings up! If this isn't heaven, I'm a polecat!"

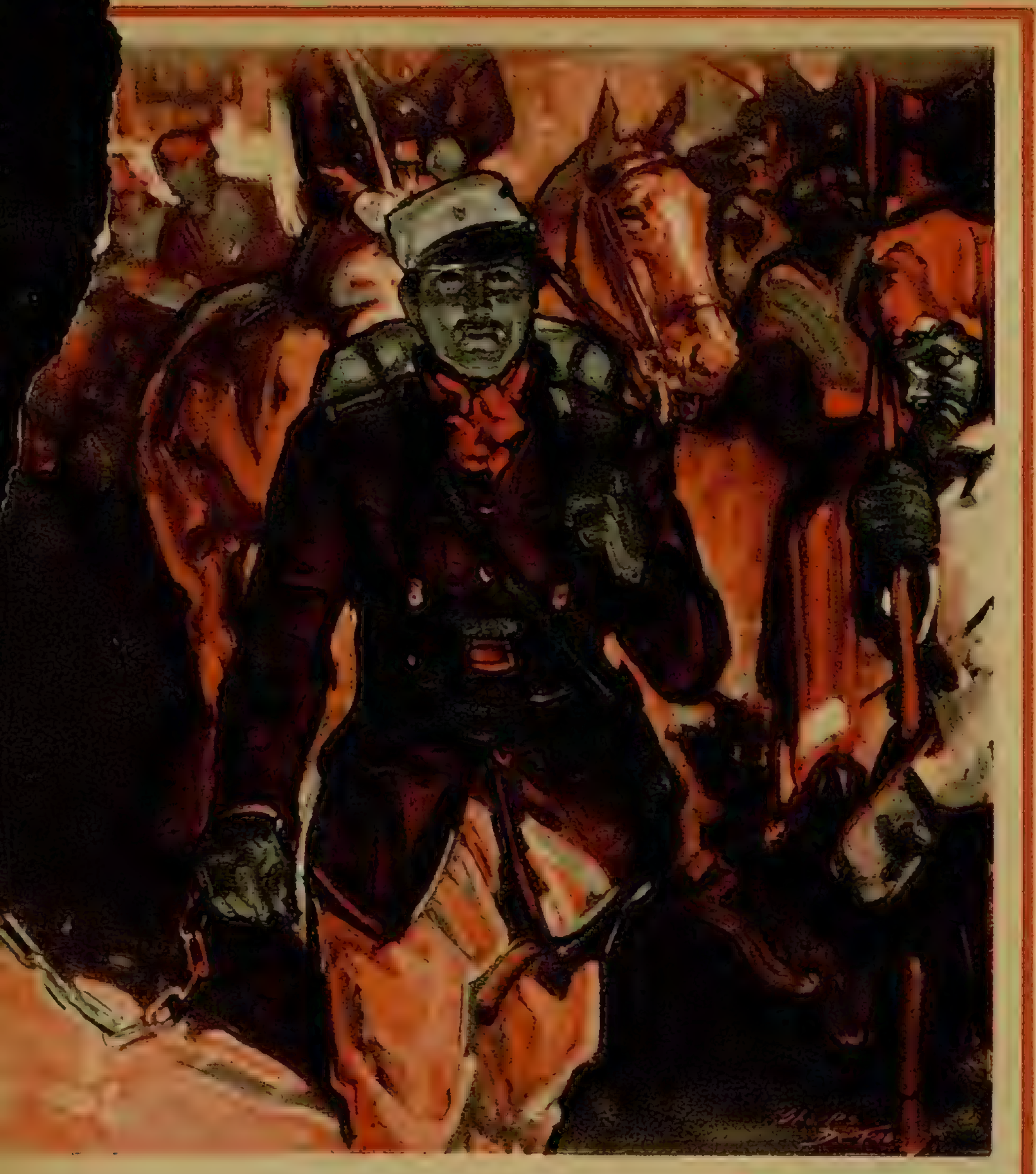
"I just can't take it in, Mac!"

"Nope? Well, sit tight and watch me!"

For three glorious days we ate bread that was clean and sweet, fresh vegetables and appetizing meat, and were allowed our ration of smokes. In those three days we managed to get ourselves cleaner than we had ever been during the preceding three years. As McCann said: "Gosh! I wouldn't mind doing ten years in this hoosegow!"

Of course it was too good to last. Before we had time to recover from our astonishment we were shipped down to the quayside and put aboard a dirty, stinking cargo boat bound for Marseilles. We were stowed away in a dirty hold, chained to the ship's side with about four yards of chain, the only light a thin shaft through the hatch above. Our escort, French soldiers going home, left us there without food or water for twenty-four hours.

In fact, they were so busy with their own affairs that



the streets. Arabs stopped to stare at us.

they had not troubled to search us after coming on board. That gave us an idea. We found a place between the planks in which to hide our cigarettes and matches. The smokes would be safe there, and we had conceived the scheme of setting fire to the ship when we judged we were within reach of Cyprus. Once she was on fire, we should be unchained and put into a lifeboat, and then would come our final effort to escape.

At the end of our four yards of chain we could move about the hold with a fair amount of freedom. There were bales of jute at one end, excellent material for making a fire. There, we decided, operations would begin. We should have to judge the nearness of Cyprus as best we could. If we fired the ship too soon, or too late, we should have to correct that when we took control of the lifeboat, as we meant to do.

CYPRUS, from what we had heard of it, was an island that provided unlimited landing places. What we should do when we reached the island we did not know. We never got so far in our plans of escape. The main thing always was to achieve the escape, and this seemed the best scheme yet! I am afraid we never gave a thought to the crew nor to the boat and its cargo. We had spent five years in conditions which had fostered the instinct of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Escape! Escape! Escape! It became a mania. For were we not facing eight years in chains?

The shaft of light disappeared, and we slept the sleep of the just and the hopeful. During the following day we even went so far as to move some of the bales, not out of the stacks but sufficiently to make the job easier when, anticipating another night of solitary confinement, we should set fire to the ship.

But it did not work out that way at all. Does it ever? That evening the guards came down into the hold by way of the iron ladder from the hatch. The sergeant, drunk as a warrior, came first, and it is a marvel he did not break his neck. Simultaneously with their coming we felt the unmistakable throb of the ship's engines and the shiver and sway of her as she left the quayside and got under way.

The guards brought us a pail of soup and two loaves of bread. We ate ravenously while they stood about, armed and with fixed bayonets. When we had finished, McCann, wise in his hour, had the temerity to ask the sergeant why we had not been attended to before!

He got a boot in his belly for insolence. But as he remarked to me afterward, he had had a feed first, so he was more or less protected. That night was a perfect farce so far as our plans were concerned, for the guards, instead of leaving us, went only as far as the hatch cover and sat there with their legs dangling, looking down on us, their rifles pointing downward at us. Waiting for darkness was no use, either. When that came an electric lamp with a wired shade was slung over the hatch, so that we could not move without being seen. There was nothing for it but to go to sleep. Perhaps next day we should get our opportunity.

Next morning, however, just as dawn was breaking, the sergeant and three seamen came down to us. We were told we should have to work our passage at the stokehold. If we attempted anything we should be shot. The chief engineer and his men were all armed, and they had the captain's orders to shoot at the first sign of insubordination or mutiny. Our chains were unlocked and taken from us. We were given half an hour's exercise on deck, and we thought how glorious it was to taste the fresh sea air after being down in that rat-ridden, stinking hold for twenty-four hours.

THEN we were kicked along to the fires down below, and there we slaved at the insatiable fire boxes for a twelve-hour stretch, stopping only once for food, when we had more soup and bread. All the time we were under the eagle eyes of the armed guard, which was frequently changed in that hot and dry atmosphere. If we straightened our backs for a second, somebody's bull whip would descend.

"Barrington! We've just gotta burn these —— —— out of it!" groaned McCann, as he labored with his shovel, the sweat pouring from him in streams, as indeed it poured from me.

"Yes. And we'll do it tonight."

At the end of those twelve hours, however, we were too utterly worn and weary to worry about anything. After being dragged along to the shower bath, we were chained up in the hold again, where we instantly fell asleep, the heavy, dreamless sleep of the exhausted. And so it went on, day after day, for a week. After that first twenty-four hours the guards never left us. So we arrived at Marseilles, the refuse tip of the world. Actually, we were relieved to sight it. Not that we had given up hope of escaping. In our most depressing moments we never did that.

Chained, we stood on deck under guard, awaiting our new escort, viewing the multifarious life of that amazing port—longing, longing to be let loose for just one little minute!

The guard arrived and we were at once conveyed to the station, where we entrained for Albertville. On arrival there, we were marched with other prisoners through the Old World village to the prison, which had once been a monastery and still appeared peaceful and secluded.

The warders took McCann and me before the prison governor. Much to our surprise, he seemed a kindly sort of fellow. Moreover, he spoke excellent English.

"Legionnaires Barrington and McCann, I have heard all about your case, but I hope while you are here you will conduct yourselves properly. I assure you, if your conduct is good, you will find little to complain of here. That is all. Take them away."

We started life in Albertville Prison with six days' cells, and separate cells at that. This solitary confinement, however, was child's play compared to what we had been accustomed to. Our food consisted of two pints of water, one pint of coffee, two pounds of bread, soup at eleven in the morning, and soup with potatoes at six thirty in the evening. The eternal darkness was damnable. Nothing to do for six days and nights but think; and, my God, how one can think in the darkness of a cell!

One morning my cell door opened and in walked the medical officer, accompanied by the governor and followed by two big warders, who unfastened the chains.

"*Sortez!*"

Blinded by the light, I staggered out into the corridor. The medical officer ran his eye over me and asked how I felt. I was astonished at this concern as to my health!

I was conducted to a huge prison yard, where I was put to stone-breaking. A long chain was fastened to my waist, allowing me thirty yards of freedom. Later I was put in a gang to work the nearby quarry. I worked quietly and steadily. I kept my mouth shut. After all, the food was eatable. One had a bed of sorts. I had known infinitely worse conditions. Besides, I was only biding my time.

I carried on like that for two months. Then came the red-letter day.

It was a general holiday, the anniversary of the French Republic. As a special concession, the convicts were freed from their chains for a few hours, and allowed to mingle freely in the prison yard. Naturally I looked about for McCann. He saw me first and came at a run.

"Hey, Barrington! You son of a gun! Not dead yet, huh?"

"McCann! You big stiff! How are you?"

"Listen, boy. I've got some news. My consul is still working for our release. He thinks he can get this sentence quashed."

"Which means we'll have to go back to the squadron and finish our time in the Legion!"

"Listen, boy. We'll see to that when we get away from this gol-darned calaboose. What we've got to do now is be real nice. Get me? It's going to be easier for us if we have a good record here, see? The point is, these guys are all set to revolt, and it's coming off today, this afternoon. But we're keeping out of it."

"Sure we are! You can count on me, Mac."

"Right! Now there's five hundred desperate men here. You wouldn't think it, to look at 'em. But they are, boy. I know. As soon as the governor and the guard come up to put 'em back in the chains, they're going to rush them, get the guns, and shoot their way out."

The men were free until four o'clock in the afternoon, and as the time drew near I began to feel quite excited. McCann and I kept together. This was to be a mutiny in which we should take no part. We were warned by some of the old lags of what was coming. They never suspected that we should not join in.

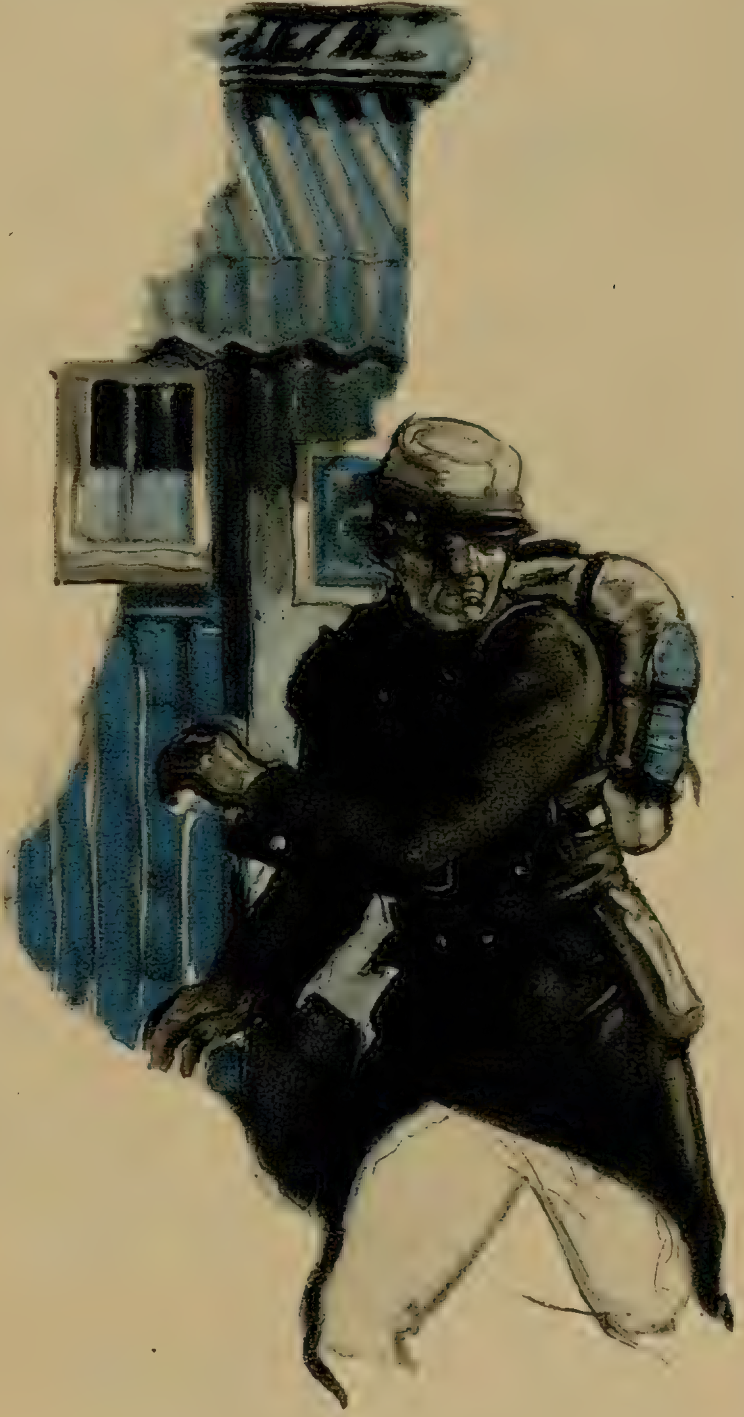
IT was getting near four o'clock and there was a tense look on many a face by this time, though everyone was trying his utmost to appear normal. Suddenly the whistle blew. The governor came into the yard accompanied by the guard. His appearance was the signal for one mad rush. The prisoners rushed upon the guard and there was a terrible scrimmage inside two seconds. The men just massed themselves against the governor and his guard, getting in each other's way in the most hopeless fashion.

Mac and I stood back by the wall and watched. God! What a scramble it was! Some of the convicts had captured rifles and there was a close-quarter duel between them and the guards who were still armed. Then we noticed a group of five or six wrestling with the governor in an attempt to get his gun.

"Gosh! Look at that, Barrington! Come on! We stand in on this. The governor has shot square enough with us. Let's go!"

We ran up to the group clawing at him and began to hit out right and left. In the general mêlée we managed to knock out one or two, and as soon as the governor had freed himself, his revolver spat again and again, until they were dropping all round him. Suddenly firing opened from the roof of the building behind us and we knew the troops had arrived. It was all over.

The crowd, now cowed and dejected, were lashed into their cells, all except McCann and me. We were still standing by the governor, Mac with a cut eye and a swollen mouth, while I had lost a few more teeth. We were conveyed to a part of the prison away from the crowd, though our chains had been locked on to us again.



I strode on, making for the quarter that would turn me into a civilian.

FOR the following three weeks we were segregated from the crowd, taking our exercise alone, doing odd jobs of work that merely kept us occupied. The governor had reported our conduct. It appeared we had saved his life, and he intended that the fact should be known in the right quarter. We were treated more like guests than prisoners, save that we always wore our chains.

There came a day when we were called into the governor's office—the most momentous day of my life, I think, for it proved to be my first step toward freedom.

"In return for coming to my aid at a very critical moment," said the governor, "I have recommended you both for a free pardon. I cannot thank you as I would like. I wish it were in my power to release you from the French Foreign Legion. But I have done all that could be done with regard to your eight years' imprisonment in chains. I have here an authorization from the President of the French Republic to release you from prison. You are to go back to your unit. I hope you will prove good soldiers for France. I thank you, Legionnaires Barrington and McCann."

And he shook us by the hand.

I came out of that office not knowing whether I stood on my head or my heels. McCann and I uttered not a word as we returned to our cells. One look was enough. We knew that this was the end. We had been told that we should leave the prison separately and proceed to Marseilles separately. I was to go that very day. Mac would follow a week later.

In short, we were free men once more, soldiers of France proceeding to their units and moving freely without the watchful eye of a guard. I have never seen McCann since that day.

A few hours later I was back in my Legionnaire's uniform, had drawn some pay from the local garrison, was escorted to the station by a corporal and put on the train for Marseilles. I traveled in a compartment of the train just like any other passenger—a free man, my heart singing with joy. I could

(Concluded on page fifty-four)

BE "Mouth-Happy"

SOFT STRAINS of a lazy Viennese waltz float in through the open door. Somehow you know that the next few minutes will live long in your memory. Spud is equal to the occasion. Full tobacco flavor. Cool and clean-tasting.

SMOKE SPUDS

MENTHOL-COOLED

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (25c IN CANADA)...THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(Continued from page fifty-two)

scarcely contain myself. But I must. I must keep my head. Dear God! If I made a slip now! But there should be no question of slips. I was a free man, a soldier traveling to Marseilles alone. Heavens! How could there be a slip now? I lay back luxuriously in that carriage, gazing at the landscape flying past the window, my mind a tumult of thoughts, trying to keep calm, trying to feel like a free man, a soldier of France proceeding alone to Marseilles, there to take ship and rejoin his unit in Syria.

As dear old Mac would say: "Not on your sweet life, boy!"

When my train steamed into the station at Marseilles, a corporal would search the train for me. But the station at Marseilles is a very big one. There are crowds of people there always, a bustling throng, and among them many troops returning to their various units. That would be my great opportunity. Even a soldier, even a Legionnaire, may lose himself in the crowd at Marseilles.

It was all beautifully simple—save for the fact that I was wearing the uniform. Well, that should be attended to. I had a few francs. I knew my Marseilles! I knew some of the crooked little back streets. One can do anything in the Vieux Port, even change a suit of clothes!

As the train steamed into the station I dropped from the footboard, my heart thumping with excitement. In a few seconds I was skirting the fringe of the crowd; a few more, and I was out on the street. Free! Free! Free! I never hesitated, but strode on and on, making for the quarter that would in a few minutes turn me into a civilian. I came to the place I sought, dived in, and in a miraculously short space of time stepped out again, wearing dungarees, cap, and scarf, a typical docker, loafer, water rat, what you will. I slouched along, my gait a suggestion of a roll, an honest-to-goodness pipe in my mouth. I was by no means out of the wood, and I knew it. If I were caught in these clothes, back I should go to the prison chains.

Caught! I laughed, feeling good. I felt I would fight ten thousand corporals rather than be taken now. All I wanted was a British ship, and I didn't care a damn where it was bound for so long as it *was* British.

I FOUND my way down to the docks and strolled around. Here was a cargo boat, and, heaven be praised, the blue peter was flying! Good!—so far! The problem was how to get aboard. I was not the only would-be stowaway watching that ship. I recognized others, and I hoped I did not look as suspicious as they. There was a quartermaster standing at the head of the gangway. No use trying to get by him. He was too wily a bird. He had seen my sort too many times before. It wanted a couple of hours to darkness yet, and even then the gangway would still be guarded—if the ship had not sailed—

Heavens! The longer I stayed in Marseilles the less chance I had of escaping. It was now or never. My heart stood still for a minute. I gazed, fascinated, toward the stern end of the ship. Two steel doors had been opened and a small gangway thrown up to them. Up this went a little procession of dock laborers, carrying cases and sacks. I carefully attached myself to the party, picked up a case, shouldered it, and proceeded up the gangway. I followed the man in front, who led me along a passageway to the ship's stores, where I dumped the case and turned about as if leaving the ship for more. I trotted along that passageway a couple of feet behind my fellow dock laborer. Behind me was another. What now? I had noticed a little side runway when coming aboard, but if I should dive into it now this fellow behind would get suspicious. It came nearer, nearer. The sweat was pouring from me, so I tore off my scarf to mop my face, accidentally dropped it, marched on. There was a shout from behind. The fellow pointed to my scarf. I returned to retrieve it. He passed on. Lord! Could anything be more simple?

Turning into the side runway, I found it led athwart the vessel and into another on the opposite side of the ship. Then I began to wander about, dodging round corners or racing back whenever I heard footsteps. Finally I came upon a steel door partly open. I stepped inside and carefully closed the door. I guessed I was in the ash recess. I sat down on the steel floor and breathed a huge sigh of relief. I ought to be safe there for an hour or two.

THERE I stayed until the ship was well out to sea, then I stepped boldly out and almost fell into the arms of the chief mate.

"Hello, froggie, what the hell are you doing here?"

"I'm no froggie. I'm an Englishman. What's more, I am an escaped Legionnaire, and I appeal to you as an Englishman to help me!"

"Well, I'm damned! Is this a yarn you're telling me?"

"It is not! Look!"

I took out my papers and handed them to him. One glance was enough. He marched me off to the captain. I found myself telling my story, the whole story of my life and adventures in the French Foreign Legion. The captain listened, tugged at his thick stubble of beard, and repeated "Aye, aye, aye," at regular intervals. It was impossible for me to guess whether he believed me. When I had finished he turned to the mate and said:

"Tak' him awa'. He mun work."

I gathered that the captain was Scotch and that he never wasted words. I certainly did work during that short voyage between Marseilles and Newcastle, but I never worked so happily in my life. It was a pure joy! My story was all over the ship in very little time, and the crew with whom I worked could not shower enough good things upon me. They insisted on my taking the proceeds of a "round-up," as they called it, when, after the happiest voyage of my life, I went ashore at Newcastle.

And only a few days ago I received a letter from McCann, inviting me for the umpteenth time to join him in South America. Apparently he has realized his ambition, if ambition it is, and apparently he will never rest until I go out to him.

But—I wonder! My ambition does not lie in that direction, really. I suppose it will sound like madness if I admit that my thoughts are on Syria—on that wonderful creature Nashalla. And how shall a man control his thoughts? Direct them into saner channels? I have tried that—and found so many disturbing cross currents.

Shall I go back and look for her?

I wonder!

THE END

Liberty now offers

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THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

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Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Cards Don't Lie

A Short Short Story

By B. Virginia Lee

(Reading time: 5 minutes 3 seconds.)

As he guided the team along the rocky roadbed, Uncle Ike mopped his face with a bandanna handkerchief and cursed the hot weather. Oh, well—wouldn't be long now. An hour's ride and they'd be in Markleville.

Down inside the coach a young man with curly red hair was talking to a yellow cat that he carried in a basket.

"Well, Trillium," he was saying, "when do you suppose it's going to happen?"

As if in answer to his question, the stage came to a sudden halt. The young man saw through the window that a masked rider was covering the driver. The door on the other side was yanked open and he looked into the muzzle of another gun. He reached for the air.

"Toss out them mail bags, but first give me yer gun."

"I have no gun," the young man said calmly.

He fastened down the lid of the basket. Then he kicked the three mail bags out of the stage.

"Yer roll next," came thickly from behind the mask.

The young man stepped out. He reached into his pocket and handed the other a wad bound with an elastic band. An oddly twisted smile drew up one corner of his mouth—a fact that was noted by Uncle Ike. It wasn't Uncle Ike's first holdup. Less than two months ago his stage had been robbed on a similar lonely stretch, and again a month before that. Only this one was too damned smooth-working, somehow.

"A fine help you were!" Uncle Ike snorted to his passenger as the riders streaked away in a whirl of dust.

The usual crowd had assembled in Markleville to meet the incoming stage.

"No mail, boys," he said briefly as he climbed off his seat. "I was held up again."

When Uncle Ike had finished his recital of the holdup all eyes turned suspiciously on the young stranger.

Sandy Terris was busy pushing back into the basket the yellow cat. She kept poking her nose out and sniffing.

"Ye mean to say this feller actually pushed the mail bags out to the bandit—just handed them to him?" Pretty Russell asked incredulously.

"He saved his plaything, I notice," Ed Stowe sneered.

"You forget I lost my own roll," Sandy reminded him.

"Handed it over mighty easy, I noticed," Uncle Ike put in. "Smiled, too, while he was doin' it."

The crowd pressed closer. The sheriff pushed his way through.

"Come clean," he advised Sandy. "It'll be best."

Sandy put the basket on the ground. "I had no part in the holdup," he declared. "I never saw the bandits before. But I can tell you where they are now—with these!"

He put a hand into his pocket and drew out an unbroken deck of cards.

"We tar and feather guys like you out here," Pretty Russell warned.

"Bring him over to my place," Al Crabbe suggested.

Inside it was almost dark after the sun-baked street. At one side stood the old bar, and in one corner a large iron safe. As many as could crowded into the place; the rest stood in the open doorways.

The sheriff and Sandy sat down at a table; but first Sandy lifted the lid of the basket and released the cat.

She stretched, then strolled leisurely off. Sandy watched her for a moment, and then turned to the cards. Before them all he broke the pack and shuffled it.

In front of the bar stood Ed Stowe, Pretty Russell, and Al Crabbe. The cat rubbed her head against Pretty Russell's leg. Then she jumped up on the bar. She went to Ed Stowe, who stroked her head when she affectionately rubbed her nose against his checkered vest.

Sandy was still shuffling. The cat jumped down, strolled around, and leaped up on to the safe, meowing.

"She's hungry," Sandy said.

The sheriff cut the cards. Sandy took one from the deck.

"The jack of spades!" he cried.

He drew out another card. "The king of diamonds!" he exclaimed, pushing away the rest of the deck. "There you are, gentlemen," he said, rising. "Those are the men who did the holdup."

Somebody laughed.

"Say—what is this?" the sheriff demanded angrily, getting to his feet.

"One of the bandits is tall, not over thirty, has black hair and eyes, and carries a gun with an ivory butt. The other looks like the king of diamonds. He is older, stouter, and has hair something like mine. They brought the loot right here to Markleville and gave it to a third man who is acting as their fence. He's hiding it."

There was a sharp intake of breath. Nobody spoke, but the way the crowd turned, as a man, in the direction of the three men by the bar showed that they all somehow connected Pretty Russell with the jack of spades and Ed Stowe with the king of diamonds. His red hair fairly shouted guilt.

"The mail and money are right here in this room!" Sandy announced. "Cards don't lie. Some of the money is in the cash register, the mail bags are in the safe—and some more of the money is in that man's vest!" He pointed an accusing finger at Ed Stowe. "Grab those men," he yelled, "if you want your mail!"

Before Russell and Stowe and Crabbe could move they were fanning the air with their hands. Sandy went quietly over to the safe and picked up Trillium. "Back into the basket for you, old girl," he whispered.

"Say," said the sheriff, after part of the stolen loot was found on the three men and the till and safe revealed still more, "who are you and how did you figure that out?"

Sandy turned back the lapel of his coat and displayed the badge of a United States postal inspector.

"Smell that money of mine, sheriff, that you got off the men; take a whiff of the mail bags. They're soaked in *Nepeta cataria*—that's super-catnip. Cats love it!"

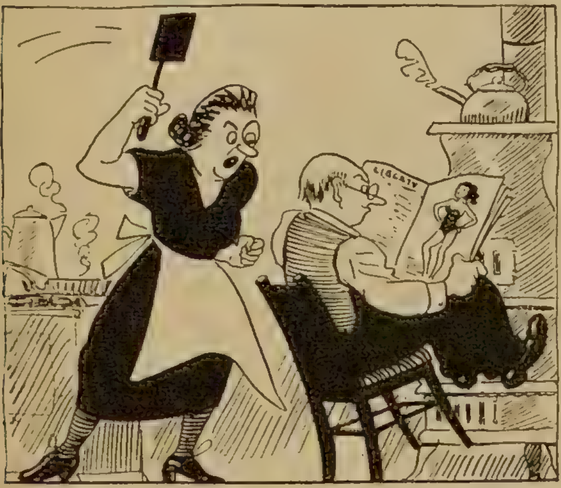
THE END

VOX

You Have Young Ideas

FLINT, MICH.—I am an old "mossback" from Michigan. To start with, I don't like stories like Richard Stallings' Certain Romantic Possibilities in the December 24 issue of Liberty. It may be enjoyed by highbrows, but not me. I like the simpler reading kind without big words.

I sure like some of the pictures—like the one on the title page of Dark of the Moon in that issue, only my old gal just kinder don't like to have me look and look at 'em too much.



Just the other mornin' while I was asittin' by the old heater and just eyin' this same picture a little, and after she had called me to my cakes and syrup several times, she slips up ahind me, saw what I was adoin', and lams me on the head with the flap-cake flipper.—*Pop.*

Attention, Technocrats

MONTREAL, CAN.—Mr. Jay Franklin writes some fine articles. But his commentary on Technocracy is considerably below par. Apparently his primary objection to the science of Technocracy resides in his belief that scientists, as such, are devoid of the humanitarian spirit and that it is therefore indiscreet to grant absolute power of life or death to a group so lacking in regard for human foibles as are they. But the implication on which the objection is based is contrary to our knowledge of the facts: scientists are the only genuine altruists and martyrs.

I hope we are not expected to gather from Mr. Franklin's comments that the existing plutocracy is solicitous for the common welfare.

Nor do I feel that we should have any strenuous objection to fulfilling an easy and profitable contract with Technocracy. The alternative means taking a chance on starving to death in an effort to beat the system. I cannot see where the average man has such an attractive choice today.

Moreover it does not appear to me that we shall be called upon to make any great sacrifice of personal liberty. On the contrary, it would seem that the technocrats are prepared to concede us a far greater measure of personal freedom than we have ever before enjoyed —far more, for instance, than if we sabotaged machinery, murdered its inventors, and went native generally.

In Mr. Franklin's citation of Technocracy's plans there are no indications that it proposes to dictate arbitrarily the social activities and cultural pursuits of the people. I do not mean to imply that such radical changes in our industrial and economic life would not influence our social and cultural life. But, as I see it, we have no good reason to think that such influence would not be for the better.

Personally I should greatly prefer a dictatorship of scientists (granite-faced though they be) to the present dictatorship of wealth—euphemistically termed Democracy.

I do not object to the granite face so long as the brain is of neither granite nor treacle.—*Jack Gleason.*

BELLEVILLE, ILL.—The article on Technocracy by Jay Franklin in your issue of January 21 was perhaps the most understandable on the subject that it has been my luck to encounter. Assuming that Franklin is an authority on the subject, the impression left in my mind was to the effect that Technocracy is Communism dressed in silks and satins, embellished with pink and blue bows and other furbelows, hidden in a maze of supposedly scientific facts and phrases that laymen cannot understand and the unimpeachability of which has not been established, and is sponsored by a group of scientists for the purpose of aiding the camouflage and adding dignity to the idea.—*Henry J. Knoebel.*

PALM BEACH, FLA.—America owes a great debt of gratitude to Liberty, the only large popular magazine that has the courage to print fairly and without favor all the best thought on both sides of the important economic and governmental problems of the day.

Never in all history was the need and opportunity for courageous public discussion greater.

Let us have all you can get on Technocracy. It is new and it emanates from a collection of trained and analytical minds. It may be the way out that the unfavored masses have dreamed.

We all want a good look at it. All conservative and satisfied people will fight it hard. That alone should compel the rest of us to think favorably of its possibilities.—*O. F. Conklin.*

Those Burton Boys

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I want to help my brother, Bill Burton, kick. I pay five cents for Liberty but I never get it. I'm married.—*Jack Burton.*

Big Hands for Little Girls

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have just read in the January 28 Vox Pop of the spanking received by seventeen-year-old Simone Ortiz.

I am nineteen years old and live with my father and his sister and both of them believe in old-fashioned discipline, and say whenever I behave like a child I should be treated as such, and how!

It is bad enough when my aunt whips me, but whenever my father does the honors it is an event to be remembered. He goes to work about 7:30 A. M., and he always administers the spanking just before he leaves. I am taken out of bed and carried to a chair in the middle of the room (placed there so I can kick without hitting any furniture), when my father picks me up and lays me across his lap, and then he lays the hairbrush on until I feel like I am on fire. Sometimes I kick and squirm so much that my aunt has to hold my feet, and then, boy, I really get it.—*M. H.*

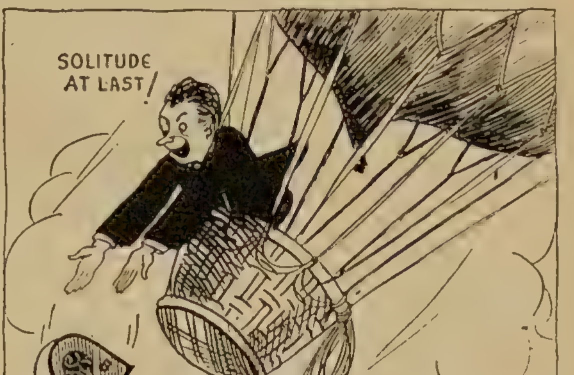
MONTREAL, CAN.—Give me Liberty and a spanking. Evidently Betty and Simone can't take it. Why blame their parents for their spankings instead of their naughtiness?

I had been naughty for some time, but the climax came when I used some wise cracks from Liberty on Ma which she thought impudent. Results: Taken by the ear to my room, undressed, bottoms up on Ma's knees, bare flesh spanked by palm of her hand, spanks and howls heard through house.

I am now forbidden to read Liberty, but still do, although it means another spanking soon.—*Sweet Sixteen Who Got a Big Hand in the Right Place.*

That's One of Life's Mysteries

BLUNTVILLE, TENN.—My first purchase in 1933 was for the January 14 Liberty. The first story I read was The High Call, by James Hopper, and was that story elevating! Forty-two thousand feet in the air and still do as the little wife says.


SOLITUDE AT LAST!

Just how high does a man have to go to get out of hearing distance of his wife?—*Claude O. Kenny.*

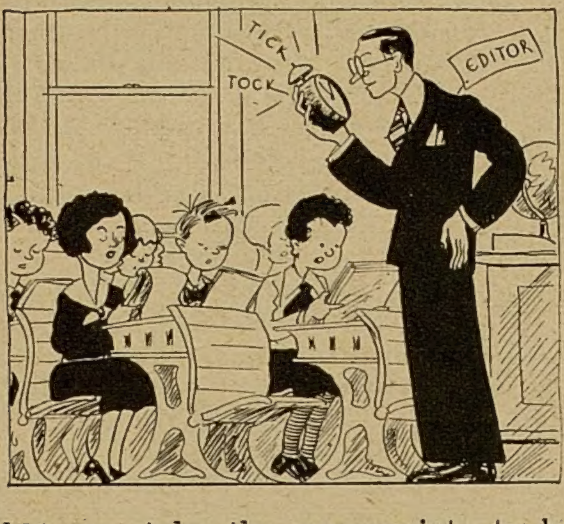
POP

adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

This Might Be a Good Idea at That

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—It has always been puzzling to me how you ingenious editors go about calculating the average reading time for each story and article.

Meditating over the matter for some time I finally came to the conclusion that you take the manuscripts to be published to a near-by grammar school and have the kindergarten children read them out loud while you time them with ninety-nine-cent alarm clocks.—*H. L.*



Likes the Detectograms

Leone M. Johannes

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—If you're asking me, you couldn't have wound up 1932 with a better idea.

It was a long time between Detectograms but they're worth waiting for.

Good old Stiggie!—*Leone M. Johannes.*

A Boost and a Knock

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—I have been a quite constant reader of Liberty for the past two months and I have just finished the first installment of The Woman Accused. I think it's a great story—those writers may be the ten best or the ten worst but they sure did a great piece of work on the beginning. I also want to compliment the writers of Dark of the Moon, Hell Hounds! and Congress Cashes In. They were all swell, especially the exposé of the congressmen; I think it portrays the real condition of things on Capitol Hill. Hope we see more stories like them.—*Al Merritt.*

AMBRIDGE, PA.—What do you mean by publicizing your serial, The Woman Accused, as being written by Ten of the World's Greatest Authors?

Is that your 1933 prize wise crack, or perhaps the latest of your many arrogant whoppers?—*Thomas R. Supe.*

The Fleet's in Again

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—Just got through with the January 28 number and I noticed the letter of "Just Another Gob" in Vox Pop.

He's right, and to prove it I know of ten gobs that are waiting for your mag every week since you started Dark of the Moon and Hell Hounds! They were great. I'm one myself. If you keep those stories up, you can count on my nickel every week. If you don't print this, though, I'm going to quit. (And forget what Elsie said. It was a mistake when they let him in the navy, but we all make mistakes.)—*Still Another Gob.*

They're Shrewd Down East

SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.—Talk about a contagious disease. It has got so now that every week I see a Liberty in every student lap, or behind a larger book while the teacher is trying to put across an English lesson.

Robert L. Pate

Here is how it all happened: I first supplied Liberty by passing out the back numbers to the suckers to read, and when they were in the middle of a serial, I stopped the supply. So the depression is over for this magazine.

I would like to congratulate the authors of the short short stories, for their works are masterpieces.—*Robert L. Pate.*

The Wet and Dry Class

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—The letter published in Vox Pop of the January 21 issue, submitted by C. R. Gaylord of St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin, is my idea of a typical English joke and is in conformity with the heading by the editor.

I have read enough articles by so-called drys and listened in on enough radio broadcasts sponsored by them that pertain to this subject that I am no longer capable of controlling my temper and silence. I agree with Mrs. Charles V. Eckert, Jr., in her letter in the issue referred to and suggest that the so-called drys read her letter and attempt to absorb the truth which only the intelligent confirm and the narrow-minded condemn.

It is my personal opinion that the country in general would extensively benefit by discouraging dry organizations in so far as the liquor question is concerned.—*C. J. Mattias.*

Wass You Dare, Char-lee?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Come on Liberty, let your customers in on the secret. Who is this Ex-Legionnaire 1384?—Baron Munchausen?—*G. W. Farrell.*

Another Reader Who Has Won in the Contests

BAY CITY, MICH.—This is the first time I've ever written to Vox Pop, but I must write and get a load off my chest by telling these unbelieving Vox Poppers that I really won a prize; in fact, two. One dollar in the first Wise Crack I ever entered and ten dollars in the Movie Mystery Contest. I surely appreciated winning the money and enjoyed the contests too.—*Alice Maus.*

Alice Maus

The Wheat Problem

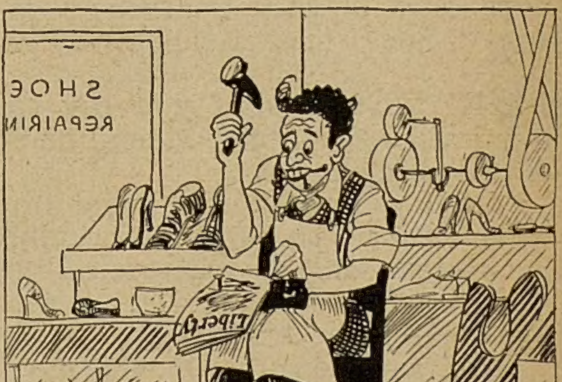
NEW YORK, N. Y.—I would like to suggest a short cut on Leslie Osborne's plan in Vox Pop of January 21 to buy wheat from the Farm Board by setting aside a National Wheat Week and collecting the money therefor. Why not just ship the wheat out and give it to the Chinese and other starving people? I see no reason for paying for it twice. Haven't we furnished the money with which the Farm Board bought the wheat?—*Osborne Leslie.*

We Liked It, Too

SEATTLE, WASH.—As a would-be writer and for some years a part-time student of short-story technique, may I offer a sincere word of praise to Mr. Alfred Fernelius for his beautiful bit of work, The Light of Battle, in the January 14 issue. Congratulations to Mr. Fernelius.—*Natt N. Dodge.*

Clever, These Shoemakers

BERWYN, ILL.—I find Liberty very useful. I use it in my shoe-repair shop as a filler between the soles so they do not squeak, but since Legionnaire 1384's Hell Hounds! has been printed I am afraid to use it, as there is too much blood oozing out.



Do not credit me with the idea of using Liberty for this purpose. They have been stepping on liberty in Washington since 1918.—*Joseph Cerveny.*

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 min. 3 sec.)

HERE is something new under the sun—a Southern girl whose soft Carolina voice disguises one of the snappiest minds I have found among American business women.

Her name is Mrs. Pinckney Lee Estes Glantzberg — New York lawyer, an official trier of cases for the New York State insurance department, a district leader for Tammany Hall. To this town of hard-boiled politicians she is known as "Miss Pinky Lee." What could be more disarmingly Southern than that?

"Being a Southern girl," she told me, "is a great help. My Carolina drawl makes everybody think of moonlight nd honeysuckle. People think of a Southern girl wear- fluffy white dresses, with servants waiting on her hand and foot. They are so surprised when they find that I can work."

Pinky Lee may correct your mental picture of the Southern girl as fictionized. She's the real thing. Finest of old families (one of her Estes foremothers married James I of England).

The Estes of Carolina were ruined by the Civil War. It left them as poor as poverty can be. No immigrant family could have had a harder time.

"That," she says, "is the South I know. That is our *real* South. You talk of war-ravaged France and Belgium, of helping them back to prosperity with American gold. Yet few of you remember that the South has not yet recovered from the ravages of our own war."

Mrs. Pinckney Lee Estes Glantzberg

Pinckney Lee Glantzberg admits, however, that the hardships of her youth gave her a splendid training for the pursuit of law and politics. With leisure, she says, and fluffy white dresses she never would have been the same.

Incidentally she is one of the cleverest toastmasters—male or female—I ever have seen in action. Her wit works like lightning, and every word clicks.

So there is your Southern lady of 1933. Nothing languid about her. I should say not!

"I HAVEN'T sent you my card," apologized an Italian gentleman whom I had met recently and had invited to my house.

To tell you the truth, I had forgotten all about the amiable European custom of sending cards to a prospective hostess some days before calling upon her in person.

"My goodness!" said I. "We don't seem to have time for that in America."

"No," said he rather mournfully, "we don't."

I cannot make up my mind whether or not I regret the passing of such little formalities. By the way, they are dropping out of use in England as well as here. Were they too trivial to continue? Or did they add pleasant touches of refinement to the habit of living?

THREE sisters, the eldest a raving beauty, the next darn' good-looking, the youngest not even pretty. There are the makings of tragedy, you might say. A generation ago you would probably have been right. But let me tell you what has happened to the three girls now.

The beauty became an artist's model when she was fifteen. Magazine covers bore her dazzling image far and wide. A young clergyman eloped with her as quick as scat. Their romance soon became settled married life. So much for her.

The second girl—the good-looking one—married a young contractor. She is happy enough, and comfortably fixed. That's about all you can say for her fortunes.

Now we come to the homely kid. Has life left her out in the cold? Not a bit of it. From a worldly viewpoint she has married just as well as her good-looking sister, and more advantageously by far than the family beauty.

Why?

Because the ten years' difference between her age and that of her eldest sister have been *these last ten years* —golden years of education in the feminine arts. We do not always realize, I think, how splendid it is that girls have learned to make the most of their attractive points, no matter how few. The experience of these three sisters has reminded me of it. And I was glad to remember.

AGAIN I have been fascinated by Oliver Perry Medsger's nature study. His book, Winter, thrilled me and made me resolve to reread his other studies of the seasons. Don't miss them. (Published by Frederick Warne & Co.)

I HAVE long been puzzled by the fact that successful women tell funny stories more effectively than other women. The more successful, the funnier. It seemed curious to me that good clowning should be an attribute of efficiency. Now along comes Professor Norman Maier of Michigan University with the explanation. Comedy, he says, tests your logic. Only a logical person can tell a funny story as it should be told. I am going to practice. I like to consider myself a logical lady.

THE style of a Frenchwoman's clothes may not suit your taste, but when it comes to accessories you can't beat her. Half the secret of her elegance depends upon her gloves, stockings, shoes, bags. She combines the different shades so as to produce the smartest effect.

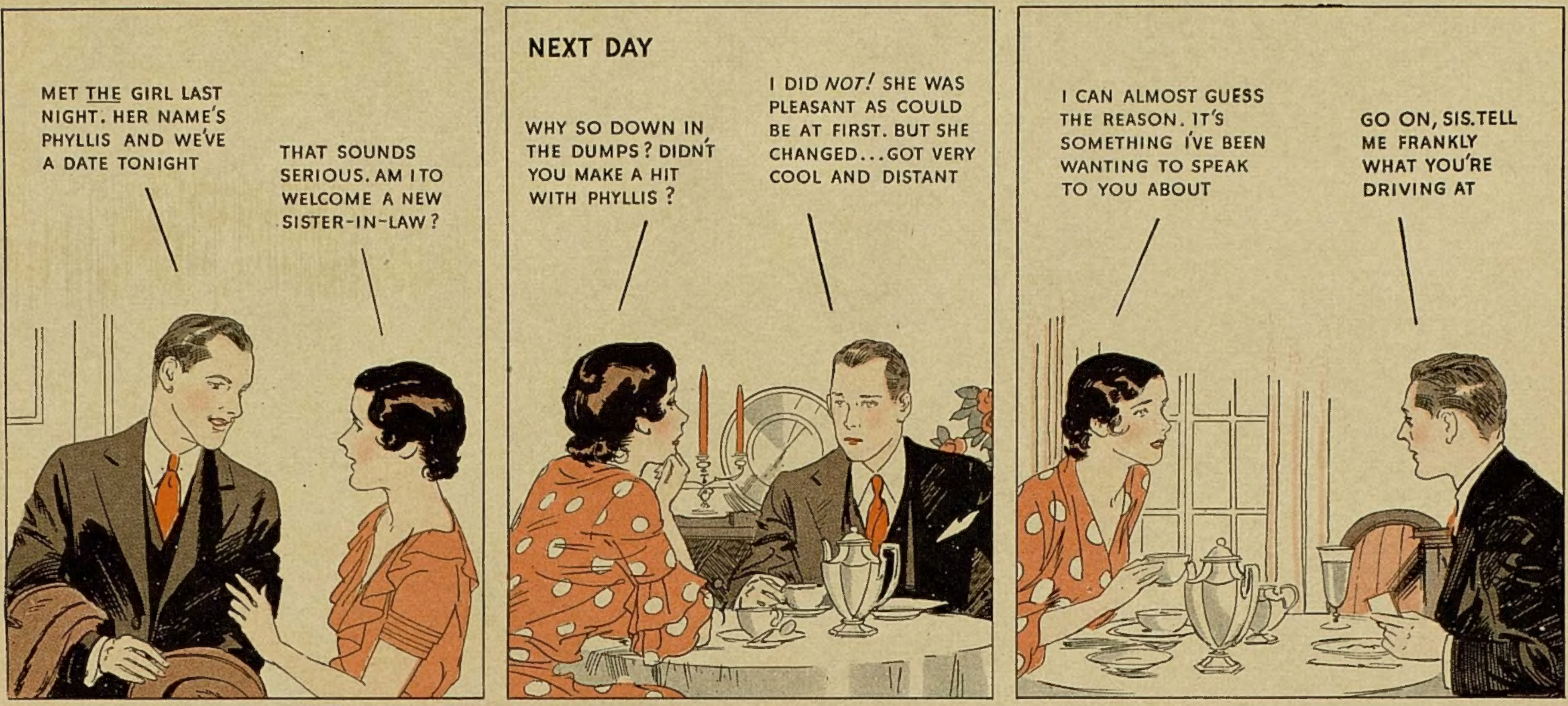
I have before me a color chart from Paris. It shows the proper color combinations for spring morning ensembles. Here are three of the schemes:

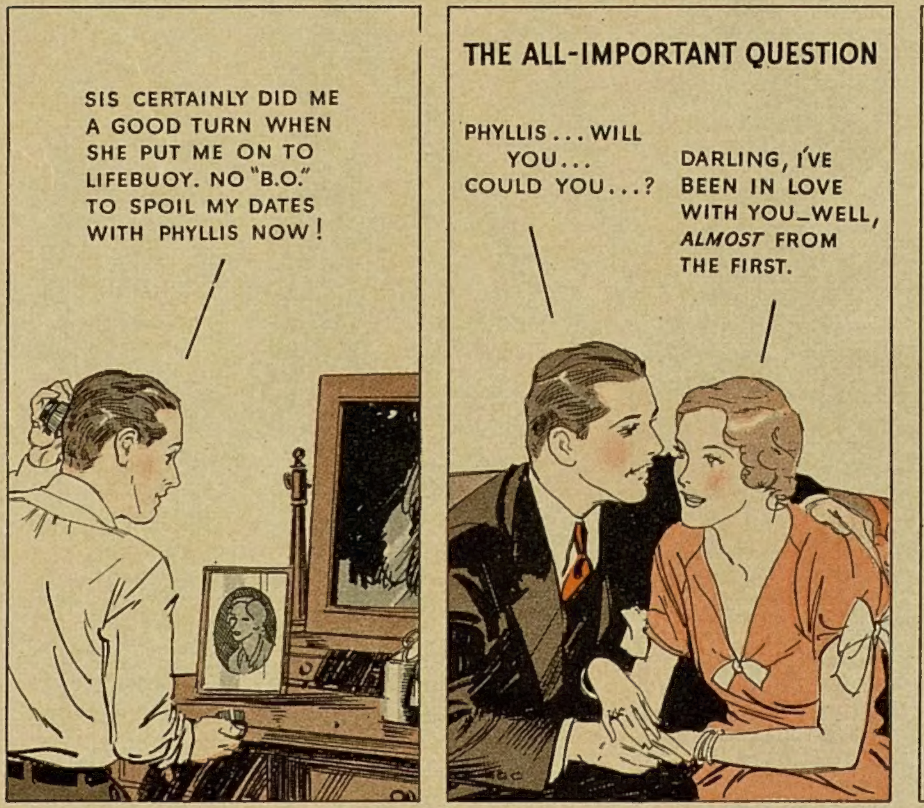
1. With a navy-blue suit or coat: Black shoes, hat, fur, and bag; light beige gloves; stockings three shades darker than the gloves.
2. With a dress of medium brown: Dark-brown shoes and gloves, bag to match dress, stockings one shade lighter.
3. With a beige suit: Medium-brown shoes, dark-brown bag, gloves of a shade between that of the shoes and that of bag, stockings light beige.

For morning wear, as a general rule, gloves are darker than stockings except with black clothes. For afternoon wear stockings are darker than gloves.

A SISTER SPEAKS OUT

— by Timmins


MET THE GIRL LAST NIGHT. HER NAME'S PHYLLIS AND WE'VE A DATE TONIGHT
THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS. AM I TO WELCOME A NEW SISTER-IN-LAW?
NEXT DAY
WHY SO DOWN IN THE DUMPS? DIDN'T YOU MAKE A HIT WITH PHYLLIS?
I DID NOT! SHE WAS PLEASANT AS COULD BE AT FIRST. BUT SHE CHANGED...GOT VERY COOL AND DISTANT
I CAN ALMOST GUESS THE REASON. IT'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT
GO ON, SIS. TELL ME FRANKLY WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT


SIS CERTAINLY DID ME A GOOD TURN WHEN SHE PUT ME ON TO LIFEBUOY. NO "B.O." TO SPOIL MY DATES WITH PHYLLIS NOW!
THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION
PHYLLIS... WILL YOU... COULD YOU...?
DARLING, I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH YOU—WELL, ALMOST FROM THE FIRST.

"B.O." (body odor) may threaten YOUR happiness, too

YOU can't dodge *facts*. Even on cold days, our pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Overheated rooms increase the danger of offending. *No one* is safe unless precautions are taken. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you, "Here is no ordinary toilet soap!" Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its creamy, searching lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

Complexions freshen

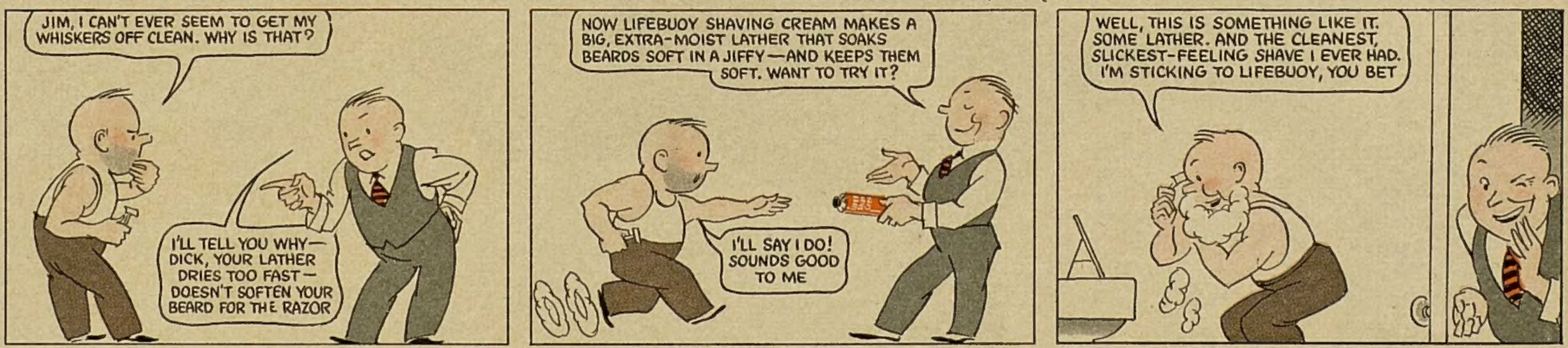
Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather gently cleanses face pores of clogged impurities. Massage it well into the skin every night; then rinse. Watch dull, cloudy skin clear and freshen.

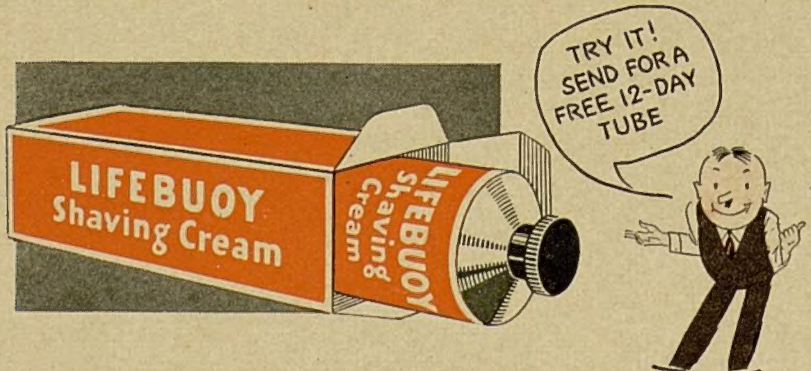
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

GOOD NEWS FOR SHAVERS

by J.F. HART

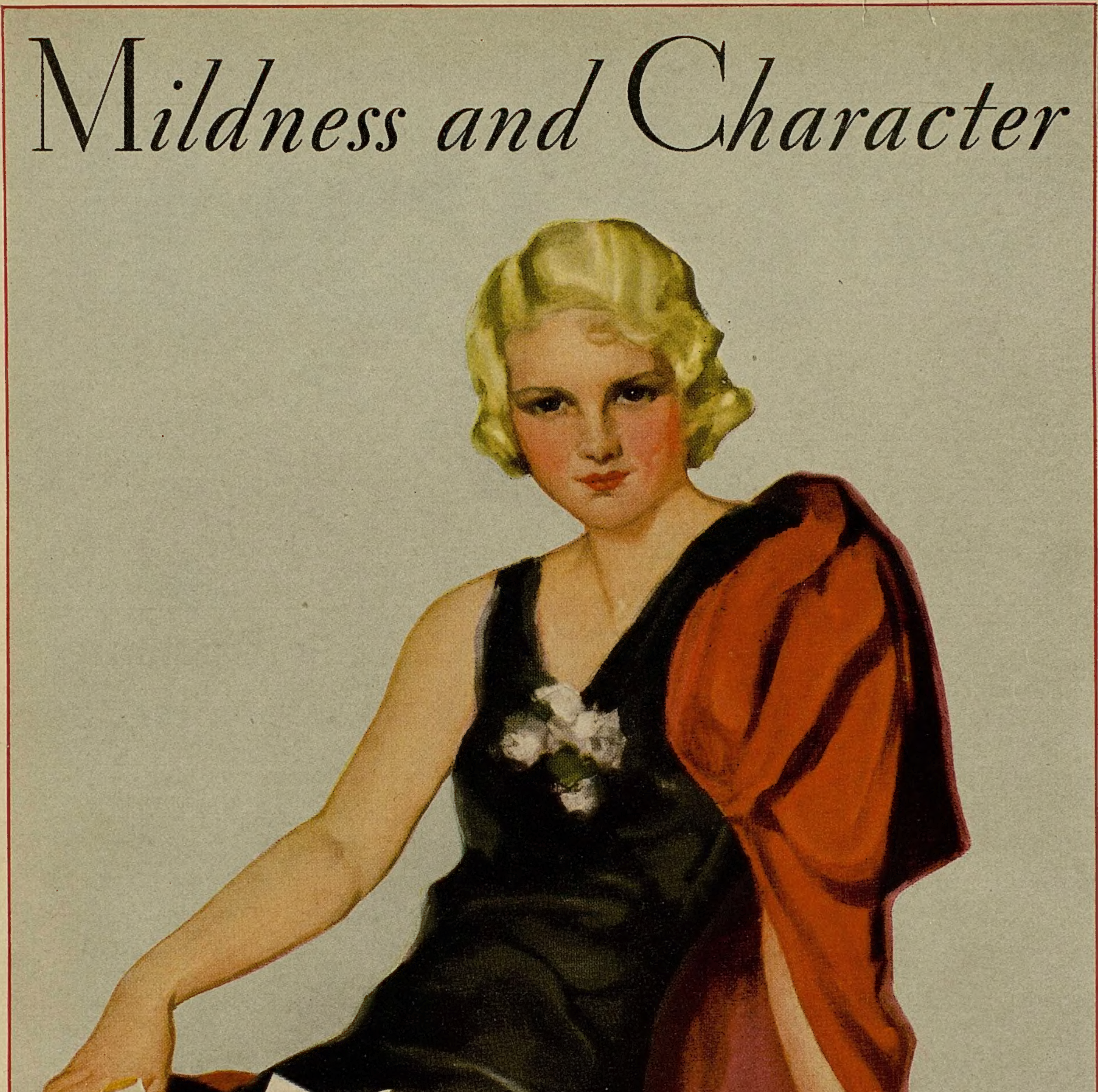

JIM, I CAN'T EVER SEEM TO GET MY WHISKERS OFF CLEAN. WHY IS THAT?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY—DICK, YOUR LATHER DRIES TOO FAST—DOESN'T SOFTEN YOUR BEARD FOR THE RAZOR
NOW LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM MAKES A BIG, EXTRA-MOIST LATHER THAT SOAKS BEARDS SOFT IN A JIFFY—AND KEEPS THEM SOFT. WANT TO TRY IT?
I'LL SAY I DO! SOUNDS GOOD TO ME
WELL, THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE IT. SOME LATHER. AND THE CLEANEST, SLICKEST-FEELING SHAVE I EVER HAD. I'M STICKING TO LIFEBUOY, YOU BET


TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE 12-DAY TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Extra-moist lather the secret of clean shaves!

Holds 52% more moisture—soaks whiskers soft, soothes skin

MEN, NOW you can get the world's cleanest, easiest, longest-lasting shave . . . with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. For, unlike ordinary lathers, Lifebuoy lather doesn't dry on your face. By laboratory tests it holds 52% more moisture. Keeps your whiskers soaked soft, limp, so the razor gets them off clean, close—without pull or scrape. Soothes and protects the skin—leaves it soft, satin-smooth and fresh as a daisy. Try it. Get the big, cheerful red tube at your druggist's today. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A122, Cambridge, Mass. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)


Mildness and Character
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
"It's toasted"
Penrhyn Stanlaws

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